

Rome.

ITALY'S POLICY TOWARD SERBIA.

Sonino Says Balkan State Must be Preserved.

Minister Again Denies Rumor of Separate Peace.

Friendly Pact with Greece Regarded as Possible.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. 1
ROME, Dec. 2, 6:15 p.m.—Delayed in transmission.—Foreign Minister Sonino's statement concerning Albania and Italian assistance for the Serbian army is interpreted in some quarters here as meaning that an Italian expedition to the eastern coast of the Adriatic is in the course of preparation.

Interrupted with applause, enthusiastic demonstrations took place in both the Senate and the chamber over the passage in the Foreign Minister's speech, alluding to the that Italy was about to give Serbia.

The only mention of Germany in Baron Sonino's speech was when he said that when Italy declared war on Austria "Germany considered herself in a state of ruptured diplomatic relations with Italy."

The Foreign Minister explained that Italy followed in the Balkans her traditional policy, inspired by the principle of nationality, in complete accord with the allies.

AIM OF ENTENTE.

The Quadruple Entente, he said, aimed to unite the Balkans, while the central empires fomented their rivalry and disruption. Finding unfortunately a powerful ground on which to play, they had resorted to the language of hatred and revenge which had resulted from the second Balkan war. Besides, he added, Balkan mentality was impressed by the course of military events, lacking a comprehensive view of the entire situation, from which there was a want of confidence in the final issue of the silex.

The notable contribution which Italy had made to the allies' cause in the war, continued the Foreign Minister, was shown especially last September, when Austria was obliged hurriedly to transport considerable contingents from Italy to the Balkan frontier, thus rendering a victorious Russian counter-offensive possible.

NEW CONVENTION SIGNED.

A new convention of London among the allies, pledging each of them not to conclude a separate peace, was recently signed by Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy. The Foreign Minister announced. By this official document, the foreign ministers hoped to put an end to rumors concerning the possibility of a separate peace, which were frequently cropping out.

Baron Sonino expressed the hope that the re-establishment of cordial relations with Greece would insure the safety and liberty of the movement of the Entente allies in Macedonia. At another point in his speech, the Foreign Minister made this declaration:

"The existence of the political and economic independence of Serbia is as little as that of Italy's. Serbia is a great power. In accord with our allies, we consider the restoration of the heroic Serbian people in the fullness of its independence as an unavoidable condition to end this great war."

WILL AID SERBIA.

Italy, therefore, said Baron Sonino, would do all possible to help the Serbian army, awaiting a moment favorable for its resurrection. The presence of the Italian flag on the eastern side of the Adriatic, he said, also would confirm Italy's policy toward Albania, Italy wishing to preserve Albanian independence. Baron Sonino concluded his speech as follows:

"HIGHER-UPS" ARE SOUGHT.

Government Refuses to Reveal Its Evidence in Alleged German Plots to Wreck Ships.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—Federal agents who caused the arrest of C. W. Crowley last week in connection with alleged German dynamite plots to destroy munition ships and ships were reticent tonight regarding the importance of evidence in their possession bearing upon the requested recall today of Capt. Boy-Ed and Capt. Von Papen by Secretary of State Bryan.

It became known definitely today, despite the secrecy with which the prosecution of Crowley has been conducted, that Crowley received both his orders and large sums of money, according to the testimony of Federal agents in New York City, and a certain point in that vicinity, and a certain point in that vicinity, where unnamed "higher-ups" were consulted by him frequently as recently as July 1. The Federal authorities, it was said, have plenty of documents in their possession which showed that Crowley had admitted his employment by Franz Bopp, local Consul-General of Germany.

The government had hoped to get a confession from Crowley naming German agents in the East to whom he had given documentary evidence. The testimony of Louis J. Smith, charged jointly with Crowley, but unarrested, before a Federal grand jury yesterday, did not develop the government's case, it was said, regarding the sources of the "large sums expended in the secret operations."

Smith will continue his story before the grand jury Monday.

GERMANS DENY SUBMARINE SUNK.

BY WIRELESS AND A. P. 1
BERLIN, Dec. 3 (via Sayville).—In spite of the German denial of reports circulated by a British news agency that a British aeroplane had sunk a German submarine, the news agency now gives details of the alleged combat, and the Overseas News Agency, which adds:

Competent German authorities repeat that no German submarine has been destroyed by a British aeroplane. The German newspapers point out that if the English report is correct there is no doubt that a British or a French submarine has been destroyed.

Field Marshal Sir John French, in an official report given out by the Foreign Bureau in London, November 28, said:

"In the afternoon (of Sunday) a British aeroplane destroyed a German submarine off Middelkerke. It was seen to break in halves."

MAIL TO UNITED STATES CENSORED IN LONDON.

ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Dec. 3.—The chief postal censor says there is now a general censorship on mails to America. It is intimated that without such censorship there was always an opportunity for the enemy to receive information through the mails and information of that nature already has passed to America. The censor said: "It is a general censorship such as has been applied to American mails, and that censorship there has been heretofore on American mails was insignificant." When asked if the general censorship meant that "innocent or harmless" messages would not be stopped he smiled an acquiescence. Regarding the report that a thousand women censors would handle the censorship of mails to America, the censor said it was "a picturesque report." On a number of occasions during the war, the question has been asked in the House of Commons why the censorship had not been applied to American mails, but the reply from the government was that it was such a big undertaking that an adequate number of censors could not be assigned to this work.

Liner Puts Back.

(Continued from First Page)

CAPT. BOY-ED
MUST GO BACK.

Withdrawal of Von Papen also Asked by Washington.

Improper Military Activities are Called Obnoxious.

Action is Taken Apart from the Conspiracy Trial.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Imperial withdrawal of Capt. Karl Boy-Ed and Capt. Franz von Papen, respectively naval and military attachés of the German Embassy, has been requested by the State Department.

In making formal announcement of this action late today, Secretary Lansing said that the attaches had rendered services "of great value" to the United States government by improper activities in connection with naval and military matters.

The Secretary acted with the full approval of President Wilson, who is understood to have determined that the United States shall be rid of foreign naval and military attachés.

The State Department made its request three days ago through Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador.

Announcement of the fact was

made by the State Department.

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SERB SOLDIERS GROUP OF GHOSTS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. 1
MILAN (via London) Dec. 3.—A correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, who departed from Monastir on the last train which left that city, telegraphed that 4000 Serbian troops sent to assist Col. Vassitch, the Serbian chief of staff, had been separated from the 15 men who presented themselves from among the 1000 soldiers at the wharf, without further means of identification.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

DECEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART I.]

WOMEN
MOVE.Establish
diation.Gains
Socialists.Sentenced
Edition.

DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

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DICTED WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

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and the French exhibit from the San
Francisco exposition to San Diego.The French government has asked
the United States to send the exhibit
back to France. In his letter Senator
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of the exhibit will be higher this
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TO FIGHT CITRUS CANKER.

At the request of Frank Wiggin of
the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce
Representative Randall has
taken up with the Department of Agri-
culture the matter of providing
protection for California oranges
from the terrible citrus canker which
is ravaging the groves of Florida.A citrus canker law has
been in effect against the disease. The
last Congress authorized an expendi-
ture of \$25,000 for the eradication.The Gulf States appropriated a like
amount, and for a year the battle has
been raging.Many orange groves in Florida
have been burned down by the fruit
inspectors, but the disease has not
been conquered. The truth is that no
remedy has thus far been discov-
ered except the destruction of affected
trees. Another appropriation will
be asked for by the present Congress.

FRAUD.

Postorn.

Washington.
TO SAVE RELIC
ON THE MOJAVE.Needles Women Would Buy
Labyrinth of Desert.San Diego Wants French Art
Exhibit at the Fair.Determined Fight to be Made
on the Citrus Canker.

BY HARRY CARR.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 3.—One of the most
famous and interesting relics in the
West is the labyrinth of the Mojaves,
near Needles. This is an immense
winding tangle of tiny stone walls.
The Indians believe that the ghosts
of the departed are compelled to
wind through this labyrinth on their
way to the happy hunting grounds.
Only those who can find the way ever
arrive at the shade of bliss. This
labyrinth being in danger of destruction
by encroachments of settlers, the
Literary and Musical Club of Needles
has written to Representative Kett-
ner of San Diego asking him to
see that the government will sell the
site to the government for a case in the United
States refuse to set the labyrinth
aside as a national reservation, they
intend to do themselves.

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PAYING PRICE
OF THEIR FOLLY.UNIFORM PROGRESSIVES ARE
UNUSOME IN WASHINGTON.Three of Them Hold a
Council Decide They Don't Know
What to do but will Likely String
Along with the Republicans if Al-
lowed to do So.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 3.—The three forlorn
and deserted "Progressive" members
of the California delegation know not
where to lay their heads. They don't
know whether to be a political party
or to string along with the Republicans
and beg to be forgiven on the
ground of youth and inexperience.There are only seven "Progressives"
in Congress. The three from California
are W. D. Stephens, Los Angeles;
John C. Elston, the former sec-
retary of Gov. Pardee, now an Oak-
land attorney.The awful wail in the eve that
Hiram Johnson got and the parting
declaration of Senator Works that he
never thought much of the "Progres-
sives" anyhow, have shaken their
nerves.An informal council of war was
held today by the three California
"Progressives" into which some of the
other "Progressives" were called.
They seriously decided that
they did not know what to do. One
of the "Progressives" pointed out that,
while the "Progressive" national
council had answered, it may be only
in the nature of a club held over
the battlefield of the Republicans. The
other two of the "satisfactory can-
didates" being selected by the Repub-
licans, might decide to merely indorse
them. Then where would they be?They finally decided not to decide
whether to organize a caucus of their
own or to string along with the
Republicans."Let us wait," they decided. "Let
us wait for Mr. Copley." Mr. Copley
being the bell of the seven in Con-
gress.

STEEL FOR BATTLESHE.

Private Manufacturers Agree There
will be No Delay in Delivery to
Government Yards.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—There will
be no delay in the delivery of steel
for battleships Nos. 43 and 44, if the
government undertakes their con-
struction in navy yards. Bids from
several companies opened today
at the Navy Department, all offered
to begin delivery within six months
and complete it within three years.
Prices show an apparent increase
from 20 to 40 per cent. over material
brought for the battleship California
over a year ago.Private bidders for the two ships
indicated they would be delivered in
delivery of steel and conditions
of their proposals on this circumstance.
The private bids were rejected as ex-
ceeding the \$7,800,000 limit of cost
fixed by Congress. All navy yard es-
timates were well below that figure.The Carnegie Steel Company
however, was the lowest bidder for
the majority of the steel needed,
which runs into many millions of
pounds.On the biggest lots of plates the
Carnegie figures were \$6,616 and
\$1116 a pound for different classes.
The company made low offersfor high tensile steel, prices ranging
from \$6,623 to \$9,645 a pound, and
was the only bidder for various kinds
of stamped steel.The American Steel Foundries of
Chester, Pa., were low bidder for
steel castings at \$96 per pound, and
the Carbon Steel Company of Pitts-
burgh was low for nickel steel plates
at \$859 per pound.A number of steel 220 pounds of
structural material was covered by
the bids. The Carnegie company was
the lowest bidder on the medium and
special treatment steel; the Carbon
Steel Company for nickel steel, the
American Steel Foundries for castings,
the Pittsburgh Screw and Bolt
Company and A. H. Wagner for two
classes of rivets.An analysis of the prices made
tonight by Navy Department officials
shows an increase of 25 per cent. since
the purchase of practically the same
material for the battleship California,
now under construction at the
New York navy yard. The price
charged for the material on the Califor-
nia was \$954,114, and the price now
quoted for ships 43 and 44 is \$1,245,
837 each, an increase of \$251,723.50
each.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 3.—The Senate Demo-
cratic caucus this evening by a vote
of 25 to 23, named James P. Clarke
of Arkansas, as the party candidate for
president pro tem of the Senate over
Atlee Pomerene of Ohio. The result
followed a day of party wrangling
seldom equalled. Senator Clarke, op-
posed by friends of President Wilson,
who had refused to take White
House orders, did the bidding of the
executive, was fought viciously by
administration followers.

IN MARIN COUNTY.

Marin county the rainfall was
heavy all night and today, but no
damage was done outside of the fall
of a number of trees. At San Fran-
cisco the precipitation measured 2.59
inches.Sacramento reports tonight that the
heaviest storm in years has swept the
Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.
At many points the downpour of rain
was accompanied by wind and great
violence that broke trees, unrooted
buildings and wrecked electric lines.
At Kennefick in Shasta county five inches
of rain fell, while other up-
valley points report from two to over four
inches of rain and snow. The falling
rain has been blocked in a
series of heavy downpours of rain. Damage
to the Santa Clara valley is believed
to be heavy, as the railroad line is
blocked. The trains have been
blocked for twenty-four hours by slides. On one
blockaded train is the Sacramento foot-
ball team, which will be unable to
keep its date to play Occidental in
Los Angeles tomorrow.At San Jose the big electric light
tower that has stood for a quarter of
a century in the center of the city,
a landmark for miles around, and a
feature of the city, collapsed in a
gale. The tower was blown up in a
moment, and the wind that unrooted
many trees and did other damage
was unrooting a number of buildings.

THEATER ROOF DEMOLISHED.

The tin roof of the big theater
was rolled into a great bundle,
which fell on the floor of the
Market street. Luckily, neither the fall
of the tower nor the falling roof injured
any people, nearly everybody
having scurried to shelter to escape
the heavy downpour of rain. Damage
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WILL CHOOSE CLARKE.

When the Senate meets Monday
Senator Clarke, following his induction
as official president of the Senate, as
Senator from Arkansas, will be chosen
as the president of that body. He will
preside in the absence of Vice-President
Marshall, over the deliberations of the
Senate when the followers of the
President will attempt to force
through a cloture rule limiting debate
and a vote to overturn the proposed
legislation. Mr. Wilson's wishes enacted
early in the session. The nomination of
Senator Clarke is a blow to the
administration and is certain to leave
many party scribes who will take time
to rail."The treasure either of a
country or it has a deficit and the party in
power ought to make the situation
clear to the country before it asks the
minority to co-operate on a plan to
raise millions of dollars which may
not be available. The party should go
to the administration and say, 'We can't
have you without you.' The administration
should not be compelled to leave
publicans about the reduction of the
taxes. They made their tariff bill in
secret caucus and bound their members
to vote for it without amendment of
any kind from the floor.This was the beginning of this
muddle. Secretary McAdoo chased the
surplus left in the treasury by
Republicans until it died from utter
exhaustion. He is now chasing its
ghost, and according to Mr. Kitchin
that ghost when he talks about a surplus
"What about preparedness?""Preparedness ought to have been
provided for by maintaining a bank
account to meet extraordinary ex-
penses. The Republicans left such a
bank account, but it only cost
them in the end to pay the Pro-
gressives off. The President
disposed of his surplus. The
President has evidently forgotten that
parable and has turned to Ezekiel, the
most pessimistic prophet of the Old
Testament.He might have found a better
quotation from the old Roman Tacitus
than the one he used. Tacitus
and the "Peasants' Revolt" can be
secured without arms nor arms without
pay, nor pay without taxes". The
Democrats have been opposing taxes
so long that it has become a habit,
while they continue to spend recklessly.
The Democrats or Republicans who
wish to express their views freely and
fully on big issues that are before
Congress. Republican members of
the Senate view with satisfaction the
family row stirred up in the Dem-
ocratic party.Naturally they are gratified at the
nomination of Senator Clarke, they see
in his success many rocks ahead for
the President and predict that he
will be a succession of party
victories. They will attempt on the
part of the President's friends to
eliminate not only Senator Clarke, but
those who stood by him in his fight
for re-election."Will you vote for prepared-
ness?""I shall be glad to vote liberal ap-
propriations for army and navy if the
President can be forced through the
Senate. I am a member of the
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President can be forced through the
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bank account, but it only cost
them in the end to pay the Pro-
gressives off. The President
disposed of his surplus. The
President has evidently forgotten that
parable and has turned to Ezekiel, the
most pessimistic prophet of the Old
Testament.He might have found a better
quotation from the old Roman Tacitus
than the one he used. Tacitus
and the "Peasants' Revolt" can be
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pay, nor pay without taxes". The
Democrats have been opposing taxes
so long that it has become a habit,
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SATURDAY MORNING.

DECEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART I.]

Game!

PLAY
OWS DOWN.Sinsabaugh Meet
and Wayne.men Tennis Stars
Appear.Country Club
es Classy."Whang" of racquets
sound about the Los
Club yesterday.doubles in tennis man-
the rival camps of
sinsabaugh, and, Browns-
sinsabaugh was in per-
yesterday and placed the
spot where he wished
as two teams will vie
at 2 o'clock this after-Jurstadt did not appear
she is scheduled in a
bition match today.her partner, she will
ire Bundy and Adams.

Bruce will also play

Mary Browns and Mrs.

and Miss Sutton

y and Mrs. Doege re-

With a set to the

team, play was called

darkness. The whole

played over at 1:28

a tennis is open to the

the charge of any ad-

sorsover. Tea is even

expense of the club, and

are invited to be on

yesterday's play. Overcom-

Varvel and Adams,

and Gorham, 8-3, 7-5;

defeated Barker and

Brown and Wayne

and, Mrs. Mrs. Widdow-

son and Mrs. Bundy

played two sets in

when it was decided to

the event because of

overlooked.

Manager Kirkpatrick of Occidental

belonged to the last that the game

he played today. When he found that

it was impossible he immediately be-

arranging for the game on Mon-

day.

In some ways it will be better for

Southern California football that the

game was postponed. Many of the

time and coaches had scheduled

game for today. Now they can all

the game. There are a few

and players in the South who

will have their eyes opened by this

group. It promises to be one of the

best exhibitions of real football ever

played in Southern California. There

is no doubt the prowess of Syra-

cuse, next to Cornell and Harvard it

and come south at night.

basketball players left

last night when they

twice by the Glendale

in their own gymnas-

iums, lightened the load

score, while the un-

smothered, 52 to 15.

enders played in the first

up a real thriller

the other part of the

the latter part of

count stood tied several

to the Manual boys in

work, but their han-

not as good as that

ited class the Glendale

from the start. The

older and outweighed

players were few

Glendale players and

in the Manual boys in

the game. He was formerly

players of the U.S.C.

at forward, was

point winner for the

team.

The line-ups:

Glendale 120-pounds.

Lodi 120-pounds.

Palo Alto 120-pounds.

Glenel 120-pounds.

Baldwin, 120-pounds.

Tutor, 120-pounds.

Farr, 120-pounds.

Wimmers, 120-pounds.

Polo team of the L.A.

clashed last night

regulation won a rather

the score being 9 to

was demonstrated 7 to

1.

MONA

TODAY.

is better than ever

to find it out. Pomona

to see her back it up

title by forfeit, but

one anyway even if it

our football prestige

was arranged. And

the benefit of Coach

dena is one of the very

at a time when it didn't

a wonderful team. It

ever been crossed. In

around Tufty Con is

effective. Con is

of the greatest backs

played in a southern

i has a bunch of

machine to back him

made an enviable show-

Belt. The Citrus Bel-

better football than less

Pomona won a

championship.

Syracuse and Oxy Football Game Postponed to Monday.

Late, Late.

SYRACUSE IS HELD UP BY LANDSLIDE IN MOUNTAINS.

Team is Twenty-one Hours Late and will not Arrive Here Until Tomorrow—Kirkpatrick Arranges Battle for Monday at Washington Park, to be the Greatest Football Game Ever Held Here.

RED BLUFF, Dec. 3.—After being stalled for twenty-one hours near Dunsmuir by a landslide caused by the torrential downpour of the past week, the Syracuse University football team arrived at Redding at 8 o'clock tonight, more than a full day behind schedule.

Manager Hawley Brooks stated that the game with Occidental at Los Angeles, scheduled for tomorrow, might be cancelled, as it will be impossible to reach there until late at night. A telegram from the graduate manager, Kirkpatrick, of Occidental, was received en route, announcing that the Orange eleven was expected and that all arrangements had been completed. Coach O'Neill was bitterly disappointed at this unexpected turn of affairs and still hopes that the game may be played.

Southern Pacific train No. 12, on which the squad is making its tedious way southward, proceeded at an extremely low rate of speed through the mountain passes, and the tracks in many places were covered by several inches of water. The players, chafing under the enforced restraint of having to idle away a whole day and night, amid the mountain fastnesses, are still hoping against hope that the contest with Occidental may be played, but it was agreed that the chances were very slim.

San Francisco will be reached tomorrow morning and the team will go to Los Angeles Sunday, returning eastward Monday night, regardless of the outcome of negotiations now pending. This will bring the players back to Syracuse next Friday morning.

There will be no Syracuse-Occidental football game at Washington Park this afternoon, for the rather simple reason that the Syracuse varsity will not be here. It got stalled for twenty-one hours near Dunsmuir on the way down from Portland. It reached San Francisco at 1 o'clock last night. And they have not yet invented the train that will let a man break fast in San Francisco and dinner in Los Angeles.

The game, however, will be played Monday, unless rain or the like intervenes. Tea is even expense of the club, and are invited to be on

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Religious.

LUTHERANS GET CHURCH LEADER.

Man Noted in Denomination Takes Pastorate Here.

Bronze Memorial to Late Dr. Warren F. Day.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

The First English Lutheran Church of this city has secured as its new pastor one of the strongest men in his denomination in America. Rev. W. S. Dysinger of Wheeling, W. Va., has accepted the call extended to him and will begin his pastorate here on Sunday, December 15.

Dr. Dysinger for several years has held a position high in the counsels of the church, and has been an active leader in national meetings of the denomination. He is a thorough Bible student and has fame as a pulpit orator. His wife is also an active church worker and will be of valuable assistance in the new field of their activities.

The call was extended to Dr. Dysinger only after delegates from the First Church traveled throughout the East to hear and inspect the prominent masters of the denomination. They were much elated when they received the news that the call of his church had been accepted.

The First English Lutheran Church is centrally located, the downtown corner of Eighth and Flower streets. It has a large and beautiful auditorium and accommodations for all lines of church activities. Prof. Earl C. Houk has been secured as permanent director of the choir and is well known for his solo work.

MEMORIAL TABLET.

HONORING DEPARTED PASTOR.

A service of beauty and significance will occur at the First Congregational Church tomorrow morning when members of the faculty of Pomona College, headed by Dr. W. L. Davis, will appropriate services to unveil a handsome bronze memorial tablet in memory of the late Dr. Warren Finney Day, pastor of First Church for many years, and pastor emeritus at the time of his death.

The tablet is presented to the First Congregational Church by Pomona College in grateful acknowledgement of the memorial fund of \$30,000 given to the college by this church in memory of Dr. Day.

The principal address will be delivered by President Blodgett of Pomona and others will speak, including Dr. Charles Sumner, Dr. Robert Rutherford and J. J. Forbes.

The church choir will be assisted by the First Choral Society, Dr. W. A. Torrey, Miss Katherine Betts and Bruce Williams, members of this church and students in Pomona College, representing the undergraduate body, will unveil the tablet. The service throughout will be an academic one.

BY DICTAPHONE.

CANNED SERMON AT TRINITY.

Rev. Charles A. Selecman, pastor of Trinity Church, Trinity Auditorium, will preach tomorrow morning on "The Incarnation." His subject will be "The Word." Dr. George Clark at the Y.W.C.A. will speak on "The Cross." Dr. W. A. Torrey, pastor of First Church, and students in Pomona College, representing the undergraduate body, will speak on "The Word." There will be a service throughout the day.

WOMAN'S DAY.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Women will have charge of all the services in the First Christian Church tomorrow. A woman will superintend the Sunday-school and lead the music. Other women will usher at the morning service.

This day is the anniversary day of the Women's Missionary Society. Every woman present at the morning service will receive a white carnation. The pastor will speak appropriate to the occasion.

The speaker on the morning of the day and the speaker will particularly discuss the question "Shall America prepare for War?"

President Wilson's speech before the Scandinavian Club will be reviewed and the position of Bryan, Carnegie, Henry Ford, Norman Angel, former residents Taft and Roosevelt will be discussed. The speaker will also read letters from prominent citizens of Los Angeles.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley will give Scandinavian concert, assisted by his Alice Wernlund.

KING FOR AMERICA?

DEAN MACCORMACK'S SUBJECT.

Does the United States Need a King?" This is the question that will be discussed by Dean MacCormack in his special topic on the King of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral tomorrow morning.

Would we trade our President for a King or a Kaiser? Has democracy fulfilled the expectation of those who aided the foundations? These are questions that will be treated by Dr. MacCormack in his special topic on the King of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral tomorrow morning.

At the evening service Dr. MacCormack will continue the special course of advanced studies on the topics in the Book of Revelation of St. John. His topic will be the mystic and symbolic number of the 144,000.

TEMPLE AUDITORIUM.

FUNDAMENTAL BELIEFS.

Dr. T. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, has arranged for an unusually interesting service tomorrow at Temple Auditorium. At 11 a.m. he will continue his sermon on "Fundamental Beliefs," his special topic being "The Holy Spirit Can Pentecont Be Re-created?" The great west choir will sing and Miss Alice Lohr will sing solo. The Lord's Supper will be observed at the close of the sermon.

At night Dr. Brougher will speak on "The Board of Censors." Should a church board of censors be of any use? These are some of the questions Dr. Brougher will discuss. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, touring this country in the interests of their work for the orphan children of Ireland, will speak briefly. Lord Borden was a former President general of Canada and Viceroy of Ireland, and is well and widely known for his anti-slave traffic and anti-tuberculosis campaigns and other philanthropic work. The great church will exchange with the pastor.

Bethlehem Norwegian Lutheran Church, corner of Dewey and Fifteenth streets, Rev. S. T. Sonorenson, pastor, will speak on "The Lord's Supper." There will be anthems by a big chorus, Temple Quartette and male quartette, and solo by Alfred Miller and George H. Bensus. Ray Hastings will play the big organ and hymns at both services.

SERMON TOPICS.

BIBLE INSTITUTE ATTRACTIONS.

Three addresses of more than ordinary interest will be delivered in the magnificent Bible Institute audi-



"The Religion and Morals of the People of God and the conduct of the Word of God in the Temple."

"War, Peace and Preparedness" will be the subject of the sermon by Rev. Otis G. Dale at Immanuel Presbyterian Church on Sunday night. Mr. Dale will discuss the moral uses of war, the adequate methods of defense for war, and what attitude Christian people should take toward the present movement for "preparedness." Mr. Dale will also preach the morning sermon, his topic being "The Master Motive of the Christian."

Dr. W. E. Tilroe will preach tomorrow morning in the University Methodist Episcopal Church on "The Soul in the Market Place," and in the evening on "The Eyes of the North."

"Democrats Don't Do the Dutch" will be the subject of Rev. E. Stanwell Hodgin tomorrow morning in the First Unitarian Church, No. 925 South Flower street. Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Harris will explain the work of the "Dutch," and their subject being "Our Homes and Six Dangers that Threaten Them."

"Did Christ Teach Non-resistance?" will be the sermon subject of Rev. W. L. Y. Davis tomorrow morning in the West Adams Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening Dr. Davis will speak on "Did God Make the World and Then Go off and Leave It?" Prof. Congswell's vested choir will sing at each service.

"The Personality of the Holy Spirit" will be the subject of Rev. Frank C. Edwards in the Belvedere Methodist Episcopal Church, Townsend street, near First. In the evening he will give the first of a series of sermons on "Our Home," his subject being "Our Homes and Six Dangers that Threaten Them."

C. D. Conrey, superintendent of the McKinley Boys' Home, will speak to the Methodist Church, No. 1025 Main, No. 1025 Main, Fifth street. The speaker for Monday night will be Rev. Thomas Grice of Brooklyn Heights.

"Prevailing Prayer" will be the subject of Rev. Frank W. Otto in the Alpine Heights Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning. His evening subject will be "Feeding the Multitude."

Rev. S. M. Bernard will preach in the Pico Heights Christian Church tomorrow morning on "The Gospel According to Matthew." In the evening his sermon will be on "I Will Look Unto the Lord."

William D. McCrackan, C.S.B., will deliver an address on Christian Science tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in Shrine Auditorium, Welsh Jefferson street. He will lecture tonight in the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, No. 430 South New Hampshire avenue.

"The Eternal Christ" will be the subject of Reynold E. Blight tomorrow morning in the First Church of the Pico, in Blanchard Hall. In the afternoon he will discuss "The Futility of Ford's Peace Crusade."

"America First and Her Imminent Crisis" will be the subject of a talk by Dr. George Clark at the Y.W.C.A. paper service at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the Y.W.C.A. building.

William D. McCrackan, C.S.B., will speak on "Christian Science" in the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, No. 430 South New Hampshire avenue.

"The Eternal Christ" will be the subject of Reynold E. Blight tomorrow morning in the First Presbyterian Church on "Where Is Thy Brother?" His evening sermon will be on "The Chalms of Christ and Death."

"Our Undertakings" will be the sermon theme of Dr. James Allen Gelsinger in the Boyle Heights Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning.

Dr. Edward Campbell will preach in the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning on "Where Is Thy Brother?" His evening sermon will be on "How a Higher Up Wrought to Christ."

Dr. Edward Campbell will speak tomorrow morning in the First United Presbyterian Church, Ninth and Figueroa streets, on "The Measure of Christ's Love" and in the evening on "What Are They That Perish?"

Tomorrow will be "Woman's Day" in the Methodist Service Christian Church. At the morning service an address will be given by Mrs. E. Y. Van Meter, president of the School of Missions. In the evening there will be a special musical and literary program, presenting the drama of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

Dr. Edward Campbell will speak in the First Universalist Church tomorrow morning on "An Available God."

Rev. James R. McIntire will preach in the Vermont Square Christian Church tomorrow morning on "Christians in the World." The Woman's Board of Missions' Educational Day will be observed by special features.

"The Bread of Life" will be the sermon subject of Dr. C. F. Winbarger tomorrow at Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets. In the evening he will speak on "Helps Against Temptation."

Dr. James A. Francis will preach in the First Baptist Church, South Flower, between Seventh and Eighth streets, tomorrow morning on "What Is the Holy Spirit?" His evening sermon will be on "Is There a God?"

Dr. C. E. Cornell, pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene, tomorrow morning, will deliver the third in the series of "Thoughts and Teachings" on "The State of Eternal Bliss." In the afternoon Rev. George W. Wilson, an old-time evangelist, will speak on "Some Christian Fundamentals." At night the pastor will continue the special musical and literary program, presenting the drama of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

Classified Liners.

old at 2 o'clock May.

The Pierce Chapel.

A LONG RUN.

more of telegrams

D. W. Griffith, pro-

birth of a Nation,"

from Ralph Blane,

of Fox Film Cor-

poration, a banque-

tine in honor of the

of the motion-pi-

ments by the

advertisers in

and Bonds' and

advertisements' col-

Times "Liners."

OW

no hope for the

who love Christ

ERMONS

CH OF THE

IN DOOR

Torrey, D.D.,

Pastor.

MORNING AT 11

The Word of God."

NIGHT, 1:15

IT CAUSES

AND CURSES

Mother's Great Themes

Should Hear Him.

Chorus Singing

INSTITUTE.

EVANS

Life."

IND HOPE STS.

PERSONS

Minister.

WEST NINTH,

ETING."

MEMBERS

welcomed in this class

Corner Team

and Figures

SCHOOL.

EVANSTON.

BAPTIST.

3rd Street Branch

H COR. TWENTY-FIVE AND FORTY-EIGHT.

45 a.m. Morning at 11

7:30 o'clock.

reach both morning and

ED STATES NEED

the President, for a

D SYMBOLIC NUM

forty-four thousand.

What mark does the

of those who are

welcomed in this class

Corner West Apts

and Figures

SPECIAL NOTICES

EMPLOYMENT

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

New York Society Social.

An informal dinner and social will be held by members of the New York State Society Thursday evening at Christopher's.

Historical Society Meeting.

"Across the Plains in 1854—the Personal Experience of a Pioneer Woman" will be the topic of the meeting of the well-known Dr. Hunt before the Historical Society of Southern California Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Museum of History, Exposition Park.

Picnic for the Birds.

Alfred Cookman, a graduate student in the U.S. and a deputy game warden for that county, addressed the picnic of the Yerba Buena Club yesterday afternoon on "Bird Life of California." He made a plea for the protection of the game birds and songsters of the State.

Daughters of Veterans' Dinner.

Daughters of Veterans' No. 4, Daughters of Veterans, will serve dinner at Patriotic Hall, Hall of Records, 10th and Olive streets, at 7 o'clock a.m. This is the first dinner the daughters have served at Patriotic Hall, and they are seeking to make it a decided success. Tuesday evening officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

Christian Science Lectures.

Under the auspices of the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, William D. Murchison, C.S.E., New York City, will deliver a lecture on Christian Science this evening at 8 o'clock in the Ninth Church edifice, No. 438 South New Hampshire avenue, and also on tomorrow afternoon at 8 o'clock in the Auditorium Theater, 2210 Wilshire, Fifth and Olive streets. The public is invited.

Voyage to Hawaii Ends.

Reporting a pleasant voyage, a cablegram from the captain of the steamship Great Northern, which left here last Saturday on her maiden voyage to Hawaii, was received yesterday morning. The cablegram states: "The captain of a rare species. The grand-parents of these particular specimens having been a gift to the late Hamilton King, United States Minister to Siam, by a princess of the royal household. Mrs. Hocking received first prize for both male and female."

Prize-winning Pussies.

The Los Angeles friends of Mrs. E. Hocking of Guasti were gratified to learn that Mrs. Hocking's remarkable Royal Siamese cats swept the boards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition cat show, which closed yesterday in San Francisco. The cats were of a rare species, the grand-parents of these particular specimens having been a gift to the late Hamilton King, United States Minister to Siam, by a princess of the royal household. Mrs. Hocking received first prize for both male and female.

CHORUS SEEKS WAGES.

Criminal Action Against Theater Men Begun on Ground He Wouldn't Pay When He Could.

Chorus girls who declare they were employed by T. J. White at the Express Theater, involved him in a criminal suit by appealing to the City Prosecutor yesterday for an action to secure the sum of their wages. The initial action was filed by Miss Dorothy Adams. It is alleged Mr. White refused to pay the members of the chorus when he had sufficient funds to do so.

The warrant was issued in Police Judge White's court, and officers were searching for Mr. White last night. It is alleged many chorus girls have similar complaints, but await the test instituted by Miss Adams before they enter suit.

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Give "Christmas Carol."

Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" will be given in five acts by the students of the Virginian Intermediate school, 2200 Broadway, on December 17, the proceeds to go to swell the school bank. The leads will be taken by Misses Margaret Westbrook, Beatrice Welcome, Gertrude Wallace and Morris Alfred Barbour. Lucia Chase and David Barwell, Mrs. Webster has the production in hand.

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Ever-advancing Southern Metropolis.

Pictorial City Sheet (II.)

California and the Coast—10 Pages

The Times
LOS ANGELES

XXXVTH YEAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION

By the Federal Census (1910)—215,529
By the City Directory (1910)—228,229

Through Influence.

ASK WOMEN TO WAR UPON WAR.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Put Faith in Their Sway.

Coalition Cabinet Hard One to Manage, He Says.

Alfred Noyes Given Ovation at Friday Club.

SUITS FILED.

DEATH LIST.

CRIES GRANTED.

DEATH.

NOTABLE WOMAN.

Lady Aberdeen is a large, kindly, approachable and charming.

Notable Trio at Friday Morning Club.



and what she lacks as an orator is easily compensated for with beauty and inherent grace. One of the famous beauties of her day, she has nevertheless devoted her life largely to the betterment of social conditions for the poor and as Vice-roy of Ireland she won deep affection for her work. She has had many charitable activities. It is in the cause of these charities, both in Ireland and Scotland, which have been largely maintained by the Aberdeens that she and her husband have undertaken this tour, with an abiding faith in the women's clubs of California, would towards this end.

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(Continued on Second Page.)

N. B. Blackstone Co.

318-320-322 South Broadway

Wonderful Variety in New Christmas Line

Waists \$5⁹⁵

Sale Second Floor



A COLLECTION of classy waists constituting what is perhaps the most remarkable range of styles ever offered at the popular price of \$5.95.

—New fancy striped crepe-de-chine waists.

—New lace waists of exquisite daintiness.

—Combinations in fine lace and Georgette.

—Smart effects in Georgette crepe.

—New plaid striped Taffeta Silk waists.

—New satin striped silk waists.

Men's Big Opportunity to Buy

Silk Half Hose

\$1.75 to \$2.25 Values Now, Pr., \$1.35

This is our Christmas special for men—a choice selection in plain colored and clocked silk socks, also rich English designs in shot silk. —Values to \$2.25. Price per pair \$1.35.

Men's Silk Half Hose, Pr., 50c

The finest and most durable silk hose offered at the money. Black, white, navy, gray, suede, purple and every color required.

\$1.75 and \$2.00 Women's \$1.35 Silk Stockings, pr.

High-grade silk stockings consisting of a wide assortment of women's pure thread silk hose in heavy, medium and gauze weights; black and variety of colors; also hand-embroidered silk hose in latest vertical patterns and fancy and plain cloths. Silk \$1.35.

The Gloves for Xmas Gifts—Finest, Flawless Qualities that You Can Depend Upon

Men's gloves, P.X.M. and pique sewn Paris Point backs; Medium or heavy weights in Tana. Pair, \$1.75.

Men's Gray Mocha Gloves; Pique sewn, Paris point back. Pair \$1.75.

Children's Gloves—one to fourteen years. Assorted tans and black and white. Pair, \$1.25.

Women's street gloves; one-clasp cape glove: P.X.M. sewn; spear backs; in tan, gunmetal, black and white. Pair, \$1.50.

Women's street gloves, one-clasp, medium weight in tan, black and white. Pair, \$1.75.

Women's French Glace Kid gloves. The famous Blackstone.

Special at pair, \$2.00.

Glove Orders

By getting Blackstone Glove Orders, you know positively that the recipients of these orders are wearing the BEST Gloves manufactured.

Women's "Merode" Cotton Union Suits \$1

These perfect-fitting, hand-finished garments are acknowledged by thousands of women to be the best ever offered for the money. All styles.

HISTORY HEWER NEARS THE END.

One of "Men Who Made Kansas" Dying Here.

Fought in Mexican and Civil Wars; Guarded Lincoln.

Commanded Ft. Leavenworth in "Bleeding" Days.

Col. John Taylor Burris, veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, and perhaps the most prominent survivor of the "men who made Kansas," is near death at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie B. Phillips, No. 446 East Avenue 28. He is now 87 years of age, and his growing feebleness has made it impossible for him to throw off the effects of exposure which he underwent several weeks ago.

Coming here about five years ago after an illustrious career before the bar and as a judge, Col. Burris has made many friends. He is identified with many fraternal organizations, and, until recently, took an active part in moves for civic betterment.

He was born in Butler county, Ohio, December 22, 1828, and received his education in the public schools of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. At the age of 18, after a hasty tour of the country, he entered public life as an educator, and for several terms taught in the Kentucky public schools.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he enlisted in the Mounted Blues, the organization subsequently being known as the Third Cavalry, and served through the war. In 1852 he was admitted to the bar in Iowa, and after practicing law for two years was elected county judge. At the conclusion of his term he moved to Missouri, where he was elected to the state legislature.

In 1859 he was elected a member of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention and helped to write the Constitution of Kansas. When Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860, Mr. Burris was chosen as a member of the Frontier Guards, and with that organization served as bodyguard of President Lincoln during the troubled times preceding the outbreak of the Civil War.

In 1861 the Fourth Kansas Volunteer Infantry was organized and Sgt. Burris of the Frontier Guards was appointed a Lieutenant colonel. He was made a colonel in 1862 and placed in command of Ft. Leavenworth. Subsequently he saw active service in the field and participated in some twenty engagements.

At the conclusion of the war, in recognition of his services, Col. Burris was appointed United States district attorney for the State of Kansas. He was elected to the Kansas Legislature and subsequently became speaker. After a term in the Legislature he resumed the practice of law and for nearly twenty years served as county and Superior judge in that State. He retired from active life in 1902.

In addition to being a Knight of Pythias, he is a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Sons of the American Revolution and an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has two daughters, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. W. H. Beman of No. 2447 Ellendale place.

MISSION PLAYS' CLOSE.

This afternoon and evening the last performances for the season of the "Mission Play" will be given in the playhouse at San Gabriel. The house for this afternoon is entirely sold out, but it is expected that this evening every seat will be taken.

This closes a most successful season. More than 250,000 people have seen the play during the season. It is probable the play will be演 during the winter and that most of the present members of the cast will be retained.

Numerous stalled automobiles appealed to the police for aid. Trolley cars in some instances were delayed.

Charges Denied.

SWINDLED, SAYS LAWYER; SEEKS LARGE DAMAGES.

ALLEGING he had been swindled in a real estate transaction and asking damages to the amount of \$127,295, T. Waldo Murphy of Spokane, a prominent attorney and lumberman, yesterday filed suit in the Superior Court here against James G. Cortelyou, a local investment broker. Mrs. Cortelyou and Fred E. Edmison, the last named a Los Angeles real estate man who, Mr. Murphy states, was employed by him to look after his interests in the transaction. Attorney James Donovan filed the action on behalf of Mr. Murphy.

The suit is the result of an exchange of property between Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cortelyou, in which the latter received some 560 acres of Washington property, known as the Edendale subdivision, near Spokane, in return for some 290 acres of lemon groves and town lots in San Bernardino, Kern and Los Angeles counties. Mr. Murphy asserts in the complaint that the Los Angeles investment broker misrepresented certain incumbrances on the property and in addition to putting it in the deal a greatly inflated value fraudulently induced him to believe the time limit to meet certain financial obligations would be extended.

He states in the three months elapsing since the deal was completed, he has made a thorough investigation of the representations of Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Edmison and found them false. The complaint accuses Mr. Cortelyou of corrupting the agent, Edmison, by bribes and

accuses the latter of misrepresenting the property in return for a financial consideration.

In the complaint it is stated Mr. Murphy offered to trade back the Edendale property and found it unsatisfactory but Mr. Cortelyou refused and has disposed of the property he received from Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Cortelyou, who has been in business here about twenty years and is now devoting the major portion of his time to the developing Manhattan and Hermosa Beach property, brands the charges involved in Mr. Murphy's suit as false. He said last night, "Mr. Murphy is settling suits against the Edendale property, the amount of several thousand dollars, and go to great expense clearing up the title, without making any proposition to trade back or giving any intimation that he is willing to do so."

"On the contrary, he repeatedly expressed himself as delighted with the bargain and has refused several advantageous offers for the property he received. He has been here three months and now wants to swap back with me," he said.

The third recommendation was made by the principals of the high schools of Los Angeles, Polytechnic, Arts, High, Lincoln, and Garfield, as well as the principals of the intermediate schools.

This was in favor of the use of a course of physical training that should include military features, not confined to drill, but to be conducted by the principal of each school; elective by the pupil, but to be maintained after it is once chosen.

The fourth recommendation was made by the principals of the high schools of Los Angeles, Polytechnic, Arts, High, Lincoln, and Garfield, as well as the principals of the intermediate schools.

It is on these three proposals that each member of the Board of Education will be called to express himself Monday night. Two members are unalterably opposed to the introduction of military training and testing the will to side. One member has not expressed his position, while three are known to be in favor of the proposed military instruction and exercise.

He received a letter yesterday from W. A. Tyler of Spokane, in which Mr. Murphy is bringing action against me. He voluntarily offers to assist me in any way he can. When the time comes I have no doubt of the establishment of the truth of every representation I made to Mr. Murphy."



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Coming here about five years ago after an illustrious career before the bar and as a judge, Col. Burris has made many friends. He is identified with many fraternal organizations, and, until recently, took an active part in moves for civic betterment.

He was born in Butler county, Ohio, December 22, 1828, and received his education in the public schools of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. At the age of 18, after a hasty tour of the country, he entered public life as an educator, and for several terms taught in the Kentucky public schools.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he enlisted in the Mounted Blues, the organization subsequently being known as the Third Cavalry, and served through the war. In 1852 he was admitted to the bar in Iowa, and after practicing law for two years was elected county judge. At the conclusion of his term he moved to Missouri, where he was elected to the state legislature.

In 1859 he was elected a member of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention and helped to write the Constitution of Kansas. He was elected to the Kansas Legislature and subsequently became speaker. After a term in the Legislature he resumed the practice of law and for nearly twenty years served as county and Superior judge in that State. He retired from active life in 1902.

In addition to being a Knight of Pythias, he is a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Sons of the American Revolution and an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has two daughters, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. W. H. Beman of No. 2447 Ellendale place.

MISSION PLAYS' CLOSE.

This afternoon and evening the last performances for the season of the "Mission Play" will be given in the playhouse at San Gabriel. The house for this afternoon is entirely sold out, but it is expected that this evening every seat will be taken.

This closes a most successful season. More than 250,000 people have seen the play during the season. It is probable the play will be演 during the winter and that most of the present members of the cast will be retained.

Rain and strong south winds followed by moderate gales along the coast was the forecast for Southern California today.

Numerous stalled automobiles appealed to the police for aid. Trolley cars in some instances were delayed.

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FLAMING SNAKE TO SEA'S EDGE.

Brilliant Electrical Motor Parade this Evening.

Blazing Carnival to Close Prosperity Week.

Rotarians Hear Experts on Modern Miracles.

In a banquet hall turned into a display room of electrical appliances, members of the Rotary Club honored the "new white coal" at the Alexandria yesterday, while General Superintendent Benjamin F. Pearson of the Southern California Edison Company told of the metamorphosis of the snowflake into the energy with which the motors of the world's industry are driven.

With a display of illuminated automobiles from this city to Ocean Park tonight, followed by an electrical carnival and ball in the dance pavilion of the seaside city, the celebration of "Electrical Prosperity Week" is to be concluded. The parade is scheduled to move at 7:30 o'clock.

As part of the concluding celebrations, Charles E. Spaulding of the General Electric Company will deliver a lecture on electricity this evening in the auditorium of the Los Angeles High School. The exhibit of electrical appliances on the sixth floor of the Metropolitan Building will also be kept open until 10 o'clock tonight that late shoppers may see it before buying their Christmas presents.

Adding a significant touch to the Rotarians' meeting, President Sylvester L. Williams read a letter from Mr. L. W. Clegg, president of the Advertising Club, proposing that all members of the organization to participate in the nationwide toast at high noon today, to the men and women who made the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a success.

Brief talk by Henry F. Holland, president of the Jovian Electric League, and J. Harry Pieper, president of the Advertising Club, preceded the exhibit of electrical appliances that were "first out" from an electrically-driven mixing machine. J. C. Rendier, president of the Southern California Electric Company, was in charge of the program, which concluded with a demonstration of electric appliances for the benefit of the interested.

Only the instance of friends brought Mrs. Deming to the point of starting prosecution. Because of the man's family she was reluctant to do this. Neither she nor Mr. Wyatt would discuss the matter.

(Continued on Third Page.)

SCATTER

SATURDAY MORNING.

Into Millions.
BANKING HOUSES
TO MERGE TODAY.
CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND THE
TRADERS WILL JOIN.

Consolidation will Effect New
power in the Financial World of
Los Angeles—Will Occupy the
quarters in the Hibernian Building.

The Traders' Bank and the California
Savings Bank will be consolidated
into one institution today. Announcement
of the merger of the two insti-
tutions was made yesterday by M. P.
Vernon, president of the California.

The new institution will bear the
name of the California Savings and
Commercial Bank and will occupy the
quarters on the ground floor of the
Hibernian Building, formerly the
home of the California Savings
Bank. With a paid-up capital of
\$1,000,000 and depositors num-
bering close to 15,000 persons, the
bank is assured of a strong pos-
ition in the financial world of Los

An board of directors has already
been selected, consisting of twenty-four
members.

The names of the officers
and directors follow: M. P. Snyder,
President; W. F. Callander, Newman
Bank and Walter C. Durbin, vice-
presidents; A. L. Crandall, cashier;
L. L. Hollard and F. E. Middlecamp,
assistant cashiers; F. Cook,
W. McKinley, W. W. Hitchcock,
Dome V. Baldwin, J. B. Millard,
Phil L. Wilson, W. M. Hughes, P.
A. Stanton, W. W. Mines, E.
T. Parker, L. M. Davenport,
R. A. B. Smith, E. C.
William Birth, W. W. Phelps,
D. F. Martin and J. D. Radford.

The California Savings Bank has
specialized in savings deposits while
the Traders' Bank has catered more
to commercial accounts. Both
institutions have been very successful
in their respective fields, and by combin-
ing should reap an even greater
success.

President M. P. Snyder has had a
varied and interesting business ca-
reer in Los Angeles. He organized the
California Savings Bank March 1,
1901, and has served as its chief
officer during the entire history of
the institution. Besides his banking
experience, Mr. Snyder has rendered
considerable public service to the
community by serving as Mayor of
Los Angeles.

DISHES THE PUBLIC.

Furniture Dealer will Hold Open
Show this Evening in Large New
Main Street Store.

Announcement was made yesterday
that E. J. Brent, the proprietor of the
South Main street furniture house
which bears his name, that he will
open his house tonight to familiarize
thousands of Los Angeles people with
his new store recently finished.

A fine musical and vocal concert
will be given at the new store, and
dishes, refreshments will be
served under the direction of Miss

Virginia Stokes, the dom-
estic science expert.

The public is cordially invited to
attend the opening of the new store
and to hear the music and the tasty

dishes provided.

Brent has recently secured an
additional 16,000 square feet adjoin-
ing his new store, which will be ready
for occupancy in the near future.

With the completion of the new ad-
dition he will have a frontage of ninety
feet on the district.

Mr. Brent with a large staff of as-
sistants will be on the floor to wel-
come all visitors.

DOUBT BRINGS FREEDOM.

Just Held Proof not Absolute that
Apartment-house Manager Wrote
an Imprudent Letter.

The doctrine of "reasonable doubt"
served to acquit Frederick M. Smith
of the Richelles apartment-house, on
South Grand avenue, of the charge of
having caused to be sent an improper
letter to Miss Lida M. Johnson of
Foothill, before trial in Judge Trip-
pe's court yesterday.

Smith was charged with having
written a scandalous postscript to a
letter that had been written by Rose
E. Olend, the young lady, who was
shown to have been the author of the
letter, who actually mailed the epistle
and Fred Harris, who roomed with
Smith at the time, might have done.

There was no evidence that they
did but there was the possibility,
and the jury gave Smith a benefit
of the doubt. When the jury acquitted
Smith he took each juror by the hand
and expressed his extreme grati-
tude.

He was turned largely on the evi-
dence of expert witnesses on the sub-
ject of handwriting and, as usual, the
experts disagreed.

ARMED PROMOTER.

Fugitive from Justice, Apprehended
Here, Declares Indictment by Fed-
eral Jury in Buffalo not Serious.

Stephen Denmon, an attorney, ar-
rived yesterday as a fugitive from
justice, was arrested at the United
States Commissioner's office in
Buffalo yesterday afternoon—
and held in \$3000 bond.

Denmon was indicted by the Fed-
eral grand jury in Buffalo for us-
ing in a scheme to defraud by
defrauding in the Buffalo paper in 1911
and 1912 that he had \$125,000 for
investment and demands the expenses
from proposed borrowers for the sup-
posed purpose of making visits to the
properties involved.

According to the information in the
hands of the Postoffice Inspector Webster
and the Pinkerton Agency, this is not
the first time Denmon has been in
trouble. He is a graduate of the Uni-
versity of Michigan and is a prom-
inent man. Although he had been in
the city only about a month, he had al-
ready succeeded to do business with
several of the big firms of Los An-
geles. He says the Buffalo charges
are not serious.

STEAL AUTOS TO SELL?

Two are Held to Trial—Accused of
Maintaining Office in which the
Machines are Sold.

Lloyd Munger and Joe Ferrara
were held to answer to the Superior
Court Justice Forbes after the pre-
liminary examination yesterday on
the charge of having stolen the ma-
chines of R. H. Gosom of Long
Beach in each case was fixed
at \$1000.

The articles will be distributed
during the week before Christmas.

Principal Sterny of the Macy-street
School will aid in placing what re-
main of the provisions, after the im-
mediate wants of the many pupils of
Manual Arts are satisfied.

The same thing was attempted last
year, with success. This year the
giving is to be done on a larger scale.

LOTTERY HEARING
PROVES A SIZZLE.

Flaming Snake.

(Continued from First Page.)

faced a big spotlight in opening the
hearing. "It is the first aid to in-
dustry, and it is appropriate that
men of diverse calling should hold
it here in the land where everything
is done electrically."

MR. PEARSON'S ADDRESS.

"Industry is demanding more and
more of our natural resources," said
Mr. Pearson as a preface to his
speech. "Last year approximately
500,000 tons of coal were mined
and consumed, in addition to petro-
leum oil equal to about 27,000,000
tons. But, notwithstanding the almost
magical strides that have been
made in electrical and mechanical
engineering, less than one per cent. of
the fuel consumed finds its way to
the incandescent light in the form of
light."

"On the other hand, we drop a
ton of coal on a waterwheel and extract
from it 40 per cent. At the present time
the heated smoke of a thousand hills are contributing
to the delivery in the center of in-
dustries of 6,500,000 horse power.

But an additional 45,000,000 horse
power is needed to meet the present
production of oil for the world's entire

gallons annually, is going to waste."

"The history of the past 100 years
read like a fairy story, and forms
new Arabians Nights. The wilder-
ness of fifty years ago would not
have dared to prophesy those things
which have become, not simply lux-
uries of modern life, but the actual
necessities for the transaction of
everyday business."

"And, the greatest factor of all is
the generation and transmission and
use of electrical energy. If by some
catastrophe of nature, or some reversal
of man's laws, it were not possible
for man to harness the magnetism of
the poles, the world would immedi-
ately come to a standstill; the mighty
ships of the sea, including all the
world's navies, and the submarine
and transportation in almost every
country, including the automobile,
would suddenly halt; aviation would
cease, and the whole world would face
ruin and would have to begin again to solve the
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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.
CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.

(At Home:) Reports to industrial centers say the past week has been the busiest for some time. Activity in trade is unabated; in fact, is more marked than heretofore. Wholesalers, jobbers, retailers and dealers are a unit in reporting "sold-up-for-months-to-come." Some complaints are heard of the lack of shipping facilities, both rail and water. One good augury is the invariable demand for quick shipment that accompanies orders. Bank clearings were \$4,913,174,000, or nearly a billion dollars over last week.

(Abroad:) In London holders of American securities sold freely.

(For details see financial pages.)

THE BLUE SKY.
It is no wonder that the Democrats can not reach an agreement on the proposal to limit debate in the Senate. You take away debate and there would be nothing left of the Democratic party.

IN A NEW CLASS.
King Constantine of Greece says that too many lions and tigers are now at each other's throats for a fox to boast his greed. We protest that his royal highness is no fox, but a bulldog of the most stubborn fierceness.

WHO TOLD?
A young lady who could not decide between two suitors ran away from her home in Butte and said she would marry the one who first discovered her. Nevertheless, one naturally wonders if the woman did not have some inside information.

CHEATING YOURSELF.
Yes, fear is monstrous and futile, but there is always caution to be reckoned with, and caution is a fearful cheat. The trouble with those who practice caution is that they are without a constitution based upon pure reason and only such a constitution may hope to eliminate chance.

ALL DRESSED UP; NO PLACE TO GO.
It is of no particular interest to note that the Dutch do not look with favor upon the programme of Henry Ford, and that they refuse to entertain his ship. If somebody would explain who does favor it and what nation would like to further the crazy scheme, we would be glad to give it full space, if not credence.

CRIME AND NO PUNISHMENT.
It is small wonder that a case in the local courts in which a man has been charged with adding a postscript to another man's letter should be the subject of wide interest. The manner in which one man's intentions is oftentimes garbled by verbal repetition is one of the high crimes for which the code has never provided a suitable punishment.

POWER OUT OF PLACE.
This movement to form a new party in the English Parliament might not be regarded as of consequence were it not for the report that Sir Edward Carson is to be offered its leadership. It is a dangerous thing to displace power without providing some new channel for its legitimate expression. Sir Edward is a man of conscience and intellect. No man with a glowing heart and a dynamic mentality can be lightly thrust aside.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.
George H. Maxwell's plan to have 500,000 men enlisted as an industrial army for public work and to drill on the side as an auxiliary to the regular army promises to get before Congress in a bill prepared by Congressman Stephens, who would like to use 100,000 of these workmen in building an ocean-to-ocean highway to be made part of the scheme of national defense. It would be an excellent idea to have this road and to have it built by the unemployed.

THE VERB TO BE.
Almost all women have it in them to renounce, but it is seldom that a man will resist the temptation to capitalize and to dramatize himself. There is a certain ecstasy reserved for those who see the way clear to vast achievement and who laugh at effort and reward, being abundantly satisfied that they are the power and the glory for which others so ardently strive and for which the multitude sacrifice the only qualities that make this state remotely possible to man.

HAWAII'S POSITION.
Americans living in our valuable possessions in the mid-Pacific can be counted upon as staunch advocates of a programme of preparedness. The Hawaiian Islands are too near the danger zone to endorse any movement against an increase in our protective navy.

It was therefore a foregone conclusion that the Governor of Hawaii would decline Mr. Henry Ford's invitation to leave his official duties and go across to Europe on a problematical peace expedition. Gov. Pinkham says truly that the islands are in an isolated position and that the people there prefer to put their trust in the strength of the American nation than to have to rely on the good will of foreigners. This good will, however, honorably desired, is sometimes sacrificed to expediency. The best way to make the quality of this good will last is to be strong enough to command it as well as fair enough to deserve it. Hawaii in its unique position is certain to stand for safety first. And the safety of Hawaii depends on its officials staying home, not going on impractical peace missions into foreign countries.

ANNIVERSARY OF "THE TIMES."
Thirty-five years ago today the Los Angeles Daily Times made its appearance on the journalistic stage. It is not a long period since the first four-page sheet of The Times greeted the public eye. But the period has been replete with thrilling incidents and marked by stupendous progress. Nowhere have these thrills been more profound or frequent than here in our own California, nor has the progress been greater in any other part of the world; the city of Los Angeles has led in everything prenatal.

The city has grown in population by leaps and bounds, and the surrounding country has fully kept pace with municipal growth. The Times has shared in every forward movement to the full extent of the expansion in population, wealth, upbuilding, and in every feature that has marked the wonderful life of this surpassing community.

The Times has succeeded because it has been a newspaper of merit, founded on principle, and conducted with a conscientious regard to truth in its news columns and righteousness in its editorial columns. In fact, not to be too immodest, this is "the great religious daily."

It is remarkable the hold a good newspaper takes upon its patrons. It has an individuality, a personality, in the eyes of every reader, whether he agrees with its sentiments or disagrees therewith. Courage and consistency make the backbone of a successful newspaper. It would be just as disastrous for the leading man in a society melodrama to appear on the stage in cap and bells and try to play the clown, or for the comedian, light or heavy, to attempt the role of the heavy villain, as it would be for a newspaper to turn its coat, to trim its sails to catch popular opinion.

The Times appeared in its initial number as a Republican paper, and has never varied a hair's breadth in the maintenance of the tenets of that party in all the thirty-five years of its life. Yet not always has it even pretended to serve individuals merely stage-walking under the Republican banner. It has been American to the very core of its heart, and Republican because it has considered the Republican party the true exponent of American principles. This journal has stuck to and stuck by the Constitution of the United States in every political utterance it has ever given the public editorially.

As patriotic as Washington, Lincoln or Grant, as true to Republican principles as Hamilton, Dingley or McKinley, as tenacious for obedience to the laws of the country as was Jay, Marshall or Gray, The Times has never wavered from the standards set for itself at the beginning, but has been absolutely consistent from the day of the first small foil to the spreading Sunday issues of today. People know where to find it, know what it stands for, and are never in doubt as to the principles it will advocate. This is a rare record for a newspaper, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, not to go farther afield for purposes of comparison. Of all the newspapers in the local field it is the only one that has never changed its tune to meet the popular shouting of the moment. It has fought valiantly and persistently for the principles it espoused. It has occasionally suffered for the moment, only to go on to loftier heights of success as the public have taken a second, a more sober and a truer view of the issues at stake.

The Times' great battle has been for Human Liberty, for the right of every man to dispose lawfully of his personal activities, his labor, and all that belongs to his life as a free man, according to the lights of his own judgment and conscience, while respecting every legal and natural right of his neighbor. In this battle it suffered the dynamiting and destruction of its home, its newspaper building, and the conspired murder of twenty of its loyal workers; but the battle goes on. It is in this same battle that it has won its most notable successes. It has kept the field open for free labor against the tyranny of all would-be dictators and of all grafters who live upon the fat of the land at the expense of those workingmen who suffer themselves to become pitiful dupes of false leaders. Los Angeles is today the freest city, industrially, in all America, in spite of its vast industrial development; and this freedom is recognized to be almost entirely to the fearless leadership of The Times.

The steadiness of The Times in all its policies has been due to the fact that almost from the very first issue it has been under one directing head, the leadership of one man, whose opinions it has reflected, whose spirit it has embodied, and whose courage has been its own, and who is not the writer of this particular editorial review.

COMMANDERIN AMERICAN SHIPS.

The couplet that—
"He who takes isn't his
When he's ketch is sent to prison"
does not apply to nations. We cannot lock up Asquith and Lloyd George and McKenna and King George and the rest of the outfit for "commandeering"—that is what they call their larceny—the steamer Hocking several weeks ago and hauling her into a Canadian port to load her with wheat for Liverpool, and later proposing to seize the Winnebago, which is now lying in the harbor of Buenos Aires with a cargo of quebracho consigned to New York, and still later requisitioning the Kankakee, now at sea bound for the Falkland Islands.

All these vessels belong to the American Trans-Atlantic line, an American corporation, and fly the American flag.

In reply to our protest Great Britain answers curtly that she has ample cause for seizing the vessels. She declines to state what the cause is, but avers that her action will be sustained when the case shall be tried before a prize court. It looks out, however, unofficially that she will claim that a majority of the stock of the American Trans-Atlantic line is owned by German citizens.

That a British prize court will sustain this plea or any other old plea that Great Britain might make as a sufficient reason for the seizures is altogether probable. But if it should not do so, in the meantime Great Britain will have had the use of the ships, which she sorely needs, and it is probable that she will not exhibit undue haste in bringing the case to trial, but that weeks will grow into months and months into years before a decision is made. And if such decision should be unfavorable to her, she would pay the American Trans-Atlantic line for the seized ships. She would pay in British bonds or other forms of government obligation which might by that time be worth about as much as Con-

Los Angeles Daily Times.

Another Sea Monster.



federal bonds were worth after the surrender of Lee.

There are rash hot-blooded Americans who would invoke the shade of Monroe and say, "Send one or two of our battleships to Buenos Aires to convoy the Winnebago and the Kanakas on their voyages, and if any British cruiser attempts to interfere with her, why then—well, things might happen.

Or the United States might invoke "retribution" and seize British ships in American harbors and hold them until the Hocking and the Winnebago and the Kankakee and the seized meat of the Chicago packets was paid for.

Nobody wants war with any European power—Great Britain least of any. It is better for the nation to submit to many losses and some indignities rather than to have recourse to measures that would lead to war. But it makes the red blood in American veins boil to read of such outrages as are constantly perpetrated by both England and Germany on American ships on the high seas.

With the most awful war of all the ages devastating Europe; with Mexico war-torn and disorganized; with hard times prevailing both in California and in the East; with the paralyzing influence of uncertainty affecting to some extent every commercial and industrial interest of this country, California's twin expositions have been so liberally patronized that their balance sheets show profits. More important still, the visitors who have passed through their portals have found within beauty, wonder and interest to satisfy and delight—they have gone away feeling that they received full value for their time and expenditure.

But it must be acknowledged that it was not only the prospect of visiting the expositions that has lured the throngs from every State of the Union. First of all, it was the magic of the name, "California," and all that name has come to stand for. It was the desire to see California, to enjoy her sunshine and balm, breezes, to take in her scenic wonders, to breathe the fragrance of her orchards and gardens, to observe the developments that are world-known. He was a specialist. Sex aberrations, even when involving the welfare of the home, are no longer lumped with burglary and murder.

In the first year of the court there were fewer than three thousand cases. The third year there were more than four thousand. Lawlessness has not increased. On the contrary, wronged women and children without the means to employ legal talents seek the court in greater numbers. The first year \$19,000 was paid for non-support, the third year \$100,000. The unusual character of the court is evidenced by its including a creche of the Municipal Court of Chicago that only judges of the lowest and greatest importance deal with offenders against the domestic relations. He becomes a specialist. Sex aberrations, even when involving the welfare of the home, are no longer lumped with burglary and murder.

Chicago is not alone in its municipal courts nor in its development of their peculiar functions. The Municipal Court of Cleveland includes a Conciliation Court, which follows the methods of Norway and Denmark. Cleveland has enjoyed the freedom of Chicago in developing its judicial methods so that it has not needed the public defender of Los Angeles. The chief justice sends a court clerk to present the cases of the needy. Twelve hundred such cases were settled out of court in the year 1912. The success of this method led to the formation of the conciliation branch. A writ is served by registered mail, which is the habitual practice of the Cleveland Municipal Court. Without the presence of lawyers, the litigants present cases involving less than \$50. The judge is usually successful in making the adjustment without a trial and without publicity. In a year and a half from March, 1913, the Conciliation Court had disposed of all but 200 of the 618 cases filed. The fees ranged from 25 cents to 45 cents. This practice has relieved the docket of the court, restricted the shyster lawyer, and given the people a friendlier attitude toward the administration of justice. When writs are served by registered mail and justice costs no more than a parcel by post the public seems to be coming into its own.

Beginning with the Lusitania horror, continuing with the sinking of the Arabic, and after promising to discontinue the sinking of unarmed passenger ships by submarines without giving the passengers and crew a chance to escape, disregarding that promise by the sinking of the Ancon and the murder in the hoods of those who had left the torpedoed ship, for all of which outrages no satisfaction has been made or probably ever will be made within the lifetime of men now living, it now appears that Germany has been all the time requiring our neutrality with causing her subjects who reside under the protection of our flag to commit just such crimes as resulted in one instance in the conviction in the New York Federal Court of Karl Buens and his associates.

HOPING FOR THE BEST.
We are not envious of the exposition to be held at Panama for a hundred days, dating from January 21. On the contrary, we heartily subscribe to the idea. Our one fear is that the slides which occur down there with such sentimental frequency will not guarantee one's return-trip ticket.

National Editorial Service.
MUNICIPAL COURTS

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES]
BY CHARLES ZUEBLIN,
Author of American Municipal Progress,
Publicist and Civic expert.

THE machinery of law in American cities is clumsy. As new conditions have arisen new courts have been created until there is needless friction and expense. Chicago has blazed the way to co-ordination by the creation of municipal courts. These have not exclusive jurisdiction over the administration of law in Chicago, but they are specialized under a common administration with a chief justice. Among the specialized courts are those of domestic relations, boys', morals', and speeders' courts. The Chicago Municipal Court, with an able chief justice and weekly meetings of the judges, begins to approximate justice.

The successful specialization of the municipal courts enables each judge to give his attention to cases of a certain type; thus enormously increasing his efficiency. It also proves the necessity of reform of procedure in the courts. A husband refusing support to wife and children, but not abandoning them, must be tried in the county court. The support of the wife cannot be enforced there, however, because this court only has jurisdiction in the case of blood relatives. The Municipal Court, on the other hand, cannot enforce a clause under the pauper act because that is the province of the county court. If the aggrieved wife goes to the Circuit or Supreme Court she is told that relief can only come in the form of divorce. Thus the law encourages divorce merely to secure support. The domestic relations branch of the Municipal Court has been especially successful in keeping people out of divorce courts, but it is grievously handicapped by the law. The court has a hard time getting justice out of the law.

The notoriety of the divorce court belongs to a different age from the privacy of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations. In 1913 50 per cent of the divided families that appeared in this court were reunited. The purpose of the judge is to sustain marital relations. In less than one out of five cases does a lawyer appear. Nearly half of the cases are heard within one week after the complaint is made. Where a husband deserts his family, three times out of four he is summoned and an order for the payment of money made within two days. A deserting husband has only one alternative—a term in jail or a fine. If he fail to pay the latter he is on his way to jail within an hour. The purpose of the court is to preserve domestic peace; where this is not possible punishment is speed.

More than half of the cases in the Court of Domestic Relations are due to desertion. Seventy per cent of these were because of drunkenness, immorality, or venereal disease of the husband. In 130 cases men had been arrested for contributing to the delinquency of girls. Most of these "men" were boys between 15 and 20 involving girls from 14 to 17. An incredibly small minority of these cases are attributed directly to economic causes. Offenses against woman and child labor laws are within the province of this court. One of the most significant factors of the Municipal Court of Chicago is that one judge can control and govern the administration of justice with officers against the domestic relations. He becomes a specialist. Sex aberrations, even when involving the welfare of the home, are no longer lumped with burglary and murder.

In the first year of the court there were fewer than three thousand cases. The third year there were more than four thousand. Lawlessness has not increased. On the contrary, wronged women and children without the means to employ legal talents seek the court in greater numbers. The first year \$19,000 was paid for non-support, the third year \$100,000. The unusual character of the court is evidenced by its including a creche of the Municipal Court of Chicago that only judges of the lowest and greatest importance deal with offenders against the domestic relations. He becomes a specialist. Sex aberrations, even when involving the welfare of the home, are no longer lumped with burglary and murder.

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RIPPLING RHYMES.
PROGRESSIVE DOCTORING.

I took some dope, to make my head quit aching; it did the trick, but set my stomach wrong; and that old organ, all the by-laws breaking, just raised high jinks, and bucked the whole day long. I took some dope to get my stomach working, as in the days when it had rare renown; the dope did that, but set my muscles jerking, until it took three men to hold me down. I took some dope to make my muscles steady; they soon calmed down, and started cutting hay; but then my liver got tired, already, and there was fit, as I recalled my hay days. I took some dope to quiet my liver's riot; some bitter stuff, dissolved with cherry jam; no sooner was that liver lulled to quiet than shooting pains whizzed through my diaphragm. I took some dope—why prolong the anguish? I'm taking dope, for this disease and that; there's something new each day to make me languish, one day a boil, the next an aching sit. Pursuing health, all kinds of pills I swallow, the more I take, the more I have to buy; each pill demands another pill to follow—hand me the bitters, for I'm getting dry.

WALT MASON.

The coming Congress will have the most important and far-reaching decisions to dispose of that has demanded attention of the lawmaking body since the war. Let us hope that a solution will be reached in a spirit of patriotism and to duty that will be unsullied by san bitterness and rancor.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN: IT'S YOU.

DECEMBER 4, 1915.—[PART]

Pen Points By the Star

The next call in the diner is Christ. Don't forget the name of the station.

What a lot of war rumors it will mislead.

The Los Angeles baseball club may Whaling. But it won't be the first time.

Back in Ohio they are vaccinating against cholera. But no names are mentioned.

The favors at the pointsette fete at plywood can be of any color, just so they're red.

William Jennings Bryan ought to be on the good ship Oscar II. Are my hearties!

Tonight at midnight the San Francisco police become a memory. What a nice present becomes to

Music.

WOMAN'S LYRIC GIVES CONCERT.

BRAHMS QUINTETTE SHARES IN HONORS WITH CLUB.

Dubusay's "Blessed Damozel" and Hugo Kaun Chamber Music Work Stand Out Particularly in Interesting Programme of Modern Character at Trinity.

BY EDWIN F. SCHALLERT.

The Woman's Lyric Club, under the baton of J. B. Poulin, and the Brahms Quintette, presenting a programme of a strongly modern trend, shared in the appreciation of a large audience last night at Trinity Auditorium. It was the first appearance this season of both organizations, and their delightful music was doubly welcomed on this account.

The main feature of the Lyric Club's part of the programme was "The Blessed Damozel." Debussy's impressionistic setting of Rosetti's beautiful mystic poem at the hands of Frank Damrosch. The principal number of the Brahms piano quintette was the Hugo Kaun piano quintette. Exquisite thematically and beautifully harmonized, it carried a distinct appeal to its audience. The Largo, particularly, and the Finale were rich in their beauty. The Intermezzo is short and brilliant, although perhaps, not possessed of that peculiar charm predicable of the first and last movements.

In the rendition of "The Blessed Damozel" large credit must be given to Mrs. Hennion Robinson for her delicately-woven accompaniment. She caught the airy spirit of the French composer's impressionism, and all the subtlities of the setting in a captivating way, and, moreover, presented the rather long piano part from memory.

"The Blessed Damozel" setting has gained a degree of popularity the general favor of any large work by Debussy, excepting "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "L'Après Midi d'un Faune." The mood of the poem is one with which he naturally finds much in common from a musical angle. He has given this mood in a fashion that is likely to grow on him with repeated hearings.

The brunt of the vocal work in the number is divided between the two soloists, one the portraying the Blessed Damozel, the other, the Narrator. Dr. Paul Stebbins' voice was heard as the former and Lillian Seibel Carr as the latter. While their interpretations, at times, may not have had an authoritative ring, their voices were very pleasant and added to the effective atmosphere created by the performance.

The compositions by Paul Bliss, "A Gypsy Land of Dreams" and "Autumn" were among the attractive novelties offered, the latter having been especially written for the Lyric Club. The number was the bewitching Serenade of Richard Strauss arranged for chorus; a Clough Leighter composition, "The Faery Folk of Edom," "Woo Thou, Sweet Music," Elgar-Page; "Maid of the Mist," Brahms' "Liebestraum" and "Song of the Wind" by R. Becker, with a mezzo soprano solo rendered by Mrs. William B. Stringfellow.

Besides the Kaua work, the Brahms Quintette played a very delightful group of numbers arranged by Robert Koch. These were "Dancing (Bachchan)" "Oriental" (Cesar Cui), "Sastertien Sonatas" (Ole Bull), Spanish Serenade (Champane) and a Hungarian Dance (Brahms). The quintette's work in the Kaua number was warmly ap-

plauded and an encore demanded this being a particularly fascinating Moment Muscale of Schubert. The organization is changed in one particular this year, in that Herman Seidel now fills the position of second violinist.

While a little more certainty in attacks and elsewhere would at times have strengthened the club's renditions, they handled a rather difficult programme in a very creditable way. The bright qualities of the voices, always a pleasurable attribute in their work. The advancing season promises much during the present year, from one of the foremost local choral clubs.

"Pop" Concert Tonight.

The first popular concert of the Symphony Orchestra for the present season will be given tonight at Trinity Auditorium. An especially attractive programme has been arranged for the occasion. Julius Bierlich, the soloist, has selected for his number the Beethoven Romance in F. The local composer represented is C. E. Pemberton, whose Festival overture will open the programme. Among the other numbers to be presented are the "Peach Gyn" suite of Carlisle, and compositions of MacDowell, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Edward Strauss.

First "Pop" Concert.

The first of five popular concerts to be given by the Symphony Orchestra this season will take place this evening at Trinity Auditorium, Adolf Tandler conducting. The solo number of the evening will be rendered by the Beethoven Romance in F. The local composer to be featured is Carlisle, E. Pemberton. Compositions of a popular order by Grieg, Weier and Johann Strauss will also be presented.

The concerts are designed to appeal to the popular taste, and the numbers have been selected accordingly.

TRUCK CRUSHES BOY.

Playing with Small Wagon, the Lad Runs in Front of Machine and is Seriously Injured.

Run down by a truck driven by Ervin Bolton of No. 2511A East Fourth street, at Fifteenth street and Central avenue early last night, Elmer Green, 14 years of age, living at No. 1115 East Twenty-ninth street, was probably the victim. He was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital, then removed to the County Hospital.

According to Bolton, the boy ran across the street in front of the truck pushing a small wagon. Bolton was unable to bring the truck to a stop quickly enough. The police say the accident occurred at the intersection of 21st and 22nd streets.

George Hiller treated the injured boy for a possible fracture of the skull and many deep lacerations about the scalp.

ESCAPES FROM PIANO.

Wife of Minister Saved from Injury Under Falling Instrument by Quick-Action of Hotel Detective.

During the annual bazaar for the benefit of Christ Church, held last night at the Alexandria, Mrs. Baker Lee, wife of the pastor, was in peril when a piano carried by two hotel porters slipped from their grasp and tumbled over toward her. S. J. Reichenberg, the hotel detective, thrust his body between Mrs. Lee and the piano, and although his right hand was crushed, he prevented the instrument from striking Mrs. Lee.

A one-act drama entitled "The Coming of the Nations" was enacted by children in costume. The playlet was given under the direction of Miss Florence Marie Fleckenstein, assisted by officers of the bazaar.

Theatres—Amusements—Entertainments

CLUNE'S—

THEATER BEAUTIFUL

AUDITORIUM

Twice 3 Nights 8:00 PRICES

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Nights, 10-25-35c. Mats, 10-15-25c.

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TULLY MARSHALL AND JULIA DEAN RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

THE JEFFERSON IN "THE SABLE LORCHA"

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SATURDAY MORNING.

Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News

Pasadena.

BANDIT'S PHOTO
MAY JAIL HIM.Pasadena Man has Picture
Taken by Nervy Boy.Refugee from Russia Tells
of Desperate Escape.Beer Bottles in Evidence for
Man's Trial.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

PASADENA, Dec. 4.—A small snapshot may be the cause of sending Edward Trafton, charged with highway robbery on trial at Cheyenne, to the penitentiary, or it may be the means of making him a free man.

Charles Hossack, steward at the Casa Grande Hotel, has the picture of the highwayman who held up thirty-five men on a stage in the Yellowstone Park two years ago and robbed the passengers of \$2500.

Mr. Hossack will send the little photo to the authorities at Cheyenne on account of several peculiarities about the figure of the robber and his manner of holding a gun. The chief witness will do much toward convicting or freeing Trafton.

As the highwayman took toll from the tourists, Edward Karpen, a nervy boy from Chicago, who had already donated his share to the highwayman and was about to do the same, slipped away and, with others, slipped a small sum from his pocket and snapped the bandit.

When the tourists reached the Thumb Hotel, where Mr. Hossack is employed as manager, Karpen, the sumptuous boy told of the robbery and taken of the lone highwayman and gave the sum to the hotel man. Mr. Hossack later had the film developed with the result that a good picture of the robber was revealed, although the face was covered with a dark handkerchief.

He requested that the State will have a difficult time in convicting Trafton because of the many conflicting stories told by the tourists who were robbed. After the hold-up, when the party had arrived at the Thumb Hotel, some of the tourists asked that the bandit's face was covered with a black cloth while others said it was a light one. Some said he was tall, while others contended that the bandit was a man of small stature.

ESCAPES FROM RUSSIA.

Max Adler, a well-to-do Russian contractor, arrived in Pasadena yesterday morning and tells a harrowing tale of the three months he spent in woods and swamps, and of his escape from soldiers of the Czar who had been ordered to kill him on sight.

Adler was taken away from his home in Shekspitka, a small town near Moscow, and forced into the army. After being captured, Adler, with others, was placed on a train and sent for the front. The train was to one, and while passing some woods Adler, with three companions, were sitting near the edge of the woods, when a bullet from a gun exploded out of a rifle. Adler and his companions were shot and Adler was stopped and a bullet made for the deserter, but Adler forced his way into the train and could not be located.

For three months the man lived on game but wild shot and eventually he escaped his way to the Manchurian border. Luckily Adler was well supplied with money and was enabled to bribe a commandant on the border and secure a passport.

The Russian refugee sailed from San Francisco three weeks ago and arrived in Pasadena yesterday morning. He is the guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. S. Levine of No. 27 East California street.

BEER BOTTLES.

Three sacks of beer bottles and bottles of other kinds of liquor were used as evidence when Dan Hanniff of No. 154 North Park Oaks Avenue comes up to trial next Tuesday on the charge of selling liquor without a license.

The police say they raided Hanniff's last night and found several patrons drinking liquor in a room rear. The officers say they found the evidence hidden in garbage cans, in secret compartments, and some in a safe oven.

CITY BRIEFS.

At a meeting of the City Commissioners yesterday morning it was decided to petition the State Board of Health for permission to place the tri-city sewer farm in the Puenta Hills, where a site was purchased for the farm last month. Since the farm has been sold, the residents have laid indignant meetings of protest and two weeks ago appealed in a body to the Board of Supervisors.

Dr. Francis F. Rowland, who organized the Tournament of Roses, upon twenty-eight years ago, will lead the parade on New Year's Day, 1916, when the twenty-seventh annual Tournament of Roses will be held. Dr. Rowland accepted the invitation to be the marshal of the parade yesterday.

T. S. Syvertson of No. 434 Maple Way had a narrow escape from death Tuesday while driving home from Glendale. Mr. Syvertson's car struck a telephone pole and started to career. The car turned over twice and stopped just as it turned turtle and caused injury. The car rolled down an embankment, turning over twice more.

Mrs. Francis Rice, wife of Patriline George Rice, died at the family home at East Washington street this morning. Mrs. Rice was 23 years of age. Besides her widow leaves five children—three daughters and two sons. The funeral will be held Monday morning from the Ivey and Warren Chapel.

Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the famous Norwegian tennis player and holder of the national championship, will play on the Hotel Maryland tennis courts Monday. Miss Bjurstedt will be the guest of Miss Tessie Kuhn of New York, who is spending the winter in the Maryland.

Alfred Noyes, the noted English poet and the dinner guest of President and Mrs. J. H. D. Roosevelt at the Hotel yesterday. Last night he delivered a lecture under Throp Colgate auspices at the Neighborhood Club.

Dr. E. T. Malaby of Pasadena is being considered by President Wilson and Secretary of State for appointment as a member of the Philippine commission. Dr. Malaby received the news yesterday in a message from Senator James D. Phelan, who is urging the Senate to confirm the appointment.

Ran Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.



Picture of hold-up in Yellowstone Park.

Which may convict or free Edward Trafton, now on trial at Cheyenne. The snapshot was taken by Edward Karpen, a youth of Chicago, who stood in line before the bandit. The photo is in possession of Charles Hossack, steward at the Casa Grande Hotel, Pasadena.

MANY VETERANS
GO HOME TO DIE.HIGH ROLL OF DEATHS OF OLD
SOLDIERS PARTIALLY
EXPLAINED.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

SOLDIERS' HOME, Dec. 3.—Many persons who are wondering at the recent increase of deaths at this place are informed that at least 25 per cent. of the total are cases hurried to the hospital by families or friends of the suffering veterans when they realize that they are nearing the end of life.

Others, included in mortality's toll, die outside the Home while on furlough, thus: Of the forty-four deaths occurring at this place during the month of November three were members who had died while on furlough and who were buried out-of-town. The Home big classified as temporarily absent came to the hospital with the Home big classified as temporarily absent. Some were brought to the hospital, and died before records for admission as members could be completed; four former members, classified as "nonmembers," who were admitted to the hospital in dying condition, and the remaining thirty-three were regular bed-patients and all that is properly chargeable to deaths in the Home.

RECENT DEATHS.

The following are recent deaths at this place:

Frank Winkler, formerly of Co. H, Second Missouri Infantry, a native of Germany, admitted from Louisville in 1897, died November 28, aged 74.

James Seaman, formerly of Co. G, Forty-eighth Iowa Infantry; a native of Iowa, admitted from El Paso, N. M., in 1908; died November 28, aged 49.

Alonzo Badger, formerly of Co. G, Forty-fifth Iowa Infantry; a native of Indiana, admitted from San Francisco in 1908, died November 28, aged 72.

George Butterfield, formerly of Co. H, Twentieth Ohio Infantry, a native of Ohio, admitted from Los Angeles in 1912, died November 28, aged 72.

At present some of the boys are at present some of the boys are erecting brick with which to erect more buildings for the Republic. One group has been surveying the China Creek drainage district.

CUTS IN ON BUSINESS.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

POMONA, Dec. 3.—Figures made known by the City Clerk today prove that the jitney bus cut a big slice out of the local earnings of the Pacific Electric Railway Company's street car system during the past year. In 1914 the company paid the city \$514.96 as 2 per cent. of its gross earnings here. Today it paid \$500.66 as 2 per cent. of the year's gross. It is estimated that the Pacific Electric has lost \$14,300.

Robert D. Eaton, formerly of Co. A, First Tennessee Infantry; a native of Alabama, admitted from Roswell, N. M., in 1915; died November 28, aged 73.

Martin S. Sherwood, formerly of Co. D, Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, admitted from Pennsylvania, admitted from Orange, Cal., in 1915; died November 30, aged 77.

Henry Taylor, formerly of Co. A, One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry; admitted from Los Angeles in 1902, died November 30, aged 69.

Robert D. Eaton, formerly of Co. A, First Tennessee Infantry; a native of Alabama, admitted from Roswell, N. M., in 1915; died November 28, aged 73.

BLAMES MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Ontario Man Makes Promise
in Court which He Breaks Within
Twenty-four Hours.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

ONTARIO, Dec. 3.—That her wealthy mother-in-law, Mrs. M. F. Griselle, is at the bottom of her marital troubles of herself and her husband is the declaration of Mrs. Belle Stone, who yesterday for the second time appeared in court as the complainant, witness, against Thomas C. Stone, her husband, arrested on a failure to provide charge at her instigation.

The case against Stone was continued yesterday and Mrs. Stone, upon a previous hearing, agreed to drop her charges against him.

Stone's promise was readily made, but apparently short-lived, for he was arrested this morning on a charge of appearing on the streets of Ontario in an intoxicated condition and drew a fine of \$50, which he appeared before Justice R. H. Hobson.

New developments in the case are expected following Stone's arrest to day. Mrs. Stone is several years her husband's senior.

TRAMPS IN CHURCH.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

MONROVIA, Dec. 3.—Some "Nervy Nuns" are doubtless glad the institution of church dining-rooms and kitchens for the ladies of the Christian Aid Society, upon opening their church kitchen, in preparation for their coming holiday bazaar, found that tramps had not only cooked and eaten there, there, the well-stocked larder, for them, bags of supplies, but had raided the same, quarters and stolen two new quilts and a pair of men's shirts, just completed to be sold at the bazaar. The church is located in the midst of a thickly populated district, and the Christians are wondering how the tramps could carry on their culinary operations without being seen.

Long Beach.

MARKET FIGHT
HAS REVIVED.LONG BEACH COMMISSIONERS
SPLIT ON ISSUE.

Petition Asks Tradesmen be Barred from Public Park—Storm Signals Set but no Storm Developed—Gas Rate Increased Instead of Lowered as Hoped For.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

LONG BEACH, Dec. 3.—On the plea that the municipal market constitutes a fire menace, is unsanitary, and degrades the city's chief beauty spot, Pacific Park, a large body of merchants, and citizens today petitioned the City Commission to abolish the market. After an acrimonious debate, in which Commissioner Gates championed the cause of the place for barter and sale, the petition was referred to Commissioners Williams and Gates.

Backed by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the petitioners charge that the unsightly carts and stands make a blot on the beautiful park, donated the city by the Long Beach Light and Power Company, and not a business concern. Dr. McLaughlin spoke for the petition. He said that to continue the retention of the market would be the same as if Los Angeles would establish a market on San Dimas, Central Park, or that San Diego establish a dirty market and the place in front of the U. S. Grant Hotel.

Mrs. Cora M. Morgan and her beautiful daughter, Miss Eva Morgan, have been active in assisting Commissioner Gates in his fight of the market, and it is believed by the friends of the two women that the petition is another blow at them.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

LONG BEACH, Dec. 3.—Confirmation was made today in the sale of the L. A. Thompson interests, including the park, to the city of Long Beach.

McLaughlin spoke for the petition. He said that to continue the retention of the market would be the same as if Los Angeles would establish a market on San Dimas, Central Park, or that San Diego establish a dirty market and the place in front of the U. S. Grant Hotel.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

CHINO, Dec. 3.—E. H. Price, former superintendent of the city schools, has been employed as financial secretary of the George Junior Republic and the organization is launching a campaign to add equipment enough to complete its vocational departments.

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[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

CHINO, Dec. 3.—The High School athletic field was dedicated here today with impressive ceremonies. The four classes of the school planted four giant sequoia trees and the Board of Education another. Supt. Rebhol and members of the Board of Education addressed the students, who planted the trees themselves, and a small amount of earth about the roots.

The trees were dedicated to the future students. The municipal band furnished music for the occasion. Robert White, president of the school board, and Principal Woods also addressed the student body.

[FIND NO POISON TRACE]

The action of the State Railroad Commission this afternoon in granting to the Long Beach Consolidated Gas Company to charge a temporary rate of \$1.25 per 1000 feet of gas instead of \$1 per 1000, was maintained at present, caused some chagrin. The City Commission petitioned the State to adjust the rates, expecting that the rate would be reduced.

The company took advantage of the fact that no reduction was asked for to make a plea that, as natural gas of greater value, not to be denied here, a greater rate should be charged.

The commission ordered a hearing, but gave the company permission to charge 25 cents more per 1000 than at present.

[SEWER SYSTEM]

The main sewer system was completed yesterday by the laying of the correcting pipe after the San Joaquin Street was the cost being \$15,000. The work was begun a year ago.

At present some of the boys are at their plants as soon as they have progressed far enough to be capable apprentices.

The owners of several factories and foundries in Southern California have been asked to give the company a portion of their profits to help the George Junior Republic, and they have agreed to take some of the boys into their plants as soon as they have progressed far enough to be capable apprentices.

At present some of the boys are at their plants as soon as they have progressed far enough to be capable apprentices.

[COWMAN'S CAUSE BECOMES PUBLIC]

[FINED FOR EXCEEDING COW LIMIT AT SIERRA MADRE]

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

SIERRA MADRE, Dec. 3.—Ladd of this place was fined \$20 by Recorder Perry for keeping four cows instead of three allowed by law, and he paid it. Several of his friends took the matter up and the City Trustees, although upholding the action of the City Recorder, remitted \$17 of the fine.

Trustee L. Dietz voted against the proposition and declared it illegal and outside of the jurisdiction of the City Council. The matter has raised a storm of protest from several taxpayers.

City Attorney Montgomery declares it lawful and says he has the opinion of a well known jurist. Deputy District Attorney Jos. Glover, Shelley and Powell declare the action unlawful and a set of prominent attorneys who have been consulted.

It is asserted that the only method in which a fine in a city of this class can be remitted is by the trial court or by an appeal as this method opens the way for judicial powers to be exercised.

Many believe that Ladd received an excessive fine, but do not approve of this method of adjusting and applying city funds.

[WOULD BUILD BRIDGE]

Monrovia and Santa Fe Join Forces to Obtain Improvement—Other News Matters.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE]

SAN BERNARDINO ROADS.

SAN BERNARDINO, Dec. 3.—Approximately one-half of the county highway bond issue of \$1,750,000 has been paid off, and the city has a detailed report of the Highway Commission for the period ending September 30, and the figures show that the construction of the new system of roads under the day labor-materials methods devised an average cost of \$9160 per mile for concrete roads and \$800 per mile for macadam roads. It is expected that these costs will drop in the next six months for the initial expense of organizing the crews will not figure. The report has been filed with the Board of Supervisors by Commissioners J. B. Gill, W. A. Freeman, and George S. Hinckley. More than seventy miles of new roads have been completed.

[THROWN MANY FEET]

FAIRFIELD HIGHLANDS, Dec. 3.—A 25-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rodriguez, well-known residents of the town, was thrown from a horse and taken to the doctor. The accident was so sudden that it was not expected.

Recently he completed a \$140,000 paving job at Pomona. In 1898 he was first sergeant of Co. I, which went from Santa Ana to the Spanish-American War, and afterward he was captain of a California guards company at Wintersburg, Calif.

[CONTRACTOR DIES]

SANTA ANA, Dec. 3.—George H. Magill, a paving contractor, died last night of heart trouble. He had suffered from his heart for two years and a sudden death was not unexpected.

Recently he completed a \$140,000 paving job at Pomona. In 1898 he was first sergeant of Co. I, which went from Santa Ana to the Spanish-American War, and afterward he was captain of a California guards company at Wintersburg, Calif.

[KEEPING TAB ON BOSSY]

MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE.

Plans are being considered here for the construction of a bridge over South Mayflower avenue, at a cost of \$1400, which will enable the city to avoid the use of the bridge over the Santa Fe at Tenth avenue, turned down by the Railroad Commission as being unnecessary. If the Mayflower avenue crossing could be properly

Los Angeles Daily Times.

DECEMBER 4, 1915. [PART II]

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade—Local Produce Market—Citrus Market.

FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Bank clearings yesterday were \$5,874,870.54, an increase of \$6,702.12, compared with the corresponding day in 1914. Total, 1915, 1914.

Monday, Dec. 3. Total, 1915, 1914.

Tuesday, Dec. 4. Total, 1915, 1914.

Wednesday, Dec. 5. Total, 1915, 1914.

Thursday, Dec. 6. Total, 1915, 1914.

Friday, Dec. 7. Total, 1915, 1914.

New York Money Market.

BY A. F. NIGHT WIRE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Six Mercantile paper, 24@25. Sterling, sixty-day bills, 4.65; demand, 4.70-7.20; cables, 4.71-1.10.

Bar silver, 55. Mexican dollars, 42.5.

Government bonds, steady; railroad bonds, 100@102. First loans, 100@102.

Sixty days, 21@22 per cent; ninety days, 21@22 per cent; six months, 2@22 per cent.

Call money, steady; high, 2@22 per cent; low, 1@12 per cent; bank loan, 2@22 per cent.

New York Money Market.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. F.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—Bar silver, 26.7-16.2 per ounce. Money, 4@4.4 per cent.

Stocks and Bonds.

MODERATE GAINS IN WHOLE LIST.

MARKET LESS ACTIVE BUT MORE RESPONSIVE TO CONDITIONS.

London is a Seller of Americans but this has no Effect on Values. Rails, Copper, Oil, War Shares and Specialties Move Steadily Upward.

BY A. F. NIGHT WIRE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The market was less active, but more responsive to constructive conditions today, throwing off much of its pessimism of the previous session and closing with moderate but general gains. In the early dealings some irregularity was observed.

London was again a moderate seller of our securities here but almost the only reflection of the foreign situation was seen in another low record for German exchange. Marks fell to 784, a decline of 3% from its recent minimum quotation, with an easier tendency for sterling.

Rail furnished a basis for confidence by their quiet strength, Canadian Pacific proving the only notable exception. United Pacific, Southern Pacific and other railroads were steady.

United States Steel easily recovered its loss of the previous day, gaining 1% to 80%. Steel's tonnage figures for November appear to indicate a steady increase over the remarkable increase shown by the October statement. Bethlehem Steel was unquoted until the market opened in the session, when it opened at 450, a loss of ten points but it soon rose to 475.

Coppers of all classes were firm and almost two weeks of gains, comprising all industrial equipments, oils and automobile stocks were 2 to 10 points higher. Total sales of stock amounted to 472,000 shares.

The market to which money is piling up at this center is evidenced by today's free offerings of five and six months' money at 2% per cent, which equals the low rates of the old form of accommodation in several years.

Bonds were irregular on light trading. Total sales, par value aggregated \$4,357,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

Bond Sales Compared.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH. NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES. Dec. 3.—Total sales of bonds, 1,479,000. Total sales, December 1, 1914, 1,479,000. From January 1 to December 1, 1914, 2,656,000. Same period in 1914, 2,656,000.

Comparison of Bond Sales.

Total sales, December 3, 1915, 485,248 shares. Same day, week last past, 472,224 shares. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 3, 1915, 1,723,224 shares. Same period in 1914, 451,026 shares.

New York Bond List.

Published by E. H. Hutton, Member, New York Stock Exchange, 118 West Fourth street, New York, Dec. 3.—Following are closing quotations on bonds today:

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New York City 4%, 100%.

New York City 4%, 100%.

American 4%, 100%.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

LOCKS DOOR TO
KEEP WIFE OUT.SHE SAYS HER LADIES OF LOVE
WERE IN VAIN.Husband Wouldn't Even Allow Her
to do His Washing, and Declared
He Did not Wish to Have Her Per-
form any Services for Him, is the
Charge She Makes.Husband Wouldn't Even Allow Her
to do His Washing, and Declared
He Did not Wish to Have Her Per-
form any Services for Him, is the
Charge She Makes.Mrs. Cannady testified on her cross-
complaint when her husband, Wilbur
J. Cannady, admitted, through his
attorney, that he had no corrobor-
ation of his allegations. He was conse-
quently dismissed as a witness.The story showed that October 13,
Mr. Cannady locked his bed-
room door against his wife. For one
or two days he occupied the house.
Mrs. Cannady ate no meals there.
The attorney for Mrs. Cannady
declared that Mr. Cannady said he
hated to see his wife, he hated to
hear her, and he locked his door to
keep her out.Notwithstanding this rebuff, Mrs.
Cannady said she found the key
to her husband's room and took care
of his clothes. She kept the key hid-
den under the mattress in her room,
but one day it was missing. Mr.
Cannady told her, she said, he did not
have time to do a single thing for him.
After she filed suit, however, he
brought a dozen pieces of his attire and hung
them on the line in the yard, to the
amusement of the neighbors who
were looking on.The deposition of Mrs. Cannady's
attorney, Georgia F. Ballou, re-
vealed that Attorney Georgia F. Ballou
"and I would suggest that you bring
a new suit, charging desertion."Mr. Cannady's counsel agreed to
the dismissal of the cross-complaint.

ALL OVER AUTO.

LEADS TO A TANGLE.
Mrs. McCallum, who brought the
injunction suit against her by W. C.
Suphan, growing out of the lease of
her premises on South Bonnie Brae
street, is an action to set aside a deed
given him, is adjusting the payment
on an automobile, the purchase of
which brought trouble, as set out in
her complaint.While she was taking out a party
of friends the auto went over an embank-
ment, landing 200 feet below.
One man in the party was badly in-
jured. Mrs. McCallum said the accident
was caused by defects in the machine.
The automobile company
promised to make good, she claims,
and on this promise she gave the com-
pany her note for \$1496.92, the bal-
ance due on the car. It was also
agreed that the company would
pay all the time she delayed on the note
if she did not bring suit against the
company on the ground that it was
responsible for the accident.The complaint states that the note
was allowed to run until it was out-
lawed by the state legislature. Then the claim was assigned to Mr.
Suphan, who brought suit. She
agreed with him to pay \$1978.76 by
November 10. Then she saw she was
induced to give him a deed to her
home. She then brought suit, which
she valued at \$15,000, to secure payment.
The deed was to be reconveyed to her when the amount was
paid. November 27 Mr. Suphan filed
an injunction suit against her and Dr.
J. T. Randall, to whom she had
labeled the premises.

ALL JOYOUS AGAIN.

EVEN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A reconciliation which brought
husband and wife together, not to
speak of the mother-in-law, was
learned yesterday when the separate
maintenance suit brought by Mrs.
Gwen Gossel against Mrs. Sabel, a
contractor, in which accusations al-
legations were made, was dismissed.
The suit had been set for trial on
the 14th inst. About \$10,000 worth
of property was tied up pending
the trial of the suit, and this was released.Mrs. Sabel, in denying the allegations
of the suit, said she had been out-
by the attorney for the defendant.
Then the claim was assigned to Mr.
Suphan, who brought suit. She
agreed with him to pay \$1978.76 by
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J. T. Randall, to whom she had
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HAPPY AGAIN.

GETS BACK CHILDREN.

Joseph McCormick, an oil man,
was broken hearted when some time
ago he returned to Santa Ana. He
had been separated from his wife
and his wife had a quarrel the previous
evening because she stayed out late
at night and went joy riding.

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ago he returned to Santa Ana. He
had been separated from his wife
and his wife had a quarrel the previous
evening because she stayed out late
at night and went joy riding.CASE SETTLED. When the \$20,-
000 damage suit of Susie Abramov-
itz against the Southern California
Automobile Company was settled
yesterday, the court laid down these
terms:Report once a week in person or by
mail to Probation Officer Timmons.must be received before he can leave
the city.If he goes to another State, he must
file a bond of \$500 guaranteeing his
return, if wanted.The laws of California and other
States must be obeyed.He must lead an honest, upright, in-
dustrious and moral life.A copy of the court's rules must be
carried and consulted frequently.

JUNKMAN LOSES.

WIFE GETS DIVORCE.

The junk trust crooked up in the Al-
pert divorce suit tried by Judge Shenk
yesterday. The Alpert brothers are in
the junk business. Mr. Alpert and his
wife, Mary, clashed after many
years of happy married life, she said,
when her niece developed into a
buxom girl. Mrs. Alpert complained
that her husband played cards, danced
and laughed with the girl, "and he did
not know I was in the house." Finally
Mr. Alpert left his home.The junk trust failed when At-
torney Gerscht asked Mr. Alpert if the
trust had not sent metal junk sky high.
Mr. Alpert admitted it had. Hence,
Mr. Gerscht argued, the junk busi-
ness must be booming.Mr. Alpert said there was no money
in it because the junk trust paid themonly 16 cents a pound for metal. He
said they had to make quick turns
in order to realize a profit.With reference to the nice Mr. Al-
pert said he treated her like a relative.
His wife was jealous. She retorted
the Alpert's claim that she was
the custodian of their son, Randolph, \$200 a
month for his support. \$200 on de-
posit in the bank as her share of the
community property and as she had
been the home place in her name, her hus-
band was released from making any
further payment on the house.Mrs. Alpert, the defendant, said that
she had to sue to make the Alpert
pay his son's support. The court
gave Mrs. Alpert the decree that
she had the custody of their son, Randolph, \$200 a
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In the municipal government's proceedings before the commissioners to the "municipal commission" to the street lights for the city, the application of the sum of \$15,000,000.00, and the issuance of a

Bridges from

were suspended by the commissioners before the application for the purchase of the property, and a demand was made that the commissioners be given the sum of \$15,000,000.00, and the issuance of a

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Los Angeles Times

CALIFORNIA


 Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS.

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST

1781-1915

Mt. San Antonio Seen from Camp Camp [No Joke] Near Lordsburg.



on Los Angeles—
"Santa," too, and
home in which
residing wonder.

Fourth
Floor

Children:

original Day. Did
the army of the United
States change into a
Wall—*Be here on*
Fourth—Fifth
our friend

dog and girls will
land and Dull

\$1.25

reported from Eu-
rope.The well-known
pet escapee.most popular
indoor wheel.scooter; made
of wood.High-grade scooter
side with two ball
bearing rubber-tired
wheels: fitted with auto
ring wheel. An
ideal gift for the boy.

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wall revolving.
GO—consists of
loved marbles and
colored designs.50¢—of Cali-
fornia, male bungalows
e of glass, 6x10
out of pictures to

3.95

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first planting of Giant Spencer Sweet Peas. By planting them now you will have a successional crop of bloom following the time when the winter sorts go out of flower. The varieties we offer are amongst the very best in cultivation today, and may be absolutely relied upon to give you blooms of mammoth proportions with the unique waved and frilled appearance characteristic of this class.

NOVELTIES IN GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

We desire to call our customers' special attention to the magnificent novelties offered below. They are representative of the highest improvement yet attained in sweet peas. The colors are not only novel, but beautiful as well. The individual flowers are of giant size and in nearly every instance are borne four to the stem.

The seed offered has been saved exclusively from selected types at our Montebello nurseries. It is hand-picked and may be relied upon not only to germinate well, but to produce an abundance of bloom of the highest quality.

If you want something different, something better, try a few packages of some of these latest novelties.

Agricola. One of the handsomest of the lighter colored section of the peas. Flowers exceedingly large and beautifully frilled. Color white, overlaid with soft blue. A gem for cut purposes. **Afterglow.**

A new color in sweet peas, the flowers having a peculiar shade of reddish mauve with violet wings. **Edna Unwin.**

An exceedingly large flowered orange scarlet. Very effective as a cut bloom under artificial light. This variety does not burn or discolor when subjected to direct sunlight. One of the best of its shade. **Edith Taylor.**

A magnificent shade of pale salmon rose. A flower of remarkable size and substance of the most ultra-refined Spencer form of bloom. The flowers are borne on exceedingly long stems. Extra fine. **Hercules.**

An enormous flower, light pink, self-colored bloom. By all odds the best introduction to date of its particular shade.

Special Offer.
One package of each of the above novelties for \$2.25.
One package of any six of the above novelties for \$1.25.
Extra special offer, the two collections for \$4.50.
These two collections comprising thirty-two varieties if bought separately, would cost \$6.00.

Lady Evelyn Eyre.

A lovely shade of pale pink slightly flushed with salmon. Blooms of enormous size, beautifully frilled and ruffled. We have only a limited stock of this seed to offer this year. If you desire to try it we would suggest that you order early. It is a variety of superlative beauty.

Royal Purple.

Pure rich purple. Flowers of magnificent size and a pure even tone of color. The best in its class.

Rosabelle.

A pure shade of rich rose. Flowers not only large and produced freely on long stems, but it is also a vigorous grower and most profuse bloomer. Blooms are beautifully waved and crimped and absolutely perfect in form.

Wedgewood.

A lovely shade of light blue, with flowers well waved, in both standard and wings. They are born uniformly close to the stem. Unquestionably the best light blue sweet pea raised to date. It was greatly admired at our trial grounds last spring.

Margaret Atlee.

One of the most striking novelties ever introduced in sweet peas. The blooms in most instances are duplex and of exceedingly large size. The color is a superb shade of salmon pink and rose on a cream-colored ground.

Constance Hinton.

Without question the finest of all white sweet peas. Enormous in size, ideal in form and perfect in color.

Illuminator.

A glorious addition to the newer colors in sweet peas. It might be best described as a glowing cerise salmon. The blooms are uniformly of large size and well placed on long, stout stems. The vines bloom in great profusion.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT

When in need of cut flowers, floral or funeral designs, bouquets or wedding decorations, bear in mind that we have one of the most fully equipped and extensive floral departments of any concern on the Coast. Service prompt and prices strictly reasonable.

We are putting up all of the above varieties in quarter ounce packages.

Price of any of the foregoing novelties, each, per packet, 25c.

STANDARD VARIETIES

America Spencer. Handsome variegated variety. Three to four flowers to the stem. Color, ivory white, striped and penciled with bright crimson. Per packet, 15c.

Florence Nightingale Spencer. Soft lavender bloom. Flowers heavily waved and undulated. Per packet, 15c.

Gladys Uawin Spencer. A lovely shade of deep pink with crinkled and waved standards. Per packet, 15c.

Othello Spencer. White, heavily blotched and flecked with crimson. One of the best fancy sweet peas. Per packet, 15c.

Elfrieda Pearson Spencer. A magnificent English novelty. Enormous size flowers, usually four to the stem. Color, a lovely shade of soft pink. Per packet, 15c.

Geo. Herbert Spencer. A glorious shade of deep carmine tinged with rose. Magnificent under artificial light. Per packet, 15c.

Helen Lewis Spencer. A striking shade of deep orange-rose. A gem in color. Per packet, 15c.

King Edward Spencer. A superb crimson scaret with mammoth size bloom. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. A. Ireland Spencer. Bright rose pink with blush shadings. Wings large and broadly expanded. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Hugh Dickson Spencer. Gigantic pink flowers shaded with apricot. Per packet, 15c.

Marie Corelli Spencer. Cherry red and rosy crimson, beautifully displayed in its giant waved flowers. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes. Beautiful pale pink bloom of exquisite tone. Flowers large and well waved. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Routham. Buff flushed and suffused with delicate pink. Extra large. Per packet, 15c.

Miriam Beaver Spencer. It has been impossible to fix the color of this magnificent variety. The flowers occur in various shades of pink, salmon, rose, orange-pink, etc. Flowers enormous in size and beautifully frilled. Per packet, 15c.

Nubian. A dark maroon self-colored bloom. Somewhat similar in general appearance to Othello, but with larger flowers. Per packet, 15c.

Othello Spencer. Dark, glossy maroon of an intense shade. Standards and wings beautifully crimped. Per packet, 15c.

Ruby. As its name implies, a rich ruby bloom. An unusual and distinct shade in sweet peas. Per packet, 15c.

Sterling Steel Spencer. Rich orange salmon. Equal to Elfrieda Pearson in size. Nothing finer in existence. Per packet, 15c.

Vermillion Brilliant. One of the prettiest of scarlet Spencer peas. The flowers are of perfect form, the standards well waved and fluted. The color is uniform throughout the bloom. The best of its shade. Per packet, 15c.

White Spencer (extra selected stock). The best white sweet pea generally grown. Snowy white in color and prettily waved. Per packet, 15c.

SPECIAL OFFER. One package of each of the above twenty varieties for \$2.50. One package of any ten of the above for \$1.50. Mixed Giant Spencer Sweet Pea, a choice mixture of the above varieties, per packet, 15c.

Howard & Smith
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For Every Holiday Ben Hur Coffee

For every occasion—the Sunday dinner, the evening function—the morning meal—the afternoon at home—the luncheon—the gathering of relatives and friends on a holiday—Ben Hur Steel-Cut Coffee meets the most exacting requirements.

It is chaffless, dustless, uniformly roasted and blended, and has the greatest cup quality.

It satisfies.

Joannes Bros' Company
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers.



*The California State Bldg.
sketched at the San Diego Exposition*

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and, when my servant returned, I bade him carry forth the package, and secure it across my saddle-bow, just as I had been wont to travel heretofore. Even though it was yet dark, we rode forth on our way.

"Next day I noticed that my servant kept watching me in a furtive manner, and I congratulated myself on the precaution I had taken, and inwardly resolved to be more than ever on my guard, not to be caught unawares. But, alas! I was still weak, and exhausted nature overcame vigilance, so that one night I slept soundly. I remember nothing of what took place. But when I came to myself some woodcutters were bathing my head. They said I had been beaten and wounded, and had bled profusely. I tried to stand up, but was seized with a great faintness, and would have fallen had not my successors steadied me. With tender care I was carried to Punderpur, happily not far distant, where I was yet once again kindly bidden to the home of strangers.

"A munshi named Khyraz was the name of my new benefactor. He was most wifful that I should hunt down my faithless servant, who, I need not say, after leaving me for dead, had disappeared with my horse and the package which was supposed to contain the precious harp. However, as I had still the instrument in safe keeping, and as I did not want the story of its being in my possession to get noised abroad, for this would have robbed me of the pleasure of surprising our king of kings with the production of the coveted prize, I let the rascal go, for the time being at all events. But his day will come, the son of a pig, who betrayed the master whose salt he had eaten for years. May the tombs of his ancestors be defiled!

"Of course the news that had brought me to Punderpur was false. So far from Akbar being in the vicinity, I now learned that he had gone on a journey to Gwalior, and would not be back to Fathpur-Sikri for several months. Therefore, I took the opportunity of paying a business visit to Benares, resting content in my mind that the harp could be in no safer place than in its snug hiding at the home of Baji Lal, where no robbers would ever dream of prying.

"However, I was just on the eve of retracing my steps to this village when Chunda Das came to Punderpur in quest of me. We met at the house of Munshi Khyraz, and there I learned of the disaster to my friends here, and the terrible doom that was contemplated for them. Imagine my dismay, too, when I discovered that their house was to be burned. My beautiful harp! It would be destroyed! So we hurried back, sparing neither ourselves nor our beasts.

"When I saw the tongues of flame actually curling about the home of Baji Lal, I became oblivious of aught else save the rescue of the priceless harp from destruction. Through the blinding smoke I groped my way to my old sleeping-room. I nearly succumbed three or four times before I managed to tear down the tent-cloth. Then, by the flicker of the flames, I could see the harp resting in its hiding place in all its gleaming beauty. I had no time to feel surprised that its silken covering had been blown aside, and indeed was at that very moment fluttering in a current of air.

"Just as my hand reached forth to seize the precious instrument I was startled by a subdued plaintive cry. For an instant I paused and wondered. Then I discovered that the wind was blowing through a crevice in the wall just behind the harp, and that it was the breeze rushing through the opening that was causing the strings to vibrate and give forth their weird complaining.

"And this, good people, is the explanation of the unrestful spirit. When the wind blew strong, the cries were louder and insistent; when the blast came gently, the sobbing was low and wailing."

"I am distressed that so simple a thing could have caused such trouble. But, in reparation, I will undertake to build for Baji Lal and his wife a new home. I hereby give to their good friend, Chunda Das, an undertaking to that effect—he passed a

paper to me as he spoke—"whereby I make myself liable for all moneys expended. And to Devaka I give this chain, which I hope she will always wear in remembrance of her good deed in nursing Sheikh Ahmed back to health."

"And, throwing a long gold chain about the neck of Devaka, the Sheikh bowed to the company, and, with salaams of farewell, passed through the throng toward his escort waiting for him all ready mounted at a little distance. Soon there was a clatter of hoofs, and they were riding away across the plain. I had noticed that Sheikh Ahmed's saddle-bow was a bulky package, undoubtedly the precious harp in its wrappings.

"That was all there was to be said, and after a while the crowd began to disperse. On every hand there was loud acclaim for the Sheikh and his noble generosity, and Devaka's gold chain, which she now held timidly in her hand, was the object of many admiring glances, and drew for her general words of congratulation.

"At last all had gone their several ways, leaving Baji Lal and his wife, Bimjee and myself alone beneath the pipal tree. A first look into each other's eyes showed that we were all of the same mind. In their excitement of the moment the unthinking throng had approved; but for us there was nothing but bitter disappointment.

"It was Baji Lal who first voiced his feelings.

"'Chunda Das,' he said slowly, 'Sheikh Ahmed' has promised to recompense me for my losses; he has given a costly present to my wife. We want neither his gifts nor his promises. They are as dust to us. The little we did for him was not done for gold. Yet we took him into our home, and fought death for him, and won. He left a valuable treasure under our roof without consulting or trusting us. When this act of his brought disaster on our head, it was no thought for Devaka or for me that brought him back in hot haste. It was the possible loss of the harp that occupied all his thoughts. What do we want with that selfish man's gifts? Chunda Das, give me the paper which binds him to the promise to restore my home, that I may tear it into fragments and scatter it to the winds. Devaka, my wife—and his voice fell to a tone of great gentleness—hand that necklace to Chunda Das, that he may restore it to the giver.'

"Devaka, who, as I have said, had already removed the chain of gold from her neck, looked at it perhaps a little lingeringly, let it slip through her fingers caressingly, then, with a sigh, placed it in my hand and turned away. But her sigh, I knew, was less for the surrender of the gift than for the unworthiness that had prompted its bestowal. Her husband contemplated her compassionately.

"You have not many trinkets, little wife," he said, "but this one would not remind us so much of good deeds done as of base ingratitude. I have no home to take you to at present, but Bimjee wants us to stay with him until I can build you another."

"He stretched forth his hand to Devaka, and, leading her away, departed. Bimjee, after a salute to me, followed his bidden guests at a little distance. For myself, I remained a while to ponder all these happenings.

"To say that I was disappointed in Sheikh Ahmed was not adequately expressing my feelings. From the first I had been attracted to the man by his handsome figure, distinguished bearing and pleasant smile. During our intimacy of four days on the road I had admired the brilliancy of his conversation, and had taken great delight in his entertaining recitals of adventure in many far lands. From one like him I had certainly never expected this display of callous selfishness. But such is life. We have to keep ourselves prepared for many disillusionments. And, as I remarked at the outset of my narrative, an experience of this kind teaches that, if in judging our fellow-men we are to be chary of condemnation, it behoves us also to be discreet in commendation."

"And so ended the Bombay trader's story.

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17 Joe Maris, Known as "El Jorobado".
18 Home, Sweet Home.

"And even as we gazed the damsel burst into tears, full of misery. Her face shone

paper to me as he spoke—"whereby I make myself liable for all moneys expended. And to Devaka I give this chain, which I hope she will always wear in remembrance of her good deed in nursing Sheikh Ahmed back to health."

"What became of Baji Lal and Devaka?"

"Oh, replied the merchant, "from that day their happiness returned and continued. For the villagers were ashamed to have doubted them, so all contributed to the building and furnishing of their home, and would take no denial. Good fortune seemed to settle on their roof-tree. Little Devaka is now the mother of a fine boy, and she wears a chain of gold around her neck, one given to her by the women of the village when they heard that she had scorned the professed gift of Sheikh Ahmed, and understood the reason why."

"And the Sheikh and his wonderful harp?" questioned the Afghan soldier. "Did the costly toy reach its destination?"

"The harp is in the treasury of our Sovereign Akbar. Sheikh Ahmed started back for Poona with the lac of rupees he had promised in the name of the Padishah and half a lac more for his own recompense. But he and his company were attacked by a swarm of Mahrattas, and perished to a man."

"And the treacherous servant?"

"About him I know nothing. My tale is told."

[Copyright, 1915, by Edmund Mitchell.]

Earth's Vast Forests.

MILLIONS OF SQUARE MILES COVERED WITH TREES.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

There is a vast and continuous tract of forest lying north of the St. Lawrence River, in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, extending northward to the Hudson Bay and Labrador, a region measuring about 1700 miles in length from east to west, and 1000 miles in width north and south.

By some authorities it is held that a much larger continuous area of timber lands exists in the State of Washington and northward through British Columbia and Alaska. But this contention is limited to North America, for, it has been pointed out, there lies a forest in the valley of the Amazon, embracing much of Northern Brazil, Eastern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia and Guiana, a region at least 2100 miles in length by 1300 in breadth.

Then, too, there must be considered the forest area of Central Africa, in the valley of the Congo, including the head-waters of the Nile to the northeast and those of the Zambezi on the south. According to reliable estimates, Central Africa contains a forest region not less than 3000 miles in length from north to south, and of vast, although not fully known, width from east to west.

The question which continent possesses the greatest forest has been placed in another light by an explorer who is competent to speak of still another great forest region of the globe. This authority has painted a vivid picture of the vast pine, larch and cedar forests of Siberia.

Siberia, from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indigirka on the east, embracing the great plains or river valleys of the Yenisei, Olenek, Lena and Yana rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than 1000 miles in breadth from north to south, being fully 1700 miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than 2000 miles.

Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian taigas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been seen. The long-stemmed conifers rise to a height of 150 feet or more and they stand so closely together that walking among them is extremely difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale Arctic sunshine, and the straight pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is soon lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture in the dense taigas without taking

the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the taigas and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."

Beneficent Interference.

[Washington Star:] "Yea," said Mr. Growcher: "nothing was made in vain. Everything that earth produces may serve some useful purpose, if you can only find out what it is. There is a whole lot to think about in that story of the mouse who gnawed the net for the captured lion."

"Mebbe there is," replied his wife, "but I'm willing to bet that was the only kind and considerate mouse known to the entire animal kingdom."

"You are wrong. Have you forgotten that Welsh rabbit party we attended last night?"

"Yes. But there wasn't any Welsh rabbit."

"And as a result we are all comfortable and happy today instead of being miserable and dyspeptic. And we owe it all to the fact that a few kind-hearted mice sneaked around during the afternoon and ate up the cheese."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of November 30, 1915.]

THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, highest, 78 deg.; lowest, 56 deg. Forecast: Fair.

Jebb's Uric Acid Solvent for RHEUMATISM
Made this
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It eliminates the poisons which cause Rheumatism. Hundreds of testimonials attest the efficacy of this remedy which was discovered by Dr. E. R. Jebb. He cured himself and hundreds of others. Your case cannot be worse than the one illustrated above. Write for our Free Booklet explaining the causes of Rheumatism, and containing a few of hundreds of testimonials. This treatment is fully guaranteed.

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There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made to perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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Cancer and over 200 diseases are caused by constipation. **SAL TELLURIC** is guaranteed to cure Constipation or money refunded. Dr. E. had Constitution for fifty years cured in 1816 still living. **Sal Telluric** is the only medicine known to cure Cancer. It never poisons. Price \$1.00 sent by mail. Address Sal Telluric Company, 1427 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

ASTHMA
Cured Before You Pay.
I will send you a bottle of **LANE'S TREATMENT** on **FREE TRIAL** on receipt of 10c to help pay postage. Write for my free booklet **Ways and Means of Curing Asthma**. Otherwise your remit covers the charge. Address D. J. LANE, 202 Main Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas.

REMOVAL NOTICE

Owing to my increase of patronage I find it necessary to get larger quarters, so that you will find me now in
Suite 421 San Fernando Bldg.
4th & Main Sts.

C. C. LOGAN, M.D.

which the goods might possibly reach the enemy. It is a matter of simple justice that the warring peoples should fight out the battle between themselves, leaving neutral nations at peace with them and the rest of the world entirely out of all reach of war and its effects.

A Twice-Told Tale.

THE German army in one of its main branches operating against the Russians around Dvinsk has been checked by the nature of the fortress, which is no fortress at all but a heap of sand.

In reporting this, one of the officers says: "Had it been of rock, experts declare it would have been knocked to pieces long ago, but an artillery bombardment is of little avail against a sand fortress. It was captured fifteen times between September 15 and October 26, and still is not in the German's possession. It has been reduced in size one-half without affecting the strength of the remainder. Every rod of land is covered with permanent trenches, roofed securely against shrapnel and shell fragments, and connected with so-called fox-holes, small shelters where the garrisons are secure against the heaviest shells. Exploding projectiles are smothered in the sand trenches skillfully laid out so that they are mutually outflanking. An apparently successful attack often means the destruction of the assailants by the flanking fire of machine guns. One company thus lost fifty-one dead on October 23."

This report is interesting on more than one account. The Germans have been successful from the time they attacked Liege and battered its immense fortresses of rock and metal with their great howitzers. They have been successful in most of the battles because of their possession of heavy artillery and the skill with which they have used these immense engines of war. The Russian army has been much less prepared than the German, yet here they have overcome the very features of war which have made the German army so successful in the conflict by a very simple device.

The report is interesting, too, from the fact that America a hundred years ago resorted to the same tactics in fighting the English with an army drilled in a superior manner and using superior artillery. Every American schoolboy for a hundred years has been thrilled by the story of Gen. Jackson with his forts of cotton bales by which he won the battle of New Orleans. Here we led the way in this kind of defense, and now find the world coming back to this method so successfully used by the American backwoodsman a hundred years ago.

It is interesting again, particularly so at this time, to Americans in pointing out the fact that we can protect ourselves from attack at much less expense than if it were necessary to build forts like these at Liege, Namur and other places in Belgium. In fact nearly all the fortresses in Europe are of that solid nature, which has been proved ineffective against modern artillery.

Gen. Jackson's fort of cotton bales showed that the more lead the enemy pumped into it the stronger it became. Every ball added to the cotton bales offered greater resistance to the next ball that fell around the American trenches.

This is one of the advantages of a peaceful country. We can always benefit by the costly experience of warlike nations. We have so benefited in the past in the building of our fleets and the arming of our soldiers. The present war in Europe is affording a valuable school where Americans are learning without any cost to ourselves how to resist attack on the part of the warlike nations if it ever should come. Come it will, as sure as "eggs is eggs," and we had better be

ready to repel the attack whenever it comes. Army experts say it will take ten years to get our defense ready. We had better be at it, for ten years mean much in the present condition of the world.

One of the Los Angeles traffic officers is a young man of such high ambition that he has already passed an examination to practice law in California and is now studying Spanish. He writes a lesson on a card that he can conceal in the palm of his hand and when he has a moment of leisure he refreshes his memory by glancing at the card. You can't keep a good traffic officer down, and it takes all kinds of people to make a police force. Besides, has not the department a journalist for a chief?

How blessed it would be if all the world could anticipate a Christmas as happy as the one Los Angeles will enjoy! Here in the sun, garlanded with roses and close to the whisper of the sea, our city awaits with peace and joy the great feast. Prosperity abounds, there is little sickness in the land, and more than half a million hearts are lifted in good will. The gladness of Los Angeles is a living psalm.

Every now and then cotton as king has itself recrowned in the Imperial Valley. King Cotton's latest conquest is ten thousand acres of wonderful land adjacent to Calipatria, the city born of magic. Every condition in that vicinity is favorable to cotton production, and the investors are planting their fields in gold.

You would think that Los Angeles people could get enough motion-picture entertainment within the regular hours, yet one theater with a very sensational film has been compelled to keep open from 9 o'clock a.m. Saturday until 7 o'clock Sunday morning. This manager is certainly willing to oblige.

A visitor from the East went to see a model home in Pasadena and immediately discovered that he wanted to own it so much that he was willing to pay more than \$100,000 for it. You see, the house was not only right but it was in the right State and the right portion of the State.

The Southern Pacific built itself a fine new depot in Los Angeles, and now the Santa Fe is to occupy splendid offices in a fine building to be erected by a local business man. The railroads are welcome to go as far as they like in this direction.

It is said that the idea of the bungalow as representative of California has been so instilled in the minds of easterners that they won't believe a motion picture was made in this State if it shows any other kind of a dwelling.

Mt. Washington receives more visitors at this season than at any other time during the year. It is studded with holly bushes that are heavy with berries. Young America does its Christmas shopping early.

Redondo Beach threatens to be exceedingly prosperous and happy with the realization of its long dream of a big pleasure pier. Amusements do not make a beach city, but they are a tremendously helpful factor.

His Very Last.

Miss Wheat, the new teacher, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the scholars, she said:

"James, what was Washington's farewell address?"

The new boy arose with promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

The water question filled a big share of

for us our population grows, with

more intense cultivation we shall still

have plenty for all our people.

American Farmers' Turn.

Watchman, What of the Night?

THE TIMES MAGAZINE

of Promised, the crops of America

of Grace especially, for the year

having their names in this good

year of grace 1915. We

will live and die an Eagle Rock.

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[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES
LAST THREE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The Spirit Wail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

curse him when he was sick. Not often do we find such men; not often do we see the rich incommending themselves for the poor."

"Emulating his example, I urged my lagging beast to a final effort. In a brief minute we were on the outskirts of the crowd, where, perchance, we had to dismount. The Sheikh led the way as, afoot, we passed through the throng.

"When we got within clear view of the house, I saw that the faggots had been placed all around it, and that these were already alight, giving forth the smoke we had seen from a distance. I looked about me in dread. Where were Baji Lal and Devaka? I questioned a man who was blocking my way. He turned around and, to my joy, I recognized Bimjee, the barber. He gazed at me sadly, and, without expressing surprise at seeing me, pointed to the flat roof.

"There, beyond the low parapet, tied to a stake, was poor little Devaka. Her face was covered by her sari, and whether she were living or dead it was impossible to tell.

"And her husband? I asked, trembling. 'Not yet dead!'

"No. But when the sun is at its highest point, which will be in a few minutes now, he will be dispatched with a sword and his body flung into the fire. See! they are already pouring oil on the faggots, so that the haunted house may be quickly consumed. It will soon be all over with our poor friends."

"Not so, not so," I cried, "for Sheikh Ahmed has come back. See, there he is hastening to rescue his humble friends. He has not rested day or night since he heard of the disaster that had befallen them."

"The crowd had parted before the Sheikh, and through the rift I now beheld Baji Lal, standing with his hands tied behind him at a little distance from his burning home. But, to my surprise, Sheikh Ahmed darted past him.

"Ah!" exclaimed the barber, noticing my disconcerted look, "he thinks that Devaka is in greater peril, and leaves you to rescue her husband."

"I looked at the curling smoke and shuddered. Assuredly there was no time to be lost if the woman was to be saved.

"You are right, Bimjee," I cried. "We'll look after Baji Lal. Come along."

"And I gained my friend's side none too soon, for already a sword was pointed at his breast. Leaping on the man who held it, I thrust the weapon aside.

"The Patel, standing by, turned on me with a ferocious look.

"How dare you hinder justice, Chunda Das?" he demanded. "This is by decree of the panchayat."

"Your promise bound the village council as well as yourself," I retorted. "It is but ten days since I departed on my quest for Sheikh Ahmed, and you assured me faithfully that for two weeks, at least, nothing would be done to this man and his wife."

"More cattle have died," he answered, sullenly.

"The crowd were pressing round us, with angry gestures and threatening looks, like wild beasts baulked of their prey.

"Pull his beard!" "Knock off his turban!" and such like impertinences were hurled at me. But, taking no heed of these, I again addressed the Patel, raising my voice so that all around might hear:

"You gave me fourteen days to find the stranger whom you say was murdered, and ahead of time I have returned and brought him with me. And Baji Lal, whom this very minute you were about to murder—aye, murder—is an innocent man, and his wife a maligned woman."

"And such is human nature, that they who a short time before had been so keen to see Baji Lal done to death, were now loud in their acclamations at his escape.

"But the Patel looked at me with lowering brow.

"Fine words, Chunda Das, but I do not see the Sheikh."

"The crowd hushed their outburst, and faces again looked serious.

"Oh, yes," cried some one, "let us see him. Where is Sheikh Ahmed?"

"Where, indeed, but in the burning house, endeavoring to save your other victim?" I made answer, turning around and pointing with uplifted arm to Devaka, who

now was standing with hand held out beseechingly to the throng, her face uncovered, full of entreaty.

"And even as we gazed the flames burst through the roof beneath her feet, and the clouds of smoke almost hid her from view.

"There was no sign of Sheikh Ahmed, and I was greatly perturbed. What had happened to him? Why did he not appear on the roof? From their countenance I could see that the spectators were still unconvinced of the presence of the man.

"Baji Lal, up to this time, had remained passive, his head bowed as if in helpless acknowledgement of the power of destiny. But, at my call, he cast his eyes upward with the others, and, beholding the form of his wife through the eddying smoke wreaths, he broke out in loud and passionate appeal.

"Chunda Das, friends, neighbors, do not let her burn. She is innocent of any crime. Do not let her perish. Chunda Das, cut my bonds, that I may save her or die with her."

"I was about to sever the thongs that confined his wrists and ankles, when the Patel laid a detaining hand on my shoulder.

"Not so fast, not so fast. If you please. We have not yet seen Sheikh Ahmed, and Baji Lal is still condemned to die."

"I flashed an indignant look at the relentless man, but a cry of 'there he is' broke from the mob. And, sure enough, through the clouds of smoke could be seen the figure of the rescuer, crouching low as he cautiously crept along the roof, with a hand on the parapet to guide his movements. With bated breath we watched as he neared the fainting woman, and then, rising to his full height, tore at the ropes which bound her to the stake.

"At last he had released her, and gathered her senseless form in his arms. But a billow of black smoke blotted out the grim scene. A moment of tense silence and sickening uncertainty. Then a great shout from the throng, a shout of pent-up joy and relief, when the hero with his burden came staggering out through the flame-framed doorway of the building.

"I rushed forward with the rest, and received Devaka in my arms. She had swooned. I gazed at her rescuer in admiration, his face blackened, his clothes torn. But could I believe my eyes? The brave man who had sunk to the ground in a heap was not Sheikh Ahmed, but Bimjee, the village barber!

"But at that very instant the Sheikh appeared through the clouds of smoke rolling from the doorway. He tottered forward, bearing in his arms a large bundle wrapped in a cotton quilt.

"Neighbors vied with each other in offers of help. Baji Lal and Devaka were taken to one house. Sheikh Ahmed and myself went to another. The barber had recovered, and had quietly departed for his own home.

"Next day I sent round word that all the villagers were to come to the usual place of public gathering, the widespread pipal tree. No second bidding was required; the open space was soon crowded, right to the edge of the tank and to the walls of the temple.

"When all were assembled, with Sheikh Ahmed, Baji Lal and Devaka, also Bimjee the barber, standing by me, I faced the throng.

"Good people," I said, "our worthy friends, Baji Lal and his wife, have been publicly disgraced. They are now to be publicly reinstated as honored members of the community. Sheikh Ahmed will explain the sobbing and wailing that used to distress them just as much as it mystified you all, and eventually caused suspicion of an abominable crime. Listen to the story Sheikh Ahmed has to tell."

"As I stepped back a pace, the Sheikh came forward. His handsome countenance beamed good will to all, and a murmur of friendly greeting bore testimony to his popularity. In soft, melodious voice, he addressed the eager expectant crowd.

"I am indeed heartily grieved that through any fault of mine my kind host and his wife Devaka should have suffered so severely. I may now inform you that when I tarried in your midst some time ago I was on my way to the court of Akbar on an important mission. I was, as you know, accompanied by a servant. I had in my possession a most valuable harp, encrusted with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. It had formerly belonged to the Maharani of Khotan, and had been looted from her palace during the last war. Our

Emperor, the Padishah, had long been desirous of possessing it, for the fame of the instrument, its beauty and value, was widespread. By a fortunate chance I became acquainted with the man who was hiding it in the city of Poona. I promised in the name of my lord and master, the mighty Akbar, a lac of rupees, and undertook to carry the instrument safely to the Emperor at Fathpur-Sikri. On account of its extreme value we decided to conceal it in a rough packing, and, with a view to avoid attracting attention, that I should be attended on the road by no more than one body servant, a man who had been long in my employment, and in whom I placed implicit confidence.

"Well, all went right until just as we neared this village I fell sick—as I now believe through the agency of my faithless attendant, who would have poisoned me so that he might possess himself of the precious harp. Fortunately I was succoured by our good friend, Baji Lal, and nursed back to health by him and his devoted wife Devaka. I had sent my servant on to Punderpur, there to await a summons when I again felt well enough to travel. But one night he returned of his own accord, bringing the news that the Padishah himself was approaching Punderpur, and now would be the time for me to complete my mission.

"But there was something in the following manner that awakened my distrust. At this time my suspicions were but vague, yet sufficient to prompt me to caution. Without discovering my inmost thoughts, I acquiesced in his proposal, and, disregarding the entreaties of my kind hosts, prepared to take the road without an hour's delay.

"But first I had to dispose of the bejewelled harp in a place of safety, for I had made up my mind not to carry it any longer with me. At Punderpur it would be possible to get an escort of Akbar's cavalry, and then I could return with them for the treasure. So, meanwhile, I had to find some sure hiding-place, this in preference to burrowing anyone here with my secret.

"The walls of my room in Baji Lal's house were covered with a thick tent-cloth. While my servant was feeding the horses, I loosened one edge of this, and, to my joy, found the space between the inner and outer coverings sufficient to take the harp. I stripped off the bulky wrappings in which the harp had been carried up to this time, leaving only a swathing of fine silk. Then I carefully bestowed the instrument in its place of hiding, tying it securely to a beam high up toward the ceiling, and finally I restored the tent-cloth exactly as I had found it. Thereafter I stuffed a few billets of wood into the empty casing of the harp,

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

DO YOU know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

You know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that ninety-five per cent of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Prof. Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy the length of our lives would be increased to probably one hundred and fifty years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vi-

tality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared to be in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You, undoubtedly know from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known.

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so greatly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in The Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.



THE Eagle race, friends, is a great one among the creatures with which God has peopled this fair earth of ours. Being great, Eagles are not afflicted with conceit or vanity. The besetting sin in the race is pride, a characteristic of many great individuals among all great races. There is more conceit in a minute in old Chanticleer as he "struts his dames before" in a barnyard than there is in the whole Eagle tribe in a century.

Your Eagle, friends, is true to his race. He would be ashamed of himself and "hide his diminished head" in a sand bank or a bag if he ever permitted vanity or conceit to get hold of his soul. He leaves vanity to the peacock. But he is proud. No Eagle ever gets the swelled head, and if your Eagle is afflicted with megacephalus it would be on account of three cognate thoughts that often swell his heart with pride. The basic thought is that he is an American Eagle, and is exceedingly proud of that distinction. Secondly, he is proud of being a California Eagle, and particularly happy in having his home in the sunny Southland of California, and above all in having it in the metropolis of this sunny Southland, Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city.

Here is a combination, friends, if you will only think upon it, forming a climax as high as the heavens. America is the greatest country the sun shines down upon in his diurnal course around the world. California is easily taking everything into consideration, the greatest State in the American Union. Southern California is the crowning glory of this Golden State, and Los Angeles is the heart of the Southland.

There is much in America to be proud of, many things connected with California

to make the heart swell with pride, and nearly every feature of Southern California is pride-engendering, and who can think of Los Angeles without feeling his heart swell almost to bursting with satisfaction at her greatness and her many glories?

Do you know, of all the things connected with this city which the Eagle thinks is properly productive of pride, its educational institutions must stand first. Therefore when the other day the Eagle on his aerie above the granite tower heard the type-setting machines ticking away on the story of two new universities to be established in his beloved Los Angeles he came mighty near being afflicted with the disease of the swelled head.

Why are institutions of learning so desirable, and why "should the spirit of mortal be proud" of the possession of these institutions? Because "knowledge is power." That is one of your adages, old saws or proverbs which has been rubbed into your minds and become crystallized in thought for many generations. And it is so true.

What makes man the head of all creation? His knowledge. That and nothing more. The most crude savage on the face of the earth is greater than the most powerful beast that walks on four legs through his native forest because the savage has more knowledge than the beast. As you rise in the scale of humanity through successive degrees of civilization you will find knowledge lies at the foundations of each degree. You are, dearly beloved, about the weakest and puniest physically of all the great races the Creator has put into this world. But He has given you a brain capable of acquiring vast intelligence, and this knowledge makes you the kings of creation.

You have learned the nature of material things and learned to make everything on earth your servant. The water of the rivers that run down into the sea does your bidding. The consuming fires that every other animal on earth runs from in fear work for you as obediently as a slave. The seas with all their immensity, with all the power of their storm-tossed waves, are subject to your bidding. There is a certain something in the animal creation known as instinct which is a low form of intelligence that has inherited a certain power in the lowest orders of creation. But it is so weak and puny compared with the power in the brain of man that it is not called knowledge but is distinguished

by the name of instinct. So the other races of beings have been arrested in development. They come to just about such a state of being, and there they stop. Eagles were just as powerful and had just as much knowledge generations ago as the ablest of the tribe have today. You, through your brain power, have invented movable types and printing presses, and hand down from generation to generation all the acquired knowledge of your race. So your development is not arrested, but goes on increasing mightily from one generation to another, and lifts you up and makes you akin to the divinities that people the heavens.

The poor beasts are born, live and die. Disease besets them and they have no means of defending themselves from it or from premature death. Epidemics break out among the beasts and go on from one age to another, never being counteracted. Your knowledge is so powerful that in a way it overcomes death, defies that dread terror, and puts him to flight. A few generations ago the yellow fever was prevalent in many parts of the world, and used to sweep away thousands and tens of thousands of human beings in a few weeks. Your knowledge multiplied, and now there is no such thing as yellow fever in the world. The harbor of Havana and that at Vera Cruz used to be so infested with this disease that a ship clearing from any place in the world could not get a crew of sailors if it was known she was going to one of these infested ports. The buzzards, those natural scavengers of the world, used to be so thick in the streets of these cities that men could scarcely walk through them and were forbidden to injure them because they were useful as scavengers. Today you may stand upon any commanding point around either of these tropical cities and not behold a buzzard except here and there one far away. Your knowledge has given you mastery over this as over other dread diseases.

The great war that is now sweeping over Europe caused an epidemic of typhoid fever in Serbia which about a year ago threatened to wipe your nation off the face of the earth. You sent a little band of American physicians there with a knowledge concerning this disease so profound that in a few weeks they wiped the disease out and saved that hardy nation from extinction.

Knowledge has annihilated time and

space for you. Your knowledge of the properties of electricity has enabled you to talk across continents and to span seas with audible words. This is a wonderful thing when it is done by telegraphy, but still more when it is done by the telephone carrying the voice along a copper wire, but now it is a miracle when without any intervening medium except the air you cannot only flash words from key to key to be written out at one end of the line, but you can actually talk with audible words from San Francisco to New York, and if you can do that you can do so from New York to London.

Oh, yes, knowledge is power. It echoes in the voice of the great cannon that bombard the trenches in the war zones of Europe, in the shells that burst over the warring armies, and the people that have the greatest knowledge of the properties of matter and who can build the biggest cannon and make shells the fastest are the most powerful people among the nations. Knowledge is powerful in the arts of peace as well as in those of war. It takes a fleece from the sheep's back, cards, spins and weaves it into a warm garment that defies the frost of arctic regions. It picks the cotton from the bolls on the plant and does the same with it. It takes the commonest weeds and manufactures them into dyes that color your garments so beautifully and then it makes the females of your race radiant in their gorgeous apparel.

America is the most highly civilized nation in the world, its people are the most intelligent and therefore the most powerful. But note one thing, beloved. Knowledge is power, but it is not wisdom. Knowledge is power, if it has wisdom behind it to guide it. Otherwise it is as useless as the wind that blows over the plain without a windmill to catch its power, or as the water that runs down to the sea without a wheel to convert it into electricity. You Americans have more knowledge than any other people, and have more power than any other nation in the world if you have only wisdom to apply your knowledge and so make it a real power for your own defense.

Yours,

The Eagle
—
The Clubable Man

THE LANCER

THERE is still quite a prevalent idea that women enjoy a large moral superiority over men. A Mrs. Tanner has just been informing the public that if poolrooms were run by women they would be as elevating as a Bible class.

Something of the same sort of argument was used when women first invaded the stage. Just prior to Pepys' time, all the female parts were taken by men, until some idealist managed to convince the public that women would inject a higher standard of morality into the drama, and elevate the profession.

The profession certainly managed to rise in social status to some extent, but as to morality—well, of course, we don't know how low the moral standards were before, but if the fair actresses really raised the standard, they were very unostentatious about it.

It is the same with politics. We were given to understand that corruption would cease when women got the vote, which was doubtless one of the chief reasons for the long opposition. The country rather dreads reform politics, so much unpleasantness can be committed in their name.

But have no fear, brother. Women are quite pleasantly human, notwithstanding their claims to moral superiority. They have proved themselves highly adaptable.

Their methods are a little more finished, that's all.

So perhaps if we don't let women run poolrooms, it won't be for fear of excessive reform. It will be because, deep down in our hearts we are old-fashioned enough to agree with Pope that "Every woman is at heart a rake," and consider they must be protected against themselves, notwithstanding their superior moral sense.

No Punishment.

COSMO HAMILTON, in speaking of dogs, says that they instinctively know that women never punish. Ahem!

Well, it all depends. If the dog, or the child, or the man, has sinned against somebody else, the average woman is certainly capable of being generously forgiving.

But—well, I recently visited a reform school for delinquent girls, with a couple of noble matrons in charge. No punishment, did they say? Well, if those girls are being restored to society by loving kindness and generous forgiveness, God defend us from tyranny. Precious few members of the community have any idea of the persuasive methods used to keep those girls in order. The head matron, who prides herself on having been in that work for many years, has a face like a hatchet. I was filled with a long list of stories of insubordination, of endeavors to run away, of deceit in trying to circumvent the rules—and all the time I was marveling that any human soul could ever endure a day under such conditions, could ever hold up its head again after a dose of that reform treatment; that truly the power of human endurance is vast.

There was no such thing as forgiveness in that institution. He would be a brave dog who would bank on a remission of sins from that hatchet-faced matron.

Well, those matrons have to deal with the worst class of girls, you will say. Very well, what about the highest rung of society? How often do you see a social queen forgive a social faux pas? On the contrary, the sweet social queen regards it as her bounden

duty to administer the cruellest of social snubs, of public "cuts," subtle, diabolically brutal, and will brag pleasantly of her victories to an amused circle of admirers for days afterward.

And what of the punishments administered to their erring offspring by conscientious mammas? Many a small, helpless child could a tale unfold. Locked in cupboards for hours, taunted with coarse sarcasm, slapped viciously, threatened with violence until their small souls shrivel with terror, upbraided spitefully before their little friends, promised pleasures withheld for trifling misdemeanors—but Cosmo Hamilton assures us that dogs instinctively know that women never punish. It certainly takes the instinct of a dog to discover anything as wonderful as that.

Writing on Europe.

AMERICANS have often been indignant because Europeans in general and Englishmen in particular had a little way of coming over here for a few weeks' visit and then writing a book on us, assuming a great many things about us that were not so.

But we have certainly got even since the war broke out. Our scribes have rushed over there in scores and flooded the papers with profound assertions as to the character and habits of the warring nations after a few days' stay, coloring the characters of whole nations with one experience with one man, probably a custom's officer, and summing up their political and moral ideas on small individual incidents. Needless to say, when such articles find their way back to the countries described, they are pretty mad about it. And that sort of thing has not tended to make us really popular.

One scribe opined that England was obviously a decaying nation because there were no skyscrapers—never knowing, dear soul, that three tiers of underground rail-ways in London, make skyscrapers an unsafe proposition, never knowing that during the last ten years many of the main thoroughfares of London have been entirely re-

built, old-fashioned narrow streets widened at terrific cost and wonderful enterprise in the face of 300-year leases, strictly entailed peerage property and the like.

Well, that's all right. England deserved that. Her Arnold Bennets and her Elinor Glyns and what not, have been doing just that thing to us for decades. But is it any wonder that nations fail to understand each other and credit each other with weird ideals? There was one man who spent a few days in New York, during which he happened to strike two left-handed cab drivers. So he assured the world that all New York cab-drivers drove with the left hand.

The Clubable Man.

ASOPHISTICATED widow, airing her views in a New York paper, declares that the good fellow, the clubable man, makes the very worst kind of husband. The type of man who is loved by men, chiefly for his genial faults, is a terror to live with, says this lady, who is credited with considerable experience.

Such a man is quite incapable of self-study and self-criticism, he knows the men like him and he can't think why his wife doesn't. The man who is popular with men, says this lady, never gets on, either in business or anything else. He takes pride in being a good spender and he cultivates the art of generously spending to the detriment of the art of making. The wife of such a man is forever anxious about financial matters, usually neglected, invariably unhappy. And the men are always so sorry for him, being tied to such a fussy wife.

[Everybody's:] Farmer Brown, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap and towel.

"Well, Harris," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?"

"No," returned the Swede; "it don't make me dirty to sleep."

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

HOME ECONOMY.

When Buying the Steak.

[James J. Hill in New York Tribune:] A good tenderloin steak may run in price today from 22 to 40 cents a pound; a round steak may be purchased for from 12 to 20 cents a pound. Now, which is the greater economy in handling the home pocketbook—to purchase the round steak or to take the high-priced tenderloin? The wife who has one of those cheap pieces of meat to cook, or if she has the servant to direct how it shall be cooked, has it within her power to make the high-priced tenderloin an economy.

Dishes from the Remnants.

"She serves it first as a broiled steak. With the remnants left, including the bone and fat, there are yet eleven different ways in which she can make palatable additional meals for her family, and not have them feel that there is a monotony in their food. When she reaches the final rag end of that high-priced tenderloin she still has a fertilizer for her garden, and the steak has really cost her not more than 7 cents a pound.

"It is all in knowing how to do it, and in this knowledge or the lack of it lies the fact that the mother is either making or losing money for the home. The housewives of foreign countries have learned this lesson far better than American women."

FOR AUTOMOBILE LUNCH.

Pastry Ready for Filling.

[Dallas News:] After cutting thin rounds of the dough, cover each one with a second thin layer of dough cut like a ring. This is easily done by using the same cutter for both and removing the inner portion of one with a smaller round cutter. Bake until thoroughly browned, as these do not call for the softness of the usual tea biscuit, but should be more like bits of pastry.

These cases are invaluable for outdoor meals and they may be filled with anything available and used for the salad or sweet course, according to what is served within them. For an automobile luncheon, where no regular table is set, they offer a practical method of passing individual portions. By cutting the dough with a larger cutter, thus providing a more generous receptacle, and filling the shell with a hearty mixture of well-seasoned fowl, meat or hard-boiled eggs, in combination with lettuce or celery, the main part of the outdoor luncheon can be easily and daintily served.

Do Not Carry Silver.

In place of silver, use the ordinary wood-handled kitchen cutlery, which can be bought at from 30 cents a dozen up. Very often when good silver is taken on a picnic the possessor of some old family spoons will arrive home and find that she is minus one or two. The three-pronged kitchen forks will be of just the same service as silver ones, and if one should be lost by any chance no great harm will be done.

ABOUT LAMPS.

Tall Floor Lamp.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The tall floor lamp, which stands on the floor instead of the table, is in favor just now. Such a lamp can be moved about at will, set by a piano, behind a reading chair, beside a tea table or a desk, and when the room is to be cleared for dancing it can readily be put out of the way.

A great advantage of these lamps is their adaptability to electricity, gas or oil. They are, of course, most convenient when lighted by electricity, and the cord and socket attachment may be adjusted to all sockets about the room. Still, an oil lamp may be used with good effect.

Gas lamps, in order to furnish the best results, must have mantles, and thus must be handled carefully when they are moved, nor can they be moved any considerable distance from the gas extensions. In some ways oil is even better than electricity or gas, since an oil lamp may be moved to any part of the room without any tube or wire attached.

The standards are from three feet six inches to four feet high.

Diffused Lights.

Add immensely to the attractiveness of your home by diffusing the lights instead of focusing them on one point. Eye strain will be relieved and shadows and outlines will be softened, especially when amber lights are used. The new, indirect lighting fixtures are replacing old-fashioned ones, making the lighting problem more artistic and less expensive.

Much the same effect may be produced with less expense by frosted bulbs and globes, gelatine films and glass diffusing plates. There are various types of this indirect lighting suitable for all rooms, from the kitchen to the parlor, and it is to be recommended as a blessing to the busy eyes and the tense nerves of today.

CARE OF BABY.

Easy to Disfigure Nose.

[New York American:] The pleasant little nursing game of "knock at the door; lift up the latch," if frequently played for the amusement of the baby girl, may give her a snub nose that will impair her good looks when she has grown to young womanhood.

On the other hand, a tendency to a "snub" or to over-wide nostrils may be corrected by gentle pressure with the fingers for a minute or so at a time half a dozen times a day. The same means may be used with a young child to modify a tendency of the nose to turn to right or left.

Bones and Cartilage Soft.

It is as if the little one's face were made of so much papier mache. The structures of which it is composed, even the bones, are soft, and they are in process of growth. To a great extent, the shape they will assume can be modified for better, as well as for worse, while the growing is in progress—most easily, of course, in its very early stages.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Avoid the Word "Servant."

[New York Sun:] After all, the main trouble in obtaining good domestic employees is due largely to the stigma attached to the position as a menial. The word "menial" came from "moenia," within the walls, and became a term of opprobrium through the years in which domestic service has evolved through slavery and other bad conditions. With the growing recognition of the dignity and responsibility of all pertaining to the work of the household will come a new nomenclature. In place of "servant" in the homes of persons of moderate means there will be the co-operative housekeeper and the trained maid, who will have the same status as the graduate nurse. When the Maid Serves Tea.

When the maid serves afternoon tea she should wear a smart black dress of pongee, poplin or mohair. The lines must be simple, but the frock must be perfectly fitted. A bib apron of dotted swiss trimmed with a narrow lace and made in princess fashion is worn over the frock. The costume is completed by a frilly cap, wide cuffs and a collar to correspond with the apron.

IN THE LIBRARY.

The Wall Decorations

[Baltimore American:] In planning for remodeling or decorating it is well to remember that vertical lines on a wall increase the apparent height of the ceiling, while, on the other hand, horizontal lines on the wall bring the ceiling down. When the ceiling is too high striped wall papers and all vertical lines are to be avoided.

A Good Library Paste.

A paste that will keep a long time is made by dissolving one ounce of alum in a quart of water. When cold add enough flour to make the consistency of cream. Then stir in a teaspoonful of powdered rosin. Boil to a proper consistency, stirring constantly. It will keep for months, and when dry can be softened with water, full, deep flounce, falling from the base of

RENOVATING FABRICS.

Dark Blue Serge.

[Contributors New York Press:] To renovate navy blue serge, put two handfuls of bran into a basin; pour over it boiling water and let cool. Brush the garment free from dust, dip a piece of rough serge into the bran water and rub well over the article; roll up for an hour. Then press the article on the wrong side with a hot iron.

To Wash Satin.

Few people seem to realize how well satin washes. I have washed satin in the following manner and, when dry, it has looked equal to new: Make a good lather of soap and warm water; wash the article in this, then rinse in clear, cold water and iron when dry on the wrong side of the material.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] To protect any fabric from moths, bugs or roaches use the following solution. One-half ounce corrosive sublimate, one-half ounce gum camphor, 5 cents' worth of sassafras and one pint turpentine.

When drawing threads for hemstitching, wet a small brush, rub it over a cake of soap until a lather is produced, then scrub the threads which you wish to draw. They will pull easily without breaking.

Wiping the surface with a soft flannel or piece of silk keeps down objectionable shine of the nose. If this does not help, try bathing the nose with hot water in which powdered borax has been dissolved, a teaspoonful to each pint.

Aluminum ware can be polished with a mixture of borax and ammonia and water applied to the article with a soft cloth. Rinse well through several waters.

A very good filling for layer cake is made by mixing a pound of finely-minced shelled almonds with two eggs, a cupful of confectioner's sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Try rubbing the scorched marks on linen with half a raw onion, then wash in the usual way, and if the scorch is not a very bad one the linen will be white again.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Cook Book Cover.

[New York Tribune:] Covering the cook books with paraffin paper will keep them in good condition and at the same time allow the lettering on the back and sides to show. Besides looking neat, the books will be so well protected that they will last longer.

A Culinary Trick.

The trick which will save the sauce should be pulled off just before the strained flour is poured in. The flour should be mixed with cold milk instead of water, whenever it is possible, and then the solution is strained. When the hot milk on the stove is almost ready to boil a few tablespoonsfuls of the hot milk should be taken out mixed in with the cold milk and flour until the mixture in the bowl is warm; then, when the milk boils, the warm flour and milk can be poured into the pot of hot milk, stirring constantly, and it will be found that the resulting cream sauce is smooth and quite clear of lumps.

Unless this mixture of cold and warm is done the flour will form in clots the minute it is poured into the hot milk, making the sauce impossibly lumpy.

MAKING OVER CLOTHES.

Adapting the Old Skirt.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Though the difficulty of adapting old skirts to new fashions is by no means a small one, there are certain features of the new fashions which are distinctly helpful. The popularity of the hip yoke, the vogue of flounces, and the reappearance of the sleeveless pinafore style of dress are all points which can be counted to the good. If a skirt can be matched, or a certain material found that will combine well with the stuff of the old frock, the skirt may be given a moderately

the hips. Or, if preferred, it may have two or three flounces instead of the one deep flounce. For the narrower flounces, any of the dull silks or velvets can be used, either in the same colors as the skirt or in a prettily contrasting color. Where the deep flounce is preferred, it should be of the same material as the old skirt, or of plain silk or velvet in the same or a darker shade.

HEARTSEASE.

Practical Preparedness.

[New York Evening Telegram:] A bank account is the ammunition needed by every worker in the battle for a livelihood. And this kind of preparedness can have no opponents. Those who are at the front of the fight for a living must have further supplies to depend on than just those on their persons at present. There must be a source of supply to be drawn on in case of need.

Workers, you should prepare yourselves toward the time of need. Whatever may be the national policy, preparedness should be your personal policy. "Safety first" must be your motto, and there is no safety in living from week to week, just waiting from one day to another. Your only safety lies in having some money put by for that rainy day, which may come at any time.

Be Still and Know.

The grandeur of strength is in silence. In the power of quiet and will; To turn from life's tumult and worry; To know, and to work, and "be still." —[S. Gertrude Cooley.

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centered only in such words from her to her
intercourse medium except the art now
but now it is a simple when without any
efforting the voice alone a copper wire
still more when it is done by telephone
things when it is done by telephone, but
start of being more powerful than it is done by telephone
is pride-generating and to span seas
to talk across continents and to span seas
to make the heart swell with pride, and by the name of
space for you. Your knowledge of the
properties of electricity has enabled you
to make every feature of Southern California
a week ago there was inaugurated be-
tween Los Angeles Harbor and Honolulu
a new steamship service. The ini-
tial vessel was the Great Northern, which
went out of the harbor last Saturday with
a cargo in her hold valued at \$3,000,000,
consisting of 500 tons of costly freight from
this section. She is to sail on a triangular
route from Los Angeles Harbor to Honolulu,
then from there to San Francisco and
back to Los Angeles.

This is a new departure, and one of prime
importance to the three cities concerned
and to all the back country around them.
Heretofore merchants have had to depend
upon an occasional service of some tramp
steamer chartered to ply between Los An-
geles and the island possessions in mid-
ocean. The steamer is not only large, but
very rapid, her schedule being four and a
half days from here to the islands. There
will be a sailing on the line every twenty
days. She is a passenger carrier as well
as a freighter, and on her outbound trip
stops over a day at Hilo to give the pas-
sengers an opportunity to visit the big, ac-
tive volcano Kilauea.

It was fit and proper that on this initial
trip representatives of big commercial bodies
on the Pacific Coast should be among
the passengers. They are going to make
the acquaintance of merchants in the
islands. The service means a saving of 500
miles in distance and more than a day in
time.

Another proper observance is the intrust-
ing of a message of greeting on the part of
that great commercial body, the Los An-
geles Chamber of Commerce, to one of the
leading merchants of the city and one of
the leading members of the Chamber of
Commerce to be delivered to the Hawaiian
Promotion Committee, which seems to bear
to Honolulu the same relation that the great
Chamber of Commerce does to Los Angeles.

The United States made no mistake when
it acquired the Hawaiian Islands, situated
as they are almost midway in the Pacific,
and, as the letter of greeting of the Cham-
ber of Commerce said, at the "cross roads"
of that great ocean. It gives the country
a position for not only mercantile business,
but for war purposes, if there ever should
be any trouble between us and any other
nation interested in checking the growth
of our commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

The population of the islands is only
about 250,000, but the annual imports from
the United States are valued at \$25,000,000.
Included in these, one-fifth of them repre-
sent foodstuffs, mostly produced and made
here.

Hidalgos of America.

MANY things here in the Southwest have
a distinctly Spanish flavor, a natural
result of the Spanish colonization done by
the missionaries from Spain in this sec-
tion of the country. Every schoolboy who
studies American history knows the word
Hidalgo because of the treaty made between
this country and Mexico known as the treaty
of Guadalupe Hidalgo. But few Americans
probably know the real meaning of Hidalgo.
It means the "son of somebody," and is
equivalent to the English expression, "a
man who had a grandfather." It is intended
to represent a man of distinguished family,
consequently supposed to be a man of re-
finement of manners at least.

The Americas are joined together in a
way never known before in these days in
which we live. The Americas were here
before Columbus came, and the races that
inhabited the continents were noble in many
ways. They had achieved a very consider-
able degree of civilization of a peculiar kind
which makes the history of these races all
the more interesting to the rest of the world.
One of the incidents of this closer commun-
ication between the Americas is the forma-
tion of a new order known as the Hidalgos
of America. The purpose of the society, in
addition to that of drawing the Americas
of the two continents more closely together
in their relations, is to make a closer study
than heretofore known of these ancient
civilizations. Incidentally it will surely gather
together many relics of these races, mostly
now departed from the face of the earth.

This is new work in America, and impor-
tant. You can go to any large city in Eu-
rope and study in detail every civilization
ever wrought out by humanity in any part
of the world in any age of human history.
The Aztecs and other races of the Americas
had an architecture of their own, had

learned to make cotton and other fabrics,
they had a written language very much like
the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and many ex-
amples of their civilization still remain scat-
tered throughout all parts of both the conti-
nents. These, of course, are rapidly pass-
ing away, and many of them are being lost
forever. They are well worth collecting and
preserving for the light they throw upon
the life of the races that preceded us on
these great continents, and they will serve
to draw tourists' attention to the cities
where collections are placed.

Good News for Lemon Growers.

REPORTS are being received here in
Southern California emanating from
New York, but embracing in their scope all
the cities of the Atlantic Coast, to the effect
that the whole United States will be obliged
to depend upon California for lemons this
season to an extent never known before.
This was foreseen and forecast in this de-
partment of The Times Illustrated Weekly
and commented upon several times heretofore.
The difficulty of navigating in the
Mediterranean is reported to have resulted
in the cancellation of sailing dates for many
Italian vessels. In the last week in Novem-
ber the market at New York was entirely
cleared of foreign lemons. There were only
about 9000 boxes afloat a week before the
report was dated, compared with 50,000
boxes at even date a year ago and 130,000
boxes in the same week two years ago.

Every Little Helps.

COLORADO, strictly speaking, is not in
the Great Southwest. This phrase, so
often used on the Pacific Coast, is supposed
to embrace that district of the country in-
closed between lines with Denver, Colo., as
the apex, one running west to the Pacific
Coast and the other southwest to the ocean.
Of course, this gives us an intimate interest
in everything connected with Colorado, and
therefore all readers of this page will take
interest in the report from Denver of a big
spurt in silver mining. It will be recalled
that twenty years ago, when Mr. Bryan and
16 to 1 were both famous, Colorado forsook
her allegiance to the Republican party and
cast an overwhelming majority for Bryan's
scheme. It was not unnatural that this
should be so, for the failure of the proposi-
tion to coin silver for the owners' account
was represented as sure to close all the silver
mines in the country, indeed in the world,
and that would have brought ruin
upon Colorado. It was an entirely mistaken
view, as, in spite of the failure of the propo-
sition, silver mining has been more active
in the twenty years since than in the twenty
before. Now the report is that they are
opening up abandoned silver mines in Colo-
rado, working over old dumps and waste
material. This will make Colorado more
prosperous in proportion to the extent of
the movement, and this means more busi-
ness for all parts of the country, in which,
of course, Los Angeles and the Great South-
west must share the benefit.

He Did not Live in Vain.

THE other day there passed away at San
Geronimo Pass a pioneer fruit grower
of that section of the Great Southwest. His
name was Thomas J. Mellen. He came to
the pass nearly forty years ago, in 1878,
about the time he reached his majority, for
he was only 68 years old. Beaumont at that
date did not exist, and the whole country
around was little better than a barren moun-
tain pass with little promise. The pioneer
had an imagination which revealed to him
wonderful possibilities. He began planting
orchards and vineyards and demonstrated
the possibility of that country as a fruit
growing district. It is now one of the most
important among all the districts in South-
ern California, so renowned for fruit growing.
Beaumont apples are known all over
the country for their flavor and excellence
in every way, and anybody who has ever
seen a Beaumont apple orchard in the fall
when the crop hangs ripe upon the trees
has seen a sight scarcely to be paralleled
on the face of the earth. Away back at
the time of the exposition at Chicago, Pio-
neer Mellen's prunes won in competition
against the world's best.

To Entertain Visitors.

HOW rapidly the Great Southwest is de-
veloping into the playground of Amer-
ica! Life in this section of the world is
always one blessed thing after another. The

next notable event on the card will be the
Los Angeles Prosperity Indoor Carnival, to
begin about the middle of December and to
last probably all winter. It will not all be
indoors, for there has arrived already a
great celebrity from Europe named Cam-
eron. He arrived from Australia, where he
has been giving exhibitions of his wonderful
skill. He will slide twice a day, suspended
only by his teeth, from the tower on The
Times Building on First and Broadway to
the Boston Store Building, where the car-
nival will be held, near Third and Broad-
way. His night slide will be illuminated
with fireworks. It will be very spectacular.

Another great feature for this show is the
"trip to the moon," a spectacle which has
been shown at Coney Island all summer.
It is described as a scenic illusion both in-
structive and entertaining.

Come Out Here, Girl.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, November 25,
Miss Clara Pausse of the University of
Illinois came to Chicago to astonish the resi-
dents of the Windy City by taking a long
swim in the lake. The beach was covered
with ice and her bathing suit covered with
an ulster. The ice on the sand did not ter-
rify Miss Pausse, who waded out and was
soon swimming freely in Lake Michigan.
The temperature of the air and the water
was the same, 63 deg. The telegram bear-
ing the report says: "On her return jour-
ney she walked past numerous sun porches
on which sat women and men as in summer.
With one exception, it was the warmest
Thanksgiving on record for twenty years."

This would be a chilly day so far as the
temperature of the water is concerned any-
where on the Pacific Coast from San Fran-
cisco to Panama. The temperature of the
water in the Pacific Ocean does not vary
five degrees between the Fourth of July
and January 1. It is no unusual thing on
our coast to see swimmers indulge freely
in a plunge any day in the whole year.

Practically Accomplished Fact.

A CONTRACT has been let and work will
begin at once on the construction of the
Security National Bank building on the
east side of Spring street adjoining the Se-
curity Savings Bank Building, on the corner
of Spring and Fifth streets. This, together
with the big Kerckhoff Building on Los An-
geles street at Sixth, has been under con-
templation for many months, but delayed in
execution on account of the depressed con-
ditions in business circles throughout the
whole country. The beginning of work on
the two great structures marks very defi-
nitely the improved conditions in business
here. It will be a classic structure with
granite face and will cost about \$300,000.

Such a Thanksgiving Day!

IT WAS typical Southern California weather in Los Angeles, and indeed throughout
all California, on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. The day would have been hailed
anywhere else as perfect in May or June. The great population of Los Angeles had
every reason to be thankful, and thousands
of them crowded the churches more than
once during the day to express their grati-
tude for the many blessings that had been
showered upon them during the year. Many
of these temples were crowded with devout
congregations far more numerous than are
to be found in them on Sunday.

Beans for Europe.

THE Times several days ago announced
that orders had been received here for
40,000 bags of California beans to feed the
English army engaged in the European
struggle. Of course, so large an initial order
probably to be followed by others from
time to time, could not have any other effect
than to raise the prices of the beans on the
spot. It is estimated that the advance in
price will put \$1,500,000 extra money in the
pockets of the California bean growers.

Wise in Their Generation.

THAT the San Diego exposition is to be
continued all next year is now appar-
ently an assured fact. Many of the exhibits
are to be brought from San Francisco to be
shown at San Diego throughout the whole
of 1916. The president of the institution,
on his return recently from San Francisco,
announced an absolute assurance of a fine
display from Canada. But more than this,
splendid exhibits from Italy, Switzerland

Russia, The Netherlands and other countries
are in prospect. This is good news for San
Diego, for all California and for all Amer-
ica, but perhaps those most interested
should be the people in the countries
whence these exhibits come. So far as hu-
man eyes can see into the future, they will
be safe in San Diego, but Providence alone
is present enough to see what might hap-
pen to them in their own native lairs.

A Notable Event.

THE other day the Automobile Club of
Southern California made a trip along
the great State highway now complete be-
tween Los Angeles and San Diego. This
highway represents an investment of \$1,250,
000. It is a concrete and asphalt road. In
the first place, it is as good a road as the
world can boast of. In the second place, it
passes through a section of country unpar-
alleled on the globe. For both variety and
abundance of the crops of the earth and
for the value of them, there is no similar
stretch of country on the globe that can
match this strip between the two southern
cities. It is the garden spot of the world.
It must be confessed that Orange county is
the heart of this prolific section. Nor is it
crops alone that make the road notable. It
traverses a country of scenic beauty, as
thrilling as the Riviera and as grand in
spots as anything in the world.

Another Big Plunge.

ALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO. is a great
exporting firm composed of Scotch cap-
italists whose head office is at San Fran-
cisco, with branches in Portland, Or., and
Los Angeles. They have been engaged in
the shipping trade between this country
and Europe for a generation or more. Now
the firm is going into farming and has made
a big plunge into Imperial Valley property.
Adjacent to Calipatria they have bought a
solid tract of 10,000 acres, said to represent
an investment of \$1,000,000. It is also an-
nounced that they will spend \$300,000 in
improvements on their property.

The purpose of this large investment
seems to be primarily the cultivation of cot-
ton. The valley is famous for its cotton,
producing every known variety in the most
admirable manner and yielding immense
crops. England has been the leading coun-
try of the world in cotton manufacture for
many years and is often at her wits' end
for a supply of raw material. This British
company sees a good deal of opportunity in
producing this fiber in the Imperial Valley
and doubtless their product will all go to
England.

Los Angeles in the Swim.

FOR many months things looked black
to merchants, manufacturers and busi-
ness men generally, particularly the bank-
ers as they scanned the reports of bank
clearings week by week. Every week the
deficit column was as long as a man's arm,
and every city in the country was in that
deplorable list. For weeks past there has
been a change in this, and now nearly every
city is on the increase list. Our own Los
Angeles, God bless her! in spite of her many
attractions was one of these that lingered
longest on the minus side of the column.
Now for three or four weeks past Los An-
geles has been on the right side, and in-
creasingly so. She has not got to her full
measure of prosperity yet, for a week ago
her clearings were only a little more than
\$17,000,000 for the week, whereas in flush
times they run from about \$20,000,000 to
\$25,000,000. It should be borne in mind, too,
that the comparison is of this year with last
year, the most depressed period the country
has gone through for many months. If the
comparison is made with 1912 there is an-
other story to tell.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Half a lie is no better than a whole one.
Many a large idea originates in a small
head.

One may be as good as the next—in a
barber shop.

It sometimes happens that a man is mar-
ried to his boss.

But it doesn't take a blunt person long
to come to the point.

It's enough to make a wife frown if her
husband "smiles" too often.

And many a woman prides herself on her
"ility to understand things without giving
them a thought—[Washington Star].

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

An "Ever-ready" Hypo.

THE abuse of the hypodermic needle, particularly by "dope" takers, has brought all forms of hypodermic medication into unmerited disrepute among persons ignorant of its wonderful advantages. In point of fact, the "needle" is now employed for administering scores of different remedies, aside from its well-known use in administering narcotics. Many of these remedies are inert when administered in any other way. And in emergency cases, where immediate effects are essential, the hypodermic is absolutely indispensable.

The use of the hypodermic is so simple that any intelligent person may use it if properly instructed. But preparing the dose to be used, and keeping the syringe and needle sterile, are annoying details that are sometimes slighted in the hurry of an emergency. Recently, however, a type of individual dose of syringe, always ready for use, has been perfected, which is a boon to hypodermic users.

This "syringe" is a miniature collapsible tube, precisely like the tubes containing vaseline or tooth paste. In place of the screw cap, however, there is a protruding hypodermic needle of the regulation type. The tube itself is about an inch long and contains in solution a single dose of the drug to be administered, while the needle is protected from injury by a removable cap. This cap is removed when the dose is to be given, the needle inserted under the skin and the contents of the tube squeezed through it.

The advantages of this ever-ready hypo are manifest. In cases of collapse where a stimulant must be administered instantly, or to relieve a violent attack of asthma, or to administer an antidote, one of these little hypos may prove a veritable life-saver. It is always ready for use, contains the proper dose accurately measured, is sterile—and may be carried in the corner of a vest pocket.

Detection and Control of Typhoid.

The detection, prevention and treatment of typhoid fever is a triumph of modern science. Typhoid fever, even in its milder form, is always a menace to life, and unfortunately this type is the one most difficult to detect. The following paragraph from a government report gives concisely the modern method of detecting and combating this disease:

"Three years ago the field men of the Geological Survey as well as some of the office force, took advantage of the offer of the War Department to supply official anti-typhoid serum, and practically the entire force of men were inoculated. Two cases of typhoid among the topographic engineers indicate the great effectiveness of this inoculation. In both these cases the men simply felt 'off feed' for a couple or three days and refused to go on the sick list; in fact, typhoid would not have been suspected in either case except that in one of them somebody suggested the possibility, and an exhaustive hospital examination, blood test, etc., showed that the engineer had a theoretically well-developed case of typhoid, the practical results of which, however, failed to incapacitate him for duty, so that he did not even go to bed for one day."

Dangerous Children's Diseases.

Anyone who doubts that such apparently trivial ailments as measles and whooping-cough are serious diseases will find food for thought in the following excerpt from the California State Journal of Medicine:

"During 1914," says the Journal, "there were 8852 cases of measles reported to the California State Board of Health, with 150 deaths, and during the same year 2595 cases of whooping-cough were reported, with 305 deaths. The tragedy does not lie in deaths alone, however, for the complications that often follow are what give these diseases their deadly character. Some health authorities say that tuberculosis follows measles and whooping-cough more often than any other of the communicable diseases. However this may be the wise parent exercises every precaution to protect the child from these diseases until as late a period in childhood as may be possible.

"The control of these diseases is largely in the hands of parents. Every case should be isolated as soon as recognized. To admit knowingly a child suffering from either of these diseases to the schools and picture

shows or to any public gathering is a direct offense against all public health regulations."

It is very generally believed that measles is far more dangerous than whooping-cough. But the fact that one child in every eight died of whooping-cough, whereas only about one in fifty succumbed to measles, shows the fallacy of this conception.

Sterilizing Cloth by Ironing.

It is a useful thing to know that cloth, particularly the thin strips of cotton and linen used as bandages, may be sterilized thoroughly by the simple process of ironing. It is well known that most disease germs are killed by a few seconds' contact with high temperatures. Boiling, for example, will kill all germs in a few minutes, and in this process the temperature is usually only 212 deg. Fahr. A somewhat higher temperature is required if the heat is to be applied in a dry form; but very few germs can resist a temperature of 300 deg. of dry heat, and it has been demonstrated by experiment that the ordinary flat iron as used by the housewife is usually something over 300 deg. Fahr. If this iron is applied to a strip of linen or cotton, even during the momentary process of ironing, it kills all germs, so that the piece of cloth may be used as a sterilized dressing.

"It is necessary before sterilizing each piece to pass the hot iron afresh over the linen covering of the ironing board," says a writer in "The Nurse." "The iron may be considered as sufficiently hot when, on bringing it within a few centimeters of the cheek, a heat too powerful to be borne is felt. In ironing, it is necessary to touch the linen, therefore aseptic hands are required, and, in addition, it is a good plan to paint the tips of the fingers with tincture of iodine. The blue mark caused on the linen thereby is of no consequence in this case. The sine qua non is that the linen should be carefully moistened before ironing. Finally, the linen is ironed surface by surface and fold by fold. It is important never to touch the linen, save at the corners, and always to run the iron over the place that has been touched.

"If the material is not to be used immediately it should be placed in a sterile container as soon as possible."

Massage as Hair Restorer.

The number of remedies that have been tried as hair restorers at one time or another must easily number into the hundreds, and this fact alone is evidence enough of their inefficiency. When the hair follicles have been actually destroyed, as is the case in baldness, there is nothing that will restore them. But in the stage of approaching baldness, where a large proportion of the hair follicles still exist, although the growth of hair may be considerably thinned, there are certain remedies that will stimulate these follicles to produce a new growth of hair. Probably the best and most effective of these remedies is vigorous massage of the scalp. The following method of applying this massage is given in a recent issue of "The Nurse":

Support the patient's head with one hand on the forehead. Make deep, firm, vibrating pressure with the finger tips, but not sliding them over its surface. Avoid allowing the nails to come in contact with the scalp. Either the right or left hand, as convenient, may be used for support and the other for giving the massage, covering various localities of the scalp. This movement is given to promote circulation.

Support the head as in the first movement. With the heel of the other hand make deep pressure over the entire scalp. In this movement the heel of the hand is placed against the scalp with firm pressure, and by making a rotary movement the surface of the scalp is moved against the skull in as large a circle as can be made without sliding the hand over the surface. This movement is given both to loosen the scalp and to promote circulation.

Massage of the scalp by this method is effective in restoring health to the hair, in excessive dandruff, and in any condition in which malnutrition of the scalp is present.

Contagiousness of Cancer.

There seems to be an impression, amounting to a fixed belief among a large number of people, that cancer is contagious—that a

person may "catch" the disease by contact with a cancer sufferer. This is a mistake. Cancer is not contagious and, so far as is known, is not conveyed from one person to another.

This misconception about the contagiousness of cancer brings a great amount of suffering to many of the cancer victims, all of whom are already sorely enough stricken. Frequently, if they have no homes of their own, they find it difficult to find suitable places to live, or persons to minister to their suffering, owing to the popular dread of the disease. So that the afflicted person must not only bear the tortures of his malady, but is often denied the humane consideration which is given universally to persons suffering from less loathsome diseases. Yet this lack of consideration is usually due to the misconception about the contagiousness of malignant growths.

Bacteria in Ice Cream.

For some time after the discovery that diseases are caused by bacteria it was believed that most of these organisms were killed by freezing and that those that were not actually killed were prevented from multiplying by freezing temperatures. But later investigations have shown that some harmful bacteria not only live, but thrive, even in such frozen foods as ice cream.

It is pretty clearly established, for example, that the bacillus which causes typhoid fever is sometimes found in ice cream, and many typhoid epidemics have been traced to this source of infection. Ice cream which contains gelatin seems to be exceptionally well adapted to nourishing this bacillus, which survives for twelve to forty days in cream kept continuously at several degrees below the freezing point.

A series of experiments recently completed prove this beyond question, as the following paragraph from the exhaustive report shows: "Ice cream was made in the usual manner, except that to the quart one level tablespoonful of gelatin was added, and 40,000 typhoid bacilli per cubic centimeter of ice cream were introduced. The ice cream was kept continuously at a temperature of about 4 deg. below zero centigrade. After twenty-four hours the total number of bacilli per quart was 660,000. The ice cream remained quite hard for about ten days and then softened, became separated into layers, was semi-fluid and stringy. Typhoid bacilli were isolated twenty-five days after inoculation and the total bacterial count on that day was 5,600,000."

War's Help to Women.

It is generally conceded that war, despite its horrors and demoralization of the gen-

eral population, is nevertheless helpful to certain bodies of men. But heretofore women have not shared in these beneficial effects, however meager. The European war, however, has created an unprecedented demand for women's services, particularly the services of women physicians.

"The present war," says the New York Medical Journal, editorially "in draining the belligerent countries of their male population has naturally thrown unwanted responsibilities on women. In various calling positions from which women had previously been rigorously excluded, or to which they have been admitted only under protest, are now being thrown open and women are eagerly invited to enter. In the medical profession especially the demands of the military service have produced a deficiency in the supply of civilian practitioners which can be remedied only by utilizing the services of women physicians."

"In London a large hospital sent an application to the secretary of the London School of Medicine for Women: 'Send us any women at any salary.' . . . In Germany, according to press reports, in spite of the absence of the customary American, Russian, English and Swiss women students, the enrollment of women medical students has risen from 874 to 1150, and the entry of German women in the medical course has been greatly facilitated by a recent measure recognizing the diplomas of girls' schools as adequate entrance credentials throughout the empire."

"While at the close of the war men will tend to displace women physicians again to a greater or less extent, it may be taken for granted that the old order will never be re-established in its entirety. If there are fields of medical work for which women are entirely unfitted the fact will have to be demonstrated and they will be replaced as speedily as possible; but if there are posts which a competent woman may fill as well as a competent man (it is said, by the way, that even in the organization and administration of Red Cross units women have done excellent service) it will be impossible for conservatism any longer to deny all opportunity to women."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How is Dr. Wombat as a physician?"

"Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure."

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Up-to-date Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

tabish a dry-farming experiment station there.

Brazil has set aside a number of forest reserves, and she is investigating the possibility of her lumber industry. She is cultivating trees for the reforestation of certain districts, and will plant trees with the relation of the forest to the water supply. Some of the public gardens are already distributing such trees to the various towns as shade trees. Several hundred thousand a year are being sent out.

Among the most important crops that are being investigated and experimented with here is cotton. The government has imported cotton experts from our southern States. It has sent them to investigate certain parts of its territories, and they report that Brazil has millions of acres suited to this plant. In order to stimulate the cultivation of cotton, the Agricultural Department is co-operating with the agricultural societies in a campaign of instruction. They are showing the planters how to improve the staple and quality of the cotton, and they have demonstration farms where the most advanced methods of cultivation are shown. They are employing traveling lecturers to advise with the growers, and are sending out bulletins giving the latest information upon cotton and cotton raising.

Cotton and Mineral Enterprises.

In the same connection the Brazil Rally Way Company has been experimenting in cotton. The manager of the company said to me:

"Our experiments have proven very satisfactory. We have imported American seed, and we find that it does far better than the native seed, the yield being larger than that of the United States. Brazil has a cotton area which is fully twice as large as that of Texas, and it will produce as good cotton as almost any part of the United States. We have no boll weevil, and are careful not to import seed from the boll weevil sections."

The government has under way a number of new projects to develop its mineral in-

dustry. These are in their infancy. Brazil is full of minerals, and much of it has never been prospected. It has vast deposits of iron, and also gold, copper and diamonds. I have already written of the iron. The government has given concessions for some of the ore fields to capitalists from England and the United States. There are railroads which go through, or very near, the richest deposits. The ore is of a fine quality, and it is known to exist in billions of tons. One block that was measured by the engineers is said to contain over 20,000,000 tons of ore. That ore carried 50 per cent. iron, and it is of such a character that it can be easily mined. These ores have been analyzed by experts of the Krupp works and of the United States Steel Corporation and are undoubtedly of great value. If coal could be discovered it would result in an enormous steel industry, but as it is now the ores will have to be shipped to other countries for smelting and manufacturing.

Bonuses for Manufactures.

Brazil is ready to give concessions to manufacturing institutions. It has recently proposed to grant 4 per cent. on the capital invested in the establishment of the first five iron works in the republic, with an increase of 2 per cent. if Brazilian coal is used. Machinery of many kinds is now admitted free on application to the Federal government. This is so of all machines used in rubber factories; and the Congress has recently considered a bill giving a premium of \$15,000 to anyone who will invent a more economical process for curing rubber. Rio de Janeiro has granted to the first company establishing a flour mill exemption of all export taxes on wheat flour for ten years, and also sufficient land for building the mill and for raising of wheat on a large scale. In some parts of the State of Bahia they are giving premiums to tobacco planters, and in other places they give concessions for various kinds of manufacture.

The manufacturers of cotton have been greatly favored in the way of tariff and also in freedom from duty on the imports-

tion of certain kinds of machinery. As a result cotton milling is about the most important of the industries. There are large factories at Rio and others in Sao Paulo and in other States. There are something like 1,000,000 spindles and 35,000 looms in operation, and the annual product amounts to 420,000,000 yards of cloth. The capital invested is more than \$60,000,000.

The government of Brazil is doing a great deal along the lines of health and sanitation. When I was in Rio de Janeiro fifteen years ago every foreigner was afraid of yellow fever, and the American residents took castor oil for every headache, for fear it might be the precursor of that dread disease. Today Rio is one of the healthy cities of the world. Its death rate has fallen to twenty per thousand and it has more old men than any other great city. In all France there are only 184 people who are more than 80 years old. The statistics show that this city has 178 inhabitants who have lived more than a century, and that notwithstanding it has only one-thirty-eighth the population of France.

Health Cared for.

Rio de Janeiro is now under the best of sanitary conditions. The streets are almost painfully clean. They are swept every night and are sprinkled all day by sprinkling machines that are often run on the street car tracks. The war against disease began six or seven years ago. It was carried on by the government and was the outcome of our success at Panama. At that time all the houses were visited by medical inspectors under the superintendence of seventy-two doctors and a host of medical students. Every building was thoroughly disinfected, and 1,500,000 tanks and reservoirs were cleaned. All of the streams in and about the city were dredged and every pool of stagnant water was coated with coal oil.

For several years the annual expenditures for sanitation were more than \$3,000,000. In 1906 mosquito hotbeds to the number of 152,000 were destroyed, 600,000 cisterns disinfected and 44,000 reservoirs coated with

petroleum. Since then the health regulations have been strenuously enforced, and today every house in the capital is sanitary. The city has a brigade of 1500 mosquito killers, who visit the sewers and look out for stagnant water. They also disinfect the ships that come into the harbor. Every public school now has its colored pictures showing the life history of the mosquito and how to destroy it. The children are also given instructions as to the use of quinine.

At the same time the new sanitation has been introduced into the other parts of the republic. In Sao Paulo the death rate has fallen 50 per cent., and in Bahia, which was formerly very unhealthy, it is now only eighteen per thousand. They are even making Para, the famous yellow fever resort at the mouth of the Amazon, sanitary; and Santos, which was long known as "the white man's graveyard," is now one of the healthy cities of the republic.

A great part of this work has been done under Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who stands here in Brazil as Dr. Gorgas does in the United States. Dr. Cruz got his training under Dr. Gorgas, and he compares favorably with him in ability and efficiency. It was to him that was given the charge of the cleaning up of Rio, the Federal government directing him to go ahead without regard to cost or to the protests of the public. He had almost absolute power. He could close up a man's house if the man would not conform to the sanitary regulations. In his work he showed great administrative ability. He offered to clean up Rio de Janeiro in two years, and he had it clean in nine months.

Dr. Oswaldo Cruz is at the head of what is said to be the most complete biological laboratory of the world. This is situated at Mangueiros, forty-five minutes from the capital. It can be reached by either rail or water. It is noted for its researches regarding the plague and other diseases. It makes almost every kind of serum known, and it has among its officials a number of specialists, both Brazilian and foreigners.

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In Search of Romance. By Bob Foote.

IN SAN GABRIEL.

"SATAN finds mischief still for idle hands to do" is very popular philosophy, and little account is taken of the good which the white angel sometimes accomplishes with idle hands and even idle feet. If the procrastination of a contractor had not delayed the opening of a new Los Angeles vaudeville theater one week, thereby giving Polly La Clare's Little Girls one day of idleness before they started out on a hastily-booked tour of a week to fill the time originally intended for Los Angeles, Maggie Murphy would still be doing the merry-merry with that interesting troupe of ponies masquerading as juveniles. She would be doing it under the name of Genevieve Lorraine, however, and as an encore to her own particular song she would be singing the old favorite, "Any Little Girl," rolling her blue eyes, the azure shade of which would be greatly assisted by a blue pencil.

For doing this Genevieve Lorraine would be receiving \$35 every Saturday night, and would be paying her own hotel bills. But in spite of the fact that this was \$15 more than she had been accustomed to as a squab in a burlesque house within at least two miles of the Great White Way, only the fact that squabs had gone out and pelicans had come in had driven the girl with the big blue eyes away from the charming vicinity of "Noo York" with a vaudeville troupe.

Psychologists may say it was because Maggie, alias Genevieve, possessed an inquiring nature that she forsook the drama as represented by a 10c-20c-30c three-a-day circuit. They would be, to a certain extent, correct. If Genevieve Lorraine had never played in that class of comic opera where in a Spanish lover, a tenor from Pennsylvania, dressed in a costume from Mexico, sings heart throbs and makes love so convincingly and precipitately, she would never have been moved to wonder how the real article behaved under the influence of the naked little god.

Having thus diagnosed the whiteness of the whys, let us proceed with the tale.

The "Little Girls" arrived in the city of the angels at 9 a.m. on Monday morning. Genevieve (she was very much Genevieve at the time) hunted up a \$3 per week room which she was to share with her chum, Frances Crittenden, who was born to the name of Smith and had Sarah forcibly prefixed to it at the age of 2 days. Then Genevieve, with the rest of the troupe, reported at the theater at 10 a.m. for rehearsal with the local orchestra.

A sorrowing manager informed the assembled little girls, with other acts gathered for the opening show, of the week's postponement and instructed them to return at 7 that evening, by which time he would have arranged a week's tour for them to fill time.

"Gosh, ain't it fierce?" exclaimed Genevieve, as she stood on the busy street before the uncompleted theater and watched the hurrying thousands rush by with a hustle reminiscent of New York.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the faithful Sarah Frances Crittenden Smith by her side. "A whole day off ain't so bad, unless the eagle-squeezers docks us our little five for it."

"I was referring to this town," answered Genevieve, seriously. "The nearest I ever came to a foreign tbur was when we played in El Paso once, and then the greasers were fighting so hard in War-is-hell across the sand river that I couldn't go over. I thought when I hit Southern California I'd see something different, but here it is, busier than little old New York on Monday morning. I'd like to see a real Spaniard once."

"We can see a show this afternoon and maybe tonight, if we don't hit out too early," comforted Sarah Frances, not understanding the complaint and therefore ignoring it.

Without answering, Genevieve walked back to the little window of the box office and demanded:

"Say, is there any place around here where I can see something that I couldn't find in Baltimore or Detroit? I thought this was California. I want some unadulterated romance with a tamale flavor. Get me!"

"Try San Gabriel; get the car on Main street," replied he inside, making further conversation impossible by answering a telephone ring.

So while the rest of her troupe enjoyed the regular chorus girl day off in looking at rival acts in other houses, Genevieve Lorraine gave expression to the temperament she did not know she possessed by hunting for something different.

Genevieve (still Genevieve, you see) got off the car before the long white mission building of San Gabriel, with its quaint architecture, so different from anything she had ever known. For a moment the girl held her breath in the ecstasy of having at last found something foreign. Then the car moved on and disclosed to her gaze on the other side of the roadway a row of little buildings with post cards prominently displayed for sale, and soft drink signs everywhere. Beyond was a frame building bearing the words "Mission Theater."

"For the love of Mike; the movies and a bunch of coca joints! That kid sure gave me a bum steer," she exclaimed, almost aloud.

A man was painting before the mission, a large canvas being held on a rickety easel. The girl's acquaintance with art was largely limited to the posters billing Polly La Clare's Little Girls which were displayed in theater lobbies around the circuit. Nevertheless, the artist was the only inviting thing in the landscape; the big mission had lost its charm for the girl when she discovered no Spanish tenor lounging before it. She approached the painter, studied the canvas a long minute, and then remarked, with measured criticism:

"It must be all right; I can't make head or tail of it."

"Good for you, kid; that's a new one," exclaimed the artist. "Everybody comes over, looks and raves. If it is as good as you say I am going to knock off and go home."

"Which way to the real country?" asked Maggie, sternly quelling any inclination Genevieve felt to return to the city and join her sisters in theatrical pilgrimage. If Genevieve could not find a Spanish tenor

at least Maggie might find a bit of real air such as she had known in her childhood.

"I defy any one to miss it; go whichever way you will," answered the artist. "But, say, kid, why the country for you?"

"This don't look good to me; I'll try the spinach fields a while," said Maggie, subduing Genevieve, who might have stayed to fight with the painter.

For the first time since she could remember long skirts the girl became aware, as she walked, of something intangibly fascinating in the clear air after the close confinement of her life in theaters, hotels and railroad coaches. She wandered down a pepper-tree-bordered road, catching the fragrance of orange blossoms from near-by groves, and wondering how Broadway florists could ask so much for the blossoms.

The road rounded a curve and descended a bluff. From the top of the declivity a wonderful panorama of mountain and valley was to be seen. To a person accustomed only to fleeting glimpses of beautiful landscape from rushing train windows, the view was full of the peace which only a quiet outlook can give. Genevieve (or was it Maggie laboring under the surge of Irish beauty-loving blood?) stopped, drew in a deep breath, and exclaimed aloud:

"Beats any backdrop ever painted."

"It sure does," answered a voice close by, and from beneath the nearest pepper tree, where he had been lying at ease, arose Genevieve's Spanish tenor.

The soft olive skin, the big eyes and dark eyelashes, were guiltless of make-up; the cigarette between the indolent lips was more realistic than any that ever figured in "Carmen." But there the naturalism stopped. This romantic face appeared above a high white collar, and the costume below would never have caught even a fleeting glance on Broadway, which is high proof of its absolute correctness. The artistic part of Genevieve rebelled at the lack of harmony.

"What is a man like you doing in those glad rags?" she demanded, indignantly, her sudden hope of romance shattered.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Color Schemes.

THE ENGLISH ARE EXPERTS IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT IN GARDENS.

LITTLE attention is paid to garden color schemes, less in California than elsewhere, for the reason that everything blooms so riotously here that we deem attempts at control quite unnecessary. The English are the great color artists of the garden and they have garden books upon this subject alone. Sometimes colors are used for effects not necessarily allied to harmony, as when yellow is used on points thrust forward to shorten the apparent distance and blue is used to deepen the recesses and make them appear farther in the distance.

Many of the good sized local gardens have long borders where color schemes could be wrought with annuals or perennials, or with both. Remember two points which may be called fundamentals: White is the one great neutralizer or harmonizer in flowers and gray performs a similar office in foliage. Borders in which white flowers and gray foliage heavily predominate may have any and all colors in harmony so long as they do not mix, but have between them a mere touch of white. Such a peace-maker is often more necessary between shades closely allied than in marked contrasts. Thus with two shades of pink the lighter appears washed and faded in close comparison with a deeper and therefore stronger hue. Even great masses of white relieved by an occasional touch of any color never appear monotonous.

If you have a long straight path stretching away from the house try this scheme, using much or little, or even none of white: Plant yellow first, as it shortens the apparent distance between it and the observer, then comes red, merging gradually into orange-red, to orange, to yellow again, and finish with blue but do not run into purple or any shades allied to blue. If the border still runs on, you may repeat, or work in spots of lilac, magenta, and purple, but use these next yellows or whites and better, in the writer's opinion, to leave magenta out altogether. A deep border or banking scheme is to use white in lowly plants in the foreground, higher plants of yellow next, then orange and orange-red to a vivid red in the background. The same scheme may also be used as herein noted for the run down the border.

Do not have each shade or color in little dabs or patches, nor try to use too many colors in a short stretch. Let the scheme make for simplicity and we shall unconsciously attain dignity, for the former compels an attendance of a small amount of the latter in all cases. Plant in zones, of irregular numbers; do not use a dozen or a hundred of each color, but first a dozen of one and then a hundred of another. Do not have the color zones terminate too abruptly, but aim to blend without mixing. Rather have the zones lap and also slightly merge than run together in a mixture of both colors dotted in together with first a plant of one, followed by a plant of the other, and so on. This so-called style is "hostile" and is not art. Do not have a different color scheme on each side of a path, but plant on both sides as you progress so that the path will appear to pass through each zone of color, also have each lot reach a greater distance along the path than it is across the other way so that colors "drift" along with the observer rather than have bands cross his pathway. And do not have many lines or outlines parallel with the path, but rather transversely or at variance yet running rather with the path than across it.

Dwarf Fruit Trees.

IN city gardens, where space is generally at a premium, it is well to use dwarf fruit trees. These are obtained by grafting on dwarf stocks with scions of standard sorts. Apples are placed on paradise stock, cherry on mahaleb, and pears on the quince. Nearly all reputable nurseries will furnish you with these dwarf fruit trees and in small gardens there is

often insufficient space for fruit trees of larger growth. Apples and pears thrive only in heavy soils; in sandy loams they are generally failures.

Dahlias Not Daleas.

IN California we have some showy desert shrubs named Dalea, in honor of a man named Dale. Please note that the a has the long sound. Many people, especially the English, will persist in calling Dahlias Daleas, though entirely wrong. The former were named for a Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl and the a should have the broadest possible sound, almost like the a in dawn. Among the English the wrong pronunciation of this word is more common than the still more atrocious "tomato" for tomato. What's the matter with po-taw-to? To return, we properly pronounce the names Dahlgren and Dalghetti, why not Dahlia.



TREE AND SHRUB MASSING.

On the grounds of the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego may be found many fine examples of the massing of trees and shrubs for artistic (and therefore natural) effect. The problem in California, where we have so much material to choose from, is not so seriously one of what to use as what should be left out. Note in the illustration how our native fan palm is silhouetted against the sky, dominant over the lesser plants, and fairly shouting "California."

Shading Tree Trunks.

THE trunk of every fruit tree planted should be shaded the first year or until such time as the trunk will be shaded by the top during the hottest part of the day. Not alone fruit trees, but every tree with an exposed trunk should be so treated, for sun-scald often seriously retards growth and permanently damages the trunk, and the injury may come any or every month in the year. Gum diseases, a hide-bound condition of the bark, cracks and checks are often the result of sun-scald and borers and other pests often find their first refuge in these injured spots. A strip of burlap is all that is necessary for adequate protection.

Purple Cone-flower.

ECHINACEA purpurea, commonly known as Purple Cone-flower, and often included under Rudbeckia, to which it is closely related, is one of the most distinctive of the composites flowering at this season of the year. It is a stately appearing plant of robust growth, attaining a height of three to four feet in good soil, and producing a succession of flowers for several weeks. These are about four inches in diameter, borne singly on stiff, stout stems and are exceedingly attractive. The ray florets are reddish purple, with a drooping tendency, while the large dark disc is tipped with orange. It is a sun loving plant and will flourish under dry conditions better than most perennials. Propagation is effected by seeds and division in spring.

Sphagnum Moss in War.

THE bog moss so much used by florists and nurserymen (species of sphagnum) has found a new use of late. At the front and in hospitals it is much in use in Europe as an absorbent surgical

dressing, especially good in treating compound fractures due to gunshot wounds. Luckily for us we do not depend on importations of this moss, as there are a score of species native to the Americas. As in this country, the moss comes in many colors, but that now being gathered in Europe for surgical dressing is pink and fine in texture, resembling ravelings from high-grade carpets. Hung in the sun it bleaches white as it dries, after which it is packed in bales and sent away to be sterilized. Its uses, as herein outlined, have never been considered in this country though we have an abundance equal in absorbent value to any found elsewhere.

Planting Precautions.

NOW that active planting has begun it is well to remember that soil preparation is often half the battle in the proper establishment of the plant in its

Plant Roses Now.

IN severe climates roses and perennials that are but half-hard are better if not planted until the cold weather of winter has passed. But in California it is best to plant roses and things in like class in the closing few weeks of the year for they will then bloom much better than if planted later. Our weather is sufficiently mild to allow roses to grow throughout winter and become well established with a good feeding system by spring. Then, with the first warm days they burst forth into a glorious period of blossoming.

Our Valuable Kelp.

INVESTIGATIONS seem to show that at present, considering the economic conditions on the Pacific Coast, kelp may be best prepared for the trade merely by drying and grinding. Even wet kelp, which contains 85 per cent. moisture, contains 2½ per cent. of potash, where stable manure, alfalfa and cow-peas, all contain less than 1 per cent. Drying, however, increases the percentage of potash to 15.8 per cent. This commercial product also has 1.6 per cent. of nitrogen and some phosphorus. On the retail market of the Pacific Coast the total value of a ton of kelp should be, according to estimates, \$22.94. [From U. S. Bulletin, No. 150.]

Roses for South Africa.

A FEW weeks ago we published a list of the best roses for parts of Australia with a climate similar to ours. Herewith are lists from "South African Gardening." All these sorts will do well here.

Twelve roses for house decoration: Etoile de France, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, Konigin Carola, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Roberts, Madame Edouard Herriot, Madame Jules Gravereaux, Madeline Melaine Soupert, Parisaer, Safrano, White Maman Cochet, W. R. Smith.

Twelve roses for show purposes: Caroline Testout, Duchess of Sutherland, Frau Karl Druschki, Hugh Dickson, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, K. A. Victoria, Madame Jules Gravereaux, Maman Crochet, Mildred Grant, Mrs. John Laing, Souv. de Pierre Notting, White Maman Cochet.

A New Insecticide.

AS A RESULT of extensive tests during 1912, 1913 and 1914 with different insecticides, the landscape extension service of the College States Department of Agriculture have found that calcium arsenite, a new insecticide, gives very promising results in the control of certain insects that do damage by chewing on fruit trees. Among the chewing insects against which the arsenite of calcium proved effective, in laboratory and field tests conducted at Benton Harbor, Mich., are the codling moth, the fall webworm, the tent caterpillar, and the tussock moth. The details of the various experiments are published in Department Bulletin No. 278, "Miscellaneous Insecticide Investigations."

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Canada's Great Exhibit at the Exposition.

By a Special Contributor.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

THE Canadian government has every reason to be proud of the phenomenal success of Canada's participation at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. But the world at large has already been apprised through Canada's achievements at previous international expositions for the last fifteen years, that as an exponent of the art of exhibiting nature's products in a practical, interesting and instructive manner, Canada has no peer.

It is now a matter of record and the unanimous verdict of millions of people who have visited the Canadian pavilion at San Francisco, that Canada has here surpassed herself.

It is evident from Canada's efforts that if Canada does anything at all she does it well. The Canadian government has set an example for other nations in the art and methods of exhibiting in order to obtain the most desirable results, i. e., to interest and instruct the visitors by means of an attractive display of her natural wealth and resources, and, thereby, not only provoking admiration and wonder, but also creating with every one an earnest desire to learn more of a country, which, like Canada, is only superficially known by many dwellers in the United States and other countries.

To carry out this work practically and successfully, the Canadian government has

appointed a permanent exhibition commissioner, and a staff of officers and employees, who have been continually engaged in exhibition work for the last fifteen years. The Commissioner-General is Col. William Hutchison, who is an expert in the art of combining the useful with the beautiful as an advertisement.

We shall not attempt in this short article to give a detailed description of the many features of interest in the Canadian pavilion. Briefly outlined, the exhibit is a display of the resources of the Dominion of Canada as a whole. In the words of a distinguished visitor, "the display represents general, rather than specific, conditions; community, rather than individual, products. So you see no cards exploiting any particular farm, factory or mine. It is not the products of Canadians you see; it is the products of Canada. It is not a county fair. It is a country affair, a national institution. It takes you from Vancouver to Halifax, but you do not stop at any one's place for a little personal inspection. You view the country, its topography, products, mineral, animal and vegetable, and methods, in a manner that is rarely afforded one when you consider the vast extent of the dominion. What a great impression this exhibit must make wherever shown, and surely it must be in no small measure responsible for Canada's steady progress and development."

No attempt is made to show the indus-

tries, arts and educational system of the country. The exhibit is exclusively one of the natural resources, or pertaining to the agricultural, horticultural, forestry, fish, game and mineral wealth of Canada.

To render attractive such an exhibit, which, from its nature, would be uninteresting to most of the visitors, grain, grasses and leaf decorations worked upon a ground of the colored satins adorn every part of the building. Huge panoramas, masterpieces of perspective landscape, blend happily with the real scenery, thereby giving a realistic idea of the nature and productive wealth of the country, while richly decorated cases, containing innumerable specimens of ore from over 1500 different mines and localities, testify eloquently its unlimited mineral resources.

Panels and easels, with statistics and descriptive reading matter about the area of Canada, its population, climate and resources, meet the visitors' eye at every step. Beautiful photographs, bromides and transparencies, depicting rural landscapes and beautiful lake, river, mountain and prairie scenery, are seen everywhere.

Miniature railway trains crossing the prairies, and steamships plying in the lakes and harbors, all in full operation, give an excellent idea of the great transportation facilities.

One of the best exhibits is the fruit display. The visitor has hardly entered the Canadian pavilion than the delicious aroma

of Canada's unexcelled apples invites him to seek this section, which is surely the most artistic layout of fresh and preserved fruit that has ever been seen at an exhibition. A realistic scenery of fruit gathering in peach and apple orchards serves as background to an area of over 2000 square feet of green sod lawn, over which is disposed an attractive area of large baskets and trays containing an infinite variety of the fruit of the country. "California has the trees that grow the rich-flavored sun-kist oranges. Canada has the frost and sun-kist trees that produce the rich-flavored apples," says the reading matter. And nothing could give a better idea of what Canada's climate can do.

We might write columns upon columns about the Canadian exhibit and still leave something unsaid. But it is noteworthy that on account of the wonderful impression it has created on the 18,000,000 of visitors who have come to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the people of San Diego realizing that participation of Canada is one of the best guarantees of success for an international exposition, have made every effort to obtain and have secured her splendid exhibit for the international exposition in 1916.

Canada will exhibit in one of the main palaces exclusively at her disposal, and no doubt her collaboration will contribute to a large extent to the success of the exposition, and will secure for herself the benefits she so well deserves.

In Search of Romance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

"Why can't I throw the dog as well as you, kid? I reckon I know as much about back drops as you do," was the answer.

"Aw, rats, he uses slang, too." Great disgust was in Genevieve's voice. "I thought you was a Spanish tenor come true out of a comic opera. The duds wised me up—but, oh! your language! What are you?"

"I'm a three-a-day singing violinist, and it sure is a sad life."

Romance fled but professional interest replaced him.

"What swing are you playing?" Genevieve asked.

"The same one you are. I saw you at rehearsals this morning, and I got a day off for the same reason you did."

Genevieve knew that not all maskers were outside the stage entrance door. A lover "in the professh" is much more troublesome than a Johnnie.

"Did you trail me out here?" she asked indignantly.

"Me? No; I never thought of it," was the disconcerting answer.

"What are you doing here, then?" inquired the unconvinced girl.

"I'll ask you the same thing," replied the man.

"Oh, I just came because I wanted to."

"I believe you have a soul above your work, my dear." Sudden warmth suffused the Spaniard's voice. "You came because you wanted to. I believe you have a nature which is capable of responding to the higher things of life, if it only had the courage to reach out for them, even as mine is capable of so responding. Perhaps you have the courage more than I have. You came to the country for a holiday. Who ever before heard of a chorus girl doing that?"

Genevieve's eyes grew large in admiration. Here was a touch of real Spanish tenor vehemence.

"Gee, you can use good language when you want to, can't you?" she said.

"Of course I can, my dear. Sit down and the spirit may move me to unfold the story of my life."

Genevieve took a comfortable seat on a convenient boulder, and said:

"Go ahead; untwist it."

But first her Spanish tenor must roll a cigarette and smoked it almost up, while he looked out across the valley.

"The pause is too long. Cut it short," Genevieve cautioned.

"You're a good little kid," her companion responded. "All joshing aside, you must be different from the usual broiler—to want to come out here in the country for a breathing spell."

"What did you come out for?" Genevieve asked, in a low voice, something in the silence of the countryside, the drowsy hum of bees and the occasional song of a bird touching her in a way which she could not comprehend but which made her entirely the little Irish girl, Maggie.

"To look at that," answered the fast-improving Spanish tenor, waving his hand toward the valley.

"Ever see it before?" asked Maggie. (We might as well call her that, for she has ceased to be the professional little girl, Genevieve.)

For answer her companion motioned toward a low, long building, which stood a little back from the road.

"I was born in that house," he said simply.

"It's awfully pretty."

"My grandfather owned half that valley," went on the man, "and I am doing three-a-day, sometimes where the sun is warm, the way it is here, but most of the time where the snow is deep and where none of my family have any business to be."

"How did it happen?" There was sympathy in the way Maggie said it.

"It happened because my father found one little piece of land that had not been squandered, and from part of the proceeds he gave me an education. To make a punk musician he spoiled a natural farmer."

"Did it pay?" asked Maggie. The voice of thousands of ambition-ridden people spoke out through the little Irish girl, who was at the moment thinking of sisters "without talent," whose lot she suddenly found herself envying.

"Did it pay?" repeated the Spaniard. He reached out and took the unprotesting hand of Maggie Murphy. "I was just asking myself that, kid. I was going further. I was asking 'Does it pay?'"

Maggie cast a speculative glance at the adobe house. It looked ill-kept, but the climbing rose bushes about it were afame, and the big trees cast a deep, dark, pleasing shade over the white walls. It has been said that a woman can tell the minute she looks at a man whether she will marry him. Maggie had not known until her "Spanish tenor" had used "good language."

Shyly the girl asked:

"Who owns the house now?"

"I do," was the answer. "After my grandfather had lost everything else he tied this little house and ten acres of land up so none of his descendants could ever sell it. That's the only reason I've got it now."

"I saw a book in a store window once that said something about three acres and independence," suggested Maggie. "If you like this country why don't you stay here? Perhaps you're still stuck on the stage, Maggie."

"I hate it—the stage, I mean," was the violent reply. "As you came along I was thinking about not reporting tonight—never showing up again. I've got a whole week's salary in my pocket. I've got better than that. I've saved a little this last winter. I've got something else in my pocket, too; I've got the key to that house."

"Some folks is lucky," remarked Maggie. "Don't you like this merry-merry, kid?"

asked the man. He had been so intent on his own thoughts that he had failed to study his companion, as a man of the world like himself should have.

"What would I be doing wandering around in the country instead of looking at other shows, if I did?" demanded Maggie, with spirit. "I wasn't always a pony, and I never want to see Noy York or the road again."

"Kid, I don't know your name, but me for you. If you are game we will ditch the three-a-day stuff. We'll go over and see the priests at the mission and then we'll come back, unlock that door and turn farmers for the rest of our lives. Will you do it, kid?" In some way the man had again possessed himself of Maggie's hand during his speech.

Who shall say that the rapid love-making of Spanish tenors in the comic operas of Genevieve's experience was not based upon life? From within the arms of her so marvelously-discovered Spanish tenor, turned farmer, Maggie Murphy said:

"Of course I will. I've been having a fierce time the last half-hour making you see I wanted to."

The Poppies of Laurium.

Some years ago there was seen in a silver mine of Laurium a curious instance of the resuscitating power of light after many years. The silver mines of Laurium were abandoned more than 2000 years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered, however, that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be rendered available by up-to-date appliances. Accordingly it was removed to

the furnace, and, when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine has become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, it is asserted, belonged to the age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old, therefore, were those poppy seeds; yet, when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

E. T.

Ferdinand's Opinion of Himself.

[London Chronicle:] Czar Ferdinand's character as a ruler appears in the account given by Bismarck to Mr. Sidney Whitman of the interview which the Prince, as he then was, induced the ex-Chancellor to give him at Munich in 1892. Bismarck's advice to him was to be cautious—"play the dead (faire mort). You have shown the world you can float; don't try to swim against the current. Let yourself be driven gently by the stream." Turning to Princess Bismarck, as if to apologize for occupying her husband's time, Ferdinand said, almost plaintively, "Durchlancht, ich regiere so gerne Princess." ("I am so fond of governing.") Mr. Whitman adds that in speaking of the interview afterward, Ferdinand said: "There are no real monarchs left nowadays. Such as they are, they are men without initiative, resource, or backbone. I am one of the few left of the true type of a ruler, for I am indeed a born actor."

Some Iowa Names.

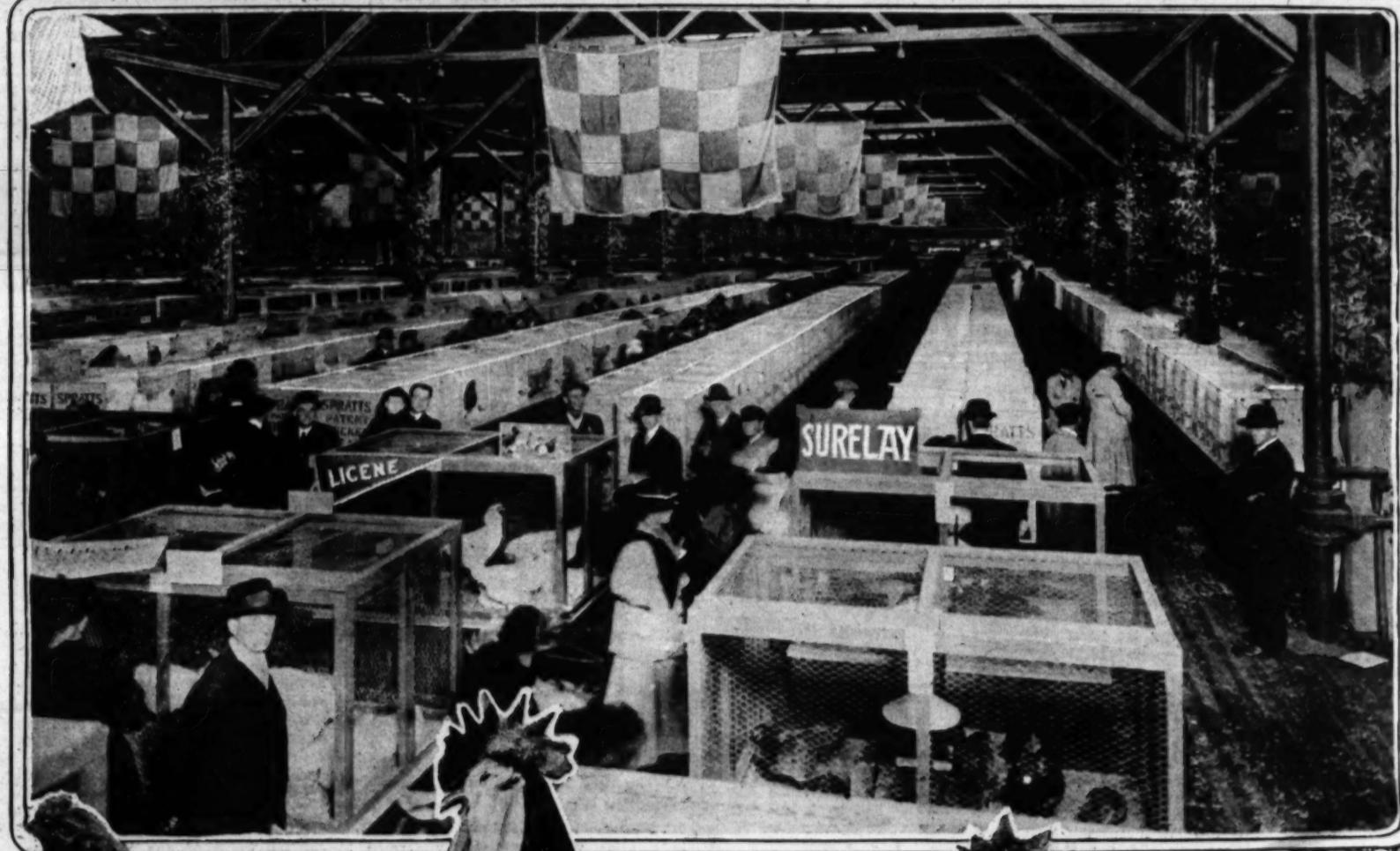
[The Argonaut:] That Iowa is a farming State is reflected in the names of many of the streams that flow through it. First there is Farm Creek, so that Farmers' Creek is not out of place; then there is Chicken Creek, Duck Creek, Goose Creek, a number of Turkey Creeks, as well as Pigeon Creek. There are Fox, Haw and Rat creeks to devour the domestic animals, and some Crow creeks, while there is also Fly Creek and Mosquito Creek. Water creeks are present, likewise Hog Run and Mud Creek, so that Bacon Creek is not strange. It is fitting that with a Bee Creek and Bee branch there should be Honey Creek. There are a couple of Cherry creeks, Crabapple Creek and plenty of Plum creeks, and for the wild animals we have Bear, Beaver, Buck, Crane, Deer, Doe, Elk, Otter, Panther, Raccoon, Skunk and Wolf creeks. With a Keg Creek there is a Whisky Creek and a Whisky Run. Finally there is a Purgatory Creek.

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

The Poultry Show of a Thousand Surprises.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Great Poultry Show and Some Prize Winners.

First S.C. Brown Leghorn Cockerel.
Williams Bros., Fullerton, Cal.First S.C. White Leghorn Cock.
Mrs. E. B. Martin, Downey.First Black Minorca Cockerel.
J. V. Mc Connell, Garden Grove.Interior View of the
Panama-Pacific International
Poultry Show, San Francisco
Over 8000 Birds Cooped.First Dark Cornish Cock.
Jno. D. Mercer, Los Angeles.First W.M. Black Spanish Cock.
Robt. A. Rowan, Los Angeles.First Speckled Sussex Cock.
C. H. Barker, Sawtelle.

Canada's Great Exhibit at the Exposition.

By a Special Contributor.

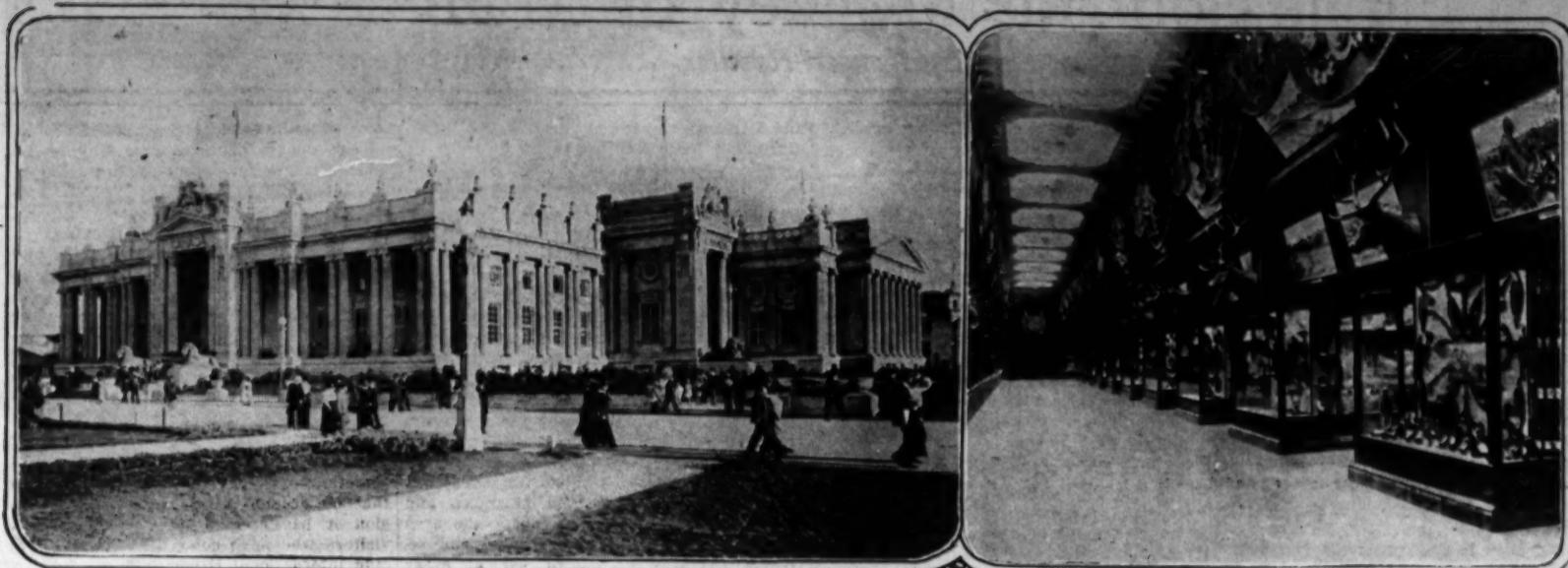
LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

Glimpses of Canada's Resources Shown at San Francisco.



Canadian Pavilion.

Tobacco, birds, fish, and animal heads.



Head trophies.
Animal exhibit on the left.

Central court showing part of mineral exhibit.



Pulpwood exhibit, live beavers and dams.

Trout stream

Wednesday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Poultry Show of a Thousand Surprises.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

A BIRDSEYE VIEW.

ANOTHER tally for California, and more especially that portion of it situated south of the Tehachepi Mountains. For verily the California business men has won her spurs at the great Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show in very warm competition. This is evinced in the fact that in Brown and White Leghorns, in Black Minorcas, in Blue Andalusians and Black Spanish, in Dark Cornish Fowl, Sussex, Barred and White Rocks, her breeders have established their skill in breeding up-to-grade specimens to a degree beyond that attained by any other section. In the breeds mentioned Southern California-bred birds won 75 per cent, and over of all first prizes; in other cases 40 per cent, and up. Allowing that there were not quite 8000 birds entered, representing sixteen States and some of the provinces of Canada, the force of these facts at once becomes obvious. The weather during the show was ideal, and the attendance larger than that of any poultry exhibition in the history of the fancy, fully 150,000 people viewing the superb displays of fowl, pigeons, bantams, geese, turkeys, ducks and fancy birds. The building in which the event took place was admirably adapted to the purpose, being large, well lighted from the roof by innumerable skylights, while the ventilation assured pure air and good sanitary conditions. The cooping was perfect and the floor arrangement on a plan securing easy passage between the long rows of all-metal coops. The only criticism (and this really was a serious matter) was the distribution of birds in the same class and variety over various portions of the room. This was not only imitative to the best work of the judges, but an annoyance to the visitors. The complete entry in every class and of every variety should have been "bunched" or arranged in the particular alley assigned to it. For an international affair, the cooping, judging, placing the ribbons and the issuing of the catalogue indicating the winners might have been handled a little more expeditiously. To have the awards completely up only the third day of the show, and the official catalogue not out and in the hands of the public until the fifth day, was a disappointment to many exhibitors as well as to the spectators.

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The Classes.

In so large an aggregation of thoroughbred fowl it will be impossible to give more than a cursory glance at the exhibits. All the classes were well filled, some of them the largest ever seen in the history of the fancy. Of individual varieties the R. I. Reds were numerically the strongest, representing also the widest geographical distribution. These were closely followed by the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, the Orpingtons and Sussex. As usual the Mediterraneans were strongly in evidence, the best strains in S. C., Brown Leghorns, White Leghorns, W. F. Black Spanish, S. C. White and Black Minorcas all coming from the yards in Southern California. The same is also true of the Blue Andalusians, the Dark Cornish, the Speckled Sussex and to a lesser degree of the White and Barred Rocks. In some of these breeds Southern California captured all the blue ribbons, and in other cases much the larger numbers. This is certainly a matter of more than passing moment and gives emphasis to the fact that the poultry industry is gaining a firm foothold south of the Tehachepi Mountains. All the winning birds were better in type, color of plumage, in good conditioning and vigor and "style" than their competitors from the Eastern States and Canada. Climatic conditions accounted for some of their fine qualities, but not all of them. Careful breeding and management, skillful handling in show room preparation also had its influence. Indeed, in more than one case it was the factor that influenced the judge's decision. So pronounced has been the behavior of Southern California exhibits, and particularly in chickens, that there is being developed a good trade for our best breeding and exhibition specimens east of the Rocky Mountains.

Something should also be said for the display of turkeys, which consisted of about 250 individual specimens covering all varieties. For the most part, these birds came from other States than California.

The quality was of the best, the winning birds all being superb specimens, good in type, color markings, fine bone and robust physical condition. It is to be hoped that much of this fine stock will find a home in California, for certainly its introduction on the turkey ranches will do much to strengthen the present flocks and so place the business on a better footing.

The exhibits of water fowl, both commercial and ornamental, were a splendid tribute to this division of our constantly growing live-stock industry. The showing of ducks and geese was superb, indicating what can be done with these birds under intelligent handling.

The display of pigeons and bantams must have gladdened the hearts of the lovers of fancy birds. Never have we seen staged so many specimens of the smaller breeds of our domesticated fowl, nor so many pigeons, at one exhibition. The total number in both divisions must have been near the 2000 mark. In addition to these there was also a large and representative display of pheasants in variety, of wild doves, quail, pigeons and other bird life not usually seen at a poultry exhibition.

The Attendance.

Being an integral part of the great exposition itself, it was to be expected that the attendance would be large. The building in which the event was staged is one of the largest on the grounds and peculiarly adapted for purposes of this kind. The lighting is almost wholly by means of skylights, which gives an even effect over the entire floor space. After allowing for the displays it was estimated that the alleys between the rows of coops would allow an average attendance of about 5000 people; these would change about every two hours. Thus about 25,000 people visited the show each day, or approximately 175,000 during the life of the exhibition. This is probably the largest attendance ever experienced at a function of this kind. To be sure, many of the visitors had no direct interest in poultry, nevertheless the educational value as an object lesson in the superior qualities of good fowls, and the economic significance of the industry to an enlightened agricultural practice, must have made an impression on the public mind that will redound to the uplift of the poultry industry not only in California, but throughout the Pacific Coast.

In so large a show it will not be possible to even approximately list all the winning birds and their owners; allowing for this, however, we cannot refrain from giving the handsome records made by the birds coming from the representative breeders and fanciers of Southern California, which are as follows:

Barred Rocks—A. D. Robinson, Point Loma: 1 cock, 1 hen, 2 pullet, 8 pen.

White Rocks—A. A. Bamford, Gardena: 1, 3 and 4 cock, 3 and 7 cockerel, 8 pullet.

Buff Rocks—Fred J. Morgan, Pasadena: 1 pen, 8 cock; D. N. Doyle, Pasadena, 6 hen.

R. I. Reds—V. R. Long, Covina, 3 cock; Fowler & Masterson, Duarte, 4 and 5 cock, 5 cockerel; C. A. Harnals, Santa Ana, 6 cock.

White Cochins—J. W. Blackman, Los Angeles, 1 hen, 1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Black Cochins—J. W. Blackman, 1 cock, 1 hen, 2 cockerel, 1 pullet.

S. C. Buff Minorcas—William P. Williams, Los Angeles, 2 cock, 3 hen, 1 and 4 cockerel,

5 and 6 pullet, 2 and 3 hen; Lindgren Bros,

Kingsburg, 1 and 3 cock, 1 and 2 hen, 2 and 3 cockerel, 1 and 2 pullet, 1 pen; H. E. Williams, Escondido, 3 and 4 pullet.

S. C. White Minorcas—James W. Strickland, Sierra Madre, 1 and 4 cock, 1 and 2 hen, 5 and 6 pullet; E. G. Ware, Garden Grove, 1 pen.

S. C. Black Minorcas—J. V. McConnell, Garden Grove, 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 cock, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 hen, 1, 2, 4 and 5 cockerel, 1, 2 and 3 pullet, 2 pen.

S. C. Brown Leghorns—Williams Bros, Fullerton, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 cock, 1, 2, 3 and 7 cockerel, 2, 3 and 8 pullet, 1, 2, 3 and 5 hen, 1 and 2 pen.

S. C. White Leghorns—Mrs. E. B. Martin, Downey, 1, 2, 4 and 7 cock, 1, 2, 3 and 4 cockerel, 2 and 4 hen, 1 and 3 pullet, 1 and 3 pen.

W. F. Black Spanish—All awards to Robert A. Rowan, Los Angeles, excepting first pen.

Blue Andalusians—Mrs. V. Kate Hamilton, San Gabriel, 1, 2 and 4 cock, 2, 4 and 7 hen, 1 and 5 cockerel, 2, 6 and 7 pullet, 2 and 3 pen; J. R. Huddleston, Los Angeles, 5 and 6 cock, 3 and 5 hen, 2 cockerel, 3 and 5 pullet, 1 pen.

Partridge Orpingtons—All awards to Goodacre Bros., Compton.

Dark Cornish—J. D. Mercer, Los Angeles, 1 cock, 1 and 3 cockerel, 2 and 4 pullet, 1 pen.

Speckled Sussex—C. K. Barker, Sawtelle, 1 and 4 cock, 1, 6, 7 and 8 hen, 4 and 5 pullet, 3 pen.

Light Sussex—C. K. Barker, Sawtelle, 1, 2 and 4 cock; 1, 2, 3 and 4 hen, 1 and 2 pullet.

Silver Spangled Hamburgs—R. A. Rowan, Los Angeles, 1 and 4 cock, 4 hen, 1, 2, 4 and 5 cockerel, 3 pullet.

Silver Campines—Martling & Hauck, Glendale, 4 and 8 cock, 1, 2, 4, 5 and 7 cockerel, 3 pen.

Golden Campines—Charles H. Magee, Monrovia, 1 hen, 3 cockerel, 1 pullet, 5 and 7 pen.

Pit Games—T. Lowe, South Pasadena, 1 cock, 1, 2 and 3 cockerel.

White Muscovy Ducks—Caldwell Bros., Los Angeles, 3 old drake, 2 old duck, 3 young drake, 2 young duck.

Buff Ducks—Ferris Ranch, Pomona, 1 and 2 young drake, 1 and 2 young duck.

Bronze Turkeys—R. C. Whitworth, Hanford, 8 adult Tom, 1 yearling Tom, 1 and 2 cockerel, 1 and 2 pullet; Elliott-Brandt Rancho, Owensmouth, 3 adult Tom, 3 yearling Tom; Mrs. G. W. Halstead, Visalia, 4 adult Tom; J. W. Blackman, Los Angeles, 3 and 4 hen, 4 pullet.

Black Turkeys—Mrs. Bessie Hocking, Glasti, 2 adult Tom, 1 hen, 1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Bourbon Red Turkeys—Mrs. Bessie Hocking, 1 adult Tom.

The American Poultry Association.

The fortieth annual convention of this organization was held on the exposition grounds in San Francisco, November 15 to 18, 1915. In more respects than one it was a disappointment to many. In the first place the attendance was distressingly meager, due to some extent to the counter attractions of the fair itself, but principally to the International Poultry Show, in which many delegates were directly interested as exhibitors; second, the matters occupying the sessions were of minor interest to poultrymen, having to do principally with reports of officials and committees, some of which created more or less acrimonious discussion; and third, the California members were sadly in evidence by their absence, which is also more or less true of the membership west of the Rocky Mountains. All these elements were against large attendance during all of the sessions. The registration showed 270 delegates "on the ground," but at no single session were there more than 100 on the floor, and at times not more than half that number. Verily, poultry shows and world's fairs are counter attractions that most people cannot resist.

Matters of interest to poultrymen were the two books we have heard so much about during the past few years, viz., "Separate Breed Standards" and "The Egg and Meat Standard." The committees having these in preparation submitted the text for both, much of which was passed on, but finally referred back to the respective bodies for final revision, subject to the action of the 1916 convention. We submit that this is a slow process. These two books have now been in preparation for about four years, and really should by this time be available to the poultrymen all over the country. Some instructive and timely addresses were made by recognized authorities that should have been listened to by hundreds of poultrymen instead of only a few dozen.

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The A.P.A. of California.

The annual meeting of the State organization affiliated with the national body was held on November 19, in one of the assembly rooms of the Inside Inn on the exposition grounds in San Francisco. The reports of officers and committees showed that the organization was in a healthy condition, with

a membership going over the 200 mark, with no liabilities and a handsome sum in the treasury. The mail election ballots gave the following choice of officers: L. C. Byce, president, Petaluma; vice-presidents, Robert J. Vena, Fresno, and A. A. Bamford, Gardena; secretary, Henry W. Kruckeberg, Los Angeles; treasurer, M. E. Dillingham, San Harker, San Jose; Ben. M. Woodhill, Stockton; A. D. Robinson, Point Loma; Joseph E. Davis, Los Angeles; and W. S. Russell, San Francisco.

Men Who Never Unveil.

There exists a wandering tribe of the Sahara, called the Touaregs, a strange people, supposed to have descended from the Crusaders, and distinguished by the wearing of veils, a custom that has occasioned much discussion.

The Touaregs guard their eyes against the glare of the desert by two veils, one rolled round the temples and falling down in front of the eyes, the other reaching from the nostrils to the edge of the clothing, covering the lower part of the face.

All manner of learned arguments have been brought forward to explain this custom, but hygiene is obviously the only motive. This is shown by the statement of the Touaregs themselves, and by the sobriquet, "mouths for flies," which they apply to all who do not wear veils.

It is said that the Touaregs never remove their veils, even at meal-times. Indeed, they are so much a part of their wearers that anyone deprived of such a covering is unrecognized by his friends and relatives.

E. T.



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Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Sobbing Monkey of Mangareau.

By Kensem Rossiter.

CURSED GOLD.

IT IS a terrible country, the Upper Mangareau. It rains 300 days in the year, and steam issues from the swamps. Eyes are always watching from the jungle, and poisonous snakes creep along in the slime. But gold is hidden back in the hills—yellow gold—and the curse of God is on it.

The missionary told me this tale as we crept out of Florin Bay in the moonlight. He pulled a small bottle from his pocket, shook out a couple of quinine capsules, swallowed them, and waved his hand over the water toward the vanishing hills.

"I hope I may never see them again," he said; "but you asked me about Bullin, the Englishman."

I had been in the settlement four years when he came. Other white men—gold-seekers—had come before, but they were killed before any of them reached the Upper Mangareau. No, I've never been up there; my work was in the settlement. The natives? Well, you saw some of them. They're wiry little fellows, too, with their brown bodies, their straight black hair and their little deep-sunken jet eyes that seem as though they could look through a tree. They remind one of children, yet the people of the Mangareau tribes are smaller still. They kill with poisoned darts. Malbo, my house servant, was one of them. It was two years before I knew that the people of the Mangareau tribes kept him in the settlement to watch that any white man who got off the steamer did not loiter in the district. Malbo was scarcely more than a boy, but he was a clever boy, and after a while he learned a little English. I could trust him with anything; there was nothing he wouldn't do for me, and had I asked him to take his own life I hardly believe he would have hesitated.

"It was in December that the Englishman came. The rainy season was almost over. He was a great, burly, florid person, with a bull neck on his bull shoulders. He was big all over, not only in spots. His hands were enormous, his feet—the ground seemed to tremble when he walked; and this man didn't know what fear was. He put up at my place when he landed; he was an interesting, weather-beaten chap, and there was hardly a corner of the world that he hadn't explored. He had worked his way pretty close to the South Pole, he had fought wild tribes in New Guinea, he had been in Tibet, he had come through encounters with the Chinese river pirates, and he didn't have a scratch on his body. We were sitting late on the porch that first night, smoking our cigars, when he happened to mention a town near the firth of Lorne.

"Were you ever there?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "that's my home."

"You're not Ripley Bullin's son?"

"The same," he replied.

"Why, I used to know your father well; I knew you twenty years ago, when you were a little shaver."

"Then the great, burly fellow crawled out of his shell. We were friends; I liked him immensely, for all his odd traits. He was a good deal of a student, somewhat of a scientist in his own way, and there was little he didn't know about the flora and fauna of the out-of-the-way places he had visited. He seemed to have a wider knowledge of this part of the tropics than I, who had lived here so long.

"Have you ever heard of a creature called the sobbing monkey?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," I replied; "they are supposed to inhabit the jungles farther back from the coast."

"But do you really believe they exist?"

"I have no reason not to believe it," said I.

"They say," went on the Englishman, "that if one of these sobbing monkeys crosses a man's trail it will follow him day and night, sobbing with a plaintive cry that finally gets on the man's nerves. I have heard there is no let-up and after a while the victim either kills himself or goes insane."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, in about a week Bullin got his outfit together and made ready for his journey back into the interior.

"Why do you go there?" I protested.

"There is gold back in the hills," he answered.

"I shrugged my shoulders. 'But if there is,' I replied, 'you had better leave it alone.'

"Since I have lived here there has been a score of white men who have started for the Upper Mangareau country, and somewhere up in those hills their bones are rotting today—none came back." But the Englishman only laughed at me.

"Do you suppose," said he, "that I'm afraid of a few little naked savages?"

"A poisoned dart can do for you," I warned him, "quite as quickly and as silent as for one who hasn't half your strength or courage."

"Again Bullin laughed. I begged him, I implored him, not to attempt the trip, but it was useless. He had a map of the country which his friend, Devalux, the French explorer, had made twenty years earlier. It showed the water courses and the contour of the hills—back in the gold country. He left one morning as the sun was rising out of the sea. Malbo, my servant, saw him start, and this was unfortunate, but I exacted a promise from him not to communicate the knowledge to the tribesmen who dwelt in the Upper Mangareau. Malbo quit me mysteriously about noon of the same day

and I felt uneasy for my friend—but I am digressing from Bullin's story.

The Englishman never saw a native from the time he left. It was something else that 'got' Bullin. Eight days after he struck back into the interior he found the object of his quest. It was one evening when he was following the bed of a stream. At intervals, for several miles, he had been making tests, and always there had been a flash of color in the pan; but he kept on—he was looking for the source. As twilight stole upon him he came to a place where the natives had been at work. They had erected a crude flume, of logs hollowed out and cleats fastened to the bottom. They dumped the black sand in at the top and when the water raced through it carried the sand with it, leaving the flake gold to be caught by the cleats.

Bullin examined the lower cleats. The natives had quit for the day before they had made their 'clean-up.' There was gold there; he could see it. He walked hurriedly on toward the head of the flume, then he stared into the trough, with eyes spread wide, with mouth open. The top cleats were clogged with yellow metal. Bullin flung off his pack, pulled out a canvas bag and, with fingers trembling from excitement, scooped up the flake gold. In a short time he had all he wanted to carry, all he dared carry.

No one had seen him. He slung back into the forest with the gold he had stolen, and—with the curse of God upon him. He traveled east by south until it was too dark to continue; then he made camp for the night and went to sleep. Toward midnight he was awakened by the sound of a child sobbing. The Englishman sat up and listened; the sound came again, plaintive, weird, now far away, now near. He smiled. They did exist, after all, the sobbing monkeys. Bullin was amused; he was in no manner disturbed or frightened. The thing interested him immensely and he lay awake listening to the strange, low sound. It came at irregular intervals; sometimes it seemed to come from the west, sometimes from the south. Bullin turned over and closed his eyes, but for some reason sleep did not come to him. All the long night through he lay awake hearing that unearthly noise.

In the morning he ate breakfast, looked at his compass and shouldered his pack. The thing had gone—he hadn't heard it for two hours. Then presently, as he set off in the jungle, the sobbing began again. Bullin turned; he put down his pack, he searched the tree-tops, he got down on the ground and peered through the leaves, but he could see nothing. Finally he picked up his pack and went on, but all through the morning, at intervals, he heard the strange, weird noise. The thing was dogging his

steps; when he halted at noon it halted, too, and set up its plaintive cry. Try as he did Bullin was unable to catch a glimpse of it. He hurried through his meal and continued his march, but the creature followed him until he made camp that evening.

Bullin tried to laugh it off, but the sound had gotten on his nerves, and he lay there in the jungle staring up into the trees with eyes that could not close. In the morning he rose exhausted and again he was on his way. For a while he thought the beast had got off his track, but soon he heard the strange sobbing again and he quickened his pace. The thing that followed him hurried, too. Once Bullin dropped his pack and dashed back on the trail, but the sobbing monkey eluded him, only to come on again when Bullin started. When nightfall came once more he had his camp upon an island in a stream, but it was useless. All through the night, sometimes at shorter, sometimes at longer, intervals the cry sounded from the bank.

"In the morning the man was desperate. He waded for miles down the stream endeavoring to throw the beast off his trail, but his frantic efforts to escape were in vain. Once, during the day, when the sobbing seemed especially near he charged back, shouting and firing his revolver in the hopes of frightening it away. If he could only catch a glimpse of the thing and put a bullet through it! Another night came on and another, with the awful cry always behind him or at one side in the jungle. The Englishman tried lying on his back and stuffing the tips of his fingers in his ears, but imagination ran riot in his brain. For five nights the man had not closed his eyes; sleep was impossible. His eyes held the look of one half crazed with terror.

"When daylight came he flung away half of his gold and ran at top speed through the forest, and again, for a time, he thought he escaped but the thing caught up with him and the reality was all the more terrifying. The man was more than desperate; he was half mad. He flung away the remainder of his gold, he flung away his pack, even his grub, and stumbled blindly into the night. He ran on and on until he fell exhausted in a swamp and there he lay till morning, but the thing that followed him loitered a little way behind. When it was light enough to see, Bullin rose, took one look about him and plunged into the jungle, running like a madman.

"Five days later he staggered into the settlement, a raving maniac. Then, in a little while, Malbo came in. Malbo had kept his promise; he had not communicated with the Mangareau tribes but his method had been more frightful.

"Yes, the Englishman eventually recovered, or else I couldn't have learned this story; but I didn't tell him the truth—he wouldn't have believed me."

The Glory of Solomon. By J. L. Sherard.

AN ASCENDANT STAR.

NO STAR in the firmament shone with more splendor than the nickel-plated badge of authority, big around as a saucer, that adorned the blue bosom of Solomon Doan's uniform. Even the double row of brass buttons, dazzling emblems of glory and power, took secondary position and trailed down the immaculate front of his new coat like the diminishing tail of a comet.

Solomon was supremely happy. It was the most pretentious job of his prosaic life, and he was resolved to make every minute of it pay heavy toll to the pride and prestige the honor brought him. To be Chief of Police—a euphemism attributable solely to village pride, for Rockton had but one police officer—had long been the goal of an ambition held in abeyance by his unappreciative townsmen.

Hitherto Sol had risen to no higher title than that of "village fool." He was meek and forbearing under ridicule, and, being unresentful, the unjust characterization stuck

hard and fast. Then, at last, instigated by Maj. Culpepper Jones, who represented his Satanic majesty in Rockton, partly out of a delayed expression of sympathy, partly as a joke, and principally because the job was a more or less useless appendage of officialdom, they bestowed it upon the poor simpleton and made his induction into office an hour of mad revelry.

But the major had ulterior motives, which he kept strictly to himself.

Rockton was a village of a thousand souls, largely of a single thought, and boasting all the latitude that could be well crowded into its limited map. It was a junction point, eager to catch all the drippings of the outer world, and pursued its wicked way with full steam ahead and throttles open. Certain of the leading men of town, taking their cue from the redoubtable major, claimed that the gay procession of municipalities their "city" was second to none in the land, and what's more, by dad, sir, they believed it.

Into this liberal scheme of inhuman affairs

it was thought, as a matter of course, that Solomon would fit with an aggravated case of official nearsightedness. He was given carte blanche beyond the intimation that it would be well for him to round up a covey of negro crap-shooters once or twice a month, or run in an occasional jag, just to give color of title to the emoluments appertaining to his honorable duty of keeping the bridle off the peace and dignity of the town. Otherwise, it would be a crime to take the money, they laughingly warned him.

But the new officer, held in impatient leash for years, had in mental reserve an assorted stock of civic dreams that he began immediately to drag into the limelight of cruel fact. He entertained theories of his own as to how a town should be run, theories as bright as his own star in its field of spotless blue.

Solomon's intermittent reading, mostly from papers and magazines the major had given him, had not been altogether in vain. Slowly, painfully, laboriously, he worked out

an uplift movement of his own and tucked it carefully away in a corner of his thimbleful of brains against the day when the town should recognize his true worth and satisfy the yearning of his aspirations.

A true reformer is never convicted under the penal statute beginning "procrastination is the thief," etc. Sol spent half a night polishing his star until it challenged Venus and the full moon, and then took a solemn oath with his red hairy hand resting reverently against its dazzling face preparatory to cleaning up the town.

The Assyrian had nothing on Solomon in the startling manner of his descent on the fold. There was no need for outside assistance, for he knew, through years of personal knowledge and open gossip, all the devious ways and bypaths of gilded sin that extended in a score of ramifications into the little dens of the town.

When the Chief's first raid was over, he proudly marched to police headquarters

The Poetic Inspiration of Orpheus Homer.

By Charles Campbell Jones.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

be an interested listener, and that's what you folks with hobbies like."

When the two were gone toward the chicken run, Sadie, with a satisfied glance at Oswald and Mamie Santley together in the corner, followed Mrs. Santley toward the kitchen. "I'd rather help you," she professed, pharisaically; "I just love it."

The supper was on the table when the men came back from outside. Throughout the meal Oswald missed no chance to compliment the food. "Anybody could afford to write poetry about beans like these, I guess. They make a poet out of an old maid mathematics teacher." Mamie was graciousness itself, and her eyes were shining.

After supper Sadie Porter insisted that she be permitted to help Mamie with the dishes. She took Mrs. Santley by the shoulder and forced her, protesting, into the front room with the men, closing the door carefully behind her. With a big checked apron over her dress she faced Mamie Santley. "Ted's a dandy fellow, ain't he, Mamie?"

Miss Santley was smiling and the shine was still in her eyes. You know she had come to an inevitable confessional. "Nicer than I thought," she answered, slowly. After a moment's hesitation she went on: "I'm not anxious to advertise it, Sadie, but I don't mind telling you, because I'm sure you won't tell anybody you don't know. I'm going to quit the first of the month and be married the 17th following; then we're going to skip right out for the Coast to be gone about sixty days. We'll send you and Fred some post cards."

Sadie was surprised into inaction for an instant, then she threw her arms about her friend. "Oh, Mamie, I'm just tickled to

death. I was scared stiff you meant to take Orph Homer, and—"

Mamie interrupted, freeing herself gently. "Well, who said I wasn't? If you'd hear Orph and me scrapping over side trips, and expenses, and things, you'd think I'd better take him to look after him."

Miss Porter knew the cost of a trip to the Coast, and that for the regular-salaried Fred and herself there could be none. She knew, too, that Mamie could not have saved enough to make so lavish an expenditure practicable. "But you don't mean to tell me that Orph Homer has begun to sell his stuff to the magazines at last?" she blurted: "I can't believe it. I'm a great magazine reader, but I never saw his name signed to anything anywhere."

"Everything good doesn't have to be tagged with a name," returned the domestic stenographer, evenly. "You don't know much about present-day opportunity for the up-to-the-minute writer. But, maybe, he'll get a chance to explain for himself; he would have been here to supper, only he had to go over some catchy little verses he wrote about some mincemeat I made, so they'd get away in the last mail collection; and he may be here before you go. I hope so; I'd love to have him meet Mr. Oswald, and Mr. Oswald says he's sure he'd like Orph."

The giddy blonde had nothing adequate to offer. She hung up her apron in silence,

and in silence the two moved toward the front room. As they opened the door, Mrs. Santley let Orpheus Homer in at the front. Sadie laid her hand on her companion's arm and held her while she looked the new arrival over interestedly. He had undoubtedly lost the uneasy, seedy look that characterized him when she last saw him.

six months past. He was sleek, well fed, and well dressed. From his round, amiable face to his neat shoes he spelled prosperous success, and the variable Sadie gave him her sincere admiration. She whispered, with envy in her voice, "Girle, how'd you ever do it?"

"Why," elucidated Miss Santley, "it's simple as can be. Orph writes those poems, just as I told you; then he strikes out all reference to me, works in the names of the company or the brand, and sells them to the advertising departments of the big houses that put up canned products. They all think he's a regular genius, and if first-class work in any field counts, I guess he is. We've got more than enough in the bank to make a big first payment on the house we're going to look at, and to furnish it from cellar to attic—cash, too; no dollar a week for the rest of your natural life for us."

Miss Porter gasped and clutched the arm she held. "Oh, dearie, do you think he can keep up the pace?"

"He can if he don't die from overfeeding," Mamie Santley assured her. "There's lots of products being advertised now, with more to come, and his capacity seems to be unlimited. I'll have all my time after I quit, too; and if I can't do a whole lot better than I've ever yet done I'll feel that my cooking education has been utterly lost on me."

They entered the room; Orpheus turned slowly to greet them, and the giddy blonde got a glimpse of the contour of his front elevation.

"Huh!" she ended, emphatically, "I just hope you're right, Mamie. But, anyhow, it don't seem to have been lost on Orph Homer."

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

A RESTAURANT ROW.
"B ROILED spring turkey," suggested Warren, genially. "How does that strike you?"

"Where is it?" Helen was hastily scanning the roasts on the elaborate menu.

"Under the specials."

"Oh, won't that be too heavy?" as she found the item, "half a broiled turkey—\$2." "Here's roast lamb and current jelly," with a persuasive note, for that was only 90 cents.

"Don't feel like lamb," curtly. "Now, we're going to have a good dinner tonight." Then to the waiter, who was standing by with pencil and pad: "We'll try that broiled spring turkey—have it well done. And you can bring one portion of potato soufflé, and, let's see—one of string beans." Then to Helen: "What kind of salad? Romaine?"

"Oh, dear, we won't need a salad with all that."

"Romaine and tomato," ignoring the attempted economy. "Don't slice the tomatoes—quarter them." Then turning to the wine list on the back of the card, "A quart of that Niersteiner—number twenty-seven."

There was a slight stir as the head waiter bustled up and ordered two tables pushed together for a party of eight. Waiters and omnibuses flew about setting the long table and filling the glasses with ice.

"That's the proprietor's party," remarked Warren. "That's why they move so lively."

"Which is he?" Helen, interested, leaned forward.

"The stout, red-faced man. Jove, they're having double cocktails. Going to be a swift party."

The double cocktails were served in glasses twice the usual size, but this thirsty crowd tossed them off unblinkingly.

They were all in evening dress, one of the women in a glittering jetté gown, with long jet pendants dangling from her ears.

The proprietor was giving the order to the head waiter, who hovered over the table with anxious concern.

"He used to have a cheap luncheon on the east side," observed Warren. "Then he took over Blakely's Chop House, and now he's blossomed out into this. He sunk a lot of money here," with an appraising glance at the expensive woodwork and fixtures.

"But I hate these cold high lights," Helen

glanced up at the hanging alabaster globes that reflected the light on the ceiling. "Why don't restaurants ever learn that low lights—shaded table lights—are so much more effective?"

"Huh, you're always harping on the lights." Then as their waiter rushed by carrying a laden tray, "How about our order?"

"Not quite ready, sir," hurrying to serve the oysters to the party of eight.

Another five minutes' wait in which Warren scowled at the proprietor's table where two waiters and an omnibus were giving subservient attention.

"See here; hurry that order along!" as their waiter again flew by.

"Right away, sir."

But twice he came back, still serving the long table. Warren's impatience was smoldering near eruption.

"Dear, you ordered it well done, and it take some time to—"

"Time!" glaring at his watch. "They've had oceans of time. We've been here since half-past. They're too infernally busy dancing attendance on the boss. That's what's the matter."

The proprietor's table was certainly receiving unusual attention, and Helen, too, felt resentful as she watched the waiters hovering about solicitously alert to refill a glass or remove a plate.

"Well, we won't stand for this." Warren rapped his knife sharply against his glass.

At this peremptory call, their waiter hurried over.

"What's the matter with my order? We've waited here long enough. And where's that footstool for the lady? Now, see here, you give a little more attention to this table."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," anxiously propitiatory.

"Dear, maybe he's doing the best he can, with so many to wait on."

"Well, we're not going to sit here and cool our heels while they get all the service. Here, some ice in this glass?" to a passing omnibus.

It was still several moments before their order came on.

"Put it down," snapped Warren; "I'll carve it," as the waiter raised the large silvered cover. Get some chili sauce! Where's the salad?"

"I'll bring it right on, sir."

"Dried out; cooked to death," Warren grunted, as he disjointed the turkey. "Last time we'll come to this place."

"Oh, no, dear; don't give me so much—and only a few potatoes," as angrily, absent-minded he piled up her plate.

At the proprietor's table the carving and serving of a huge planked steak now required the absorbed attention of both waiters. Even the head waiter came up to oversee this important function.

"Why don't he bring that salad?" demanded Warren.

"They're serving a planked steak over there—he won't come now."

"We'll see about that." Again his knife loudly twanged his glass.

This time it was the head waiter who came over, his face plainly showing his displeasure.

"What kind of a place do you call this anyway?" exploded Warren. "Your prices are topnotch and your service rotten! Now I want some attention as well as that bunch over there—and I want it quick!"

"What is it you want, sir?" frigidly.

"I want a salad I ordered half an hour ago! I want some chili sauce, and this lady wants a footstool! I want that wine served—and a few other things."

"Dear, the proprietor heard you," whispered Helen. "He's glaring over here."

"So much the better. If he was on to his job he'd be hustling round seeing that his guests get what they order instead of sitting there guzzling booze. It's a damned impudence, that's what it is."

Here an omnibus hurried up with a bottle of chili sauce and a footstool, and their flushed waiter brought on the salad.

"What's that—lettuce? Take it back," roared Warren. "I ordered romaine."

"Sorry, sir, but we're out of romaine."

"Why, they're having it at that table!" exclaimed Helen thoughtlessly, glancing over at the large bowl of romaine that was being dressed for the proprietor's party.

"Send the head waiter here!"

"Oh, Warren, do be careful—don't talk so loud," in pleading anxiety.

"Loud! If you've got a voice—right here's the time to raise it. I'll get what I ordered or know the reason why."

"What's wrong now, sir?" asked the head waiter with ill-concealed antagonism.

"I ordered romaine and he says it's all out. What's that they're serving over there? I gave my order before those people came in."

Now I want a portion of that romaine served RIGHT HERE!" pounding loudly on the table.

"That's impossible, sir. There must've been some mistake in the kitchen if you gave your order first. Is there any other salad you'd like?" with an effort to conciliate.

"Like? I'm going to have what I ordered! Where's your proprietor? Send him here!"

"Mr. Freiberger's with that party, sir. He can't leave his guests."

"He can't, eh? Well, you tell him for me that I belong to three clubs in this town, that I know most of the men who spend money in places like this, and I'll take devilish good care that they hear about your rotten service. Now you bring my check—and we'll get out!"

"One moment, sir—just a moment," and he hastened over to the proprietor who was stolidly ignoring this loud-voiced arraignment.

In the mirrored wall Helen could see the whispered conference. She caught the wrathful glance the proprietor shot at Warren, and saw his curt dismissing gesture.

"Give the gentleman his check," in a lull of the orchestra his voice rose distinctly. "We're quite willing to dispense with his patronage."

Helen caught her breath, the words came with stinging insolence. She saw the dull red mount to Warren's forehead as the head waiter, in eloquent silence, laid the check beside his plate. Without glancing at it, he threw down a twenty-dollar bill.

In the few moments wait for the change, Helen, her gaze averted, fumblingly drew on her gloves. With a curious shock she realized that Warren, always so invincible, was for once disconcerted. The proprietor's cool insolence had left him weaponless.

In the hall he snatched his hat and coat from the check boy, and strode out into the crisp night air.

"Oh, dear, you DID order that salad before the others came in! You were right about that!" Now that he was vanquished, woman-like she flew to his defense. "Oh, I wish you could have made them serve it!"

"Make them? How could I? That's his joint, he can run it as he pleases! Dispense with our patronage, eh? Well, if he runs it like that he'll dispense with a whole lot of patronage. I'll give that split-headed bonehead just about three months to land that place in the hands of a receiver!"

The Sobbing Monkey of Mangareau.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

carrying a basketful of poker chips and a cartload of contraband goods odoriferous of corn and rye.

At first, the major and his select band of associates tried to treat the matter as a huge joke and have it hushed up before morning. But they were not long in smashing their heads against the stubborn wall of reality. From fool to Frankenstein Sol had passed in a night, and here was the devil to pay, and not enough funds in the treasury to cover the draft.

Maj. Jones unlimbered the vials of his vocabulary to no purpose. Bluffs stiffened Solomon's determination. Threats provoked nothing more substantial than a smiling shake of a bushy head. Thus does a real crusader laugh at fears and mock death to his face.

"You remind me of a brainless dummy parroting his 'Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star' programme," accused the major with a fine display of sarcasm, pointing a quivering finger at the offending emblem. "The town shall not be ruled by a fool. I will see the Mayor. Your head shall come off, suh!"

He slammed the door in Solomon's face and walked out into the cool night air, the pride of centuries of Culpepper blood gurgling and hissing in his veins like an over-heated kettle.

To his astonishment and dismay, he found Silger, the Mayor, in a strait between two fires. At heart the vacillating head of the town was in full sympathy with the major and told him so. But—er—ahem—Mrs. Silger was president of the newly organized civic league that was secretly backing Solomon in his crusade, and he could not—er—therefore, afford to remove the officer unless there were substantial grounds for such action. Besides, it was a sad fact that a majority of the council were in the same unfortunate position, and as a consequence Solomon would be permitted to run his destructive course unmolested as long as no charges were preferred and proven against him. And they would have to be serious charges, too, to justify unfavorable action.

"You know my real sentiments, Major," Silger confided in his hang-dog manner. "I—wishes something could be done. It was an evil day when we made Solomon Chief."

The major's reverence for woman amounted to worship. He was, moreover, not devoid of worldly wisdom in other ways, as was well demonstrated by his unbroken success at poker.

"Leave it to me, my good friend Silger," he dismissed the subject with unctuous words and courtly bow. "We must make no war on the fair and the beautiful. So long as your heart beats with the impulses of a gentleman, well and good. I will attend to the charges. Good-night!"

The major called off the dogs in disgust and quit the game until further notice. He robbed his nights of slumber and devoted his days to the futile task of framing up a plausible plan for getting rid of the officious Old Man of the See.

Solomon walked on air, happy and contented as a pup reveling in the sunshine, while the major was well up in the element also. The latter was developing such a peevish disposition that his old friends crossed the street when they saw him coming. Under his blood-shot gray eyes, puffy purple crescents added to his look of intense worry.

Hope and relief came, as they usually do, in a most unexpected manner. More and more, as the days passed, the major shunned the business section of the village and took long strolls along the outskirts and byways where no one was likely to bother him.

On one of these rambles he met a young man coming in by the cross-tie route, and the moment his eyes beheld the unfortunate youth an inspiration flashed into his troubled mind.

"Come here, my brother in misfortune, and let us confer together," the major invited with a graceful wave of his hand. "Perhaps we can be of mutual help and assistance."

The look of suspicion in the young fellow's face melted as soon as he had taken the guileless measure of the older man. "All right, brother; I'll fall to anything," he replied, smiling weakly.

A close scrutiny of the young man convinced the major that his condition was due less to dissipation than to hard luck. It was a good face, hopeless when it relapsed into seriousness, but in its lighter moods retrieved by an expression showing that evil was not yet in the ascendancy. The major tried artfully, and at last bluntly, to draw out his story. He failed utterly.

When he saw that his persistence was becoming painful to the stranger, he desisted and craved pardon for his indiscretion.

It was a desperate chance the major took. He explained the situation clearly and succinctly as it affected his relations with Solomon Doan.

"Now, here's the problem we must solve," he went on, tactfully assuming that the young man was already his confirmed ally in the venture. "How are we to get rid of Solomon? I couldn't hit upon any plan of real promise until fortune linked my path with yours. Then the whole thing flashed into my mind as clear as the noonday sun. Summer is coming. How would you like to go to Chicago?"

The sudden turn of the question caught the young man off his guard. "I—I—" he stammered. Quickly recovering his poise, he added, "Go on!"

"All you've got to do," continued the major, too much engrossed in his plan to notice his companion's expression, "is to play into Solomon's hand as an escaped convict for whom a large reward is offered. He will carry you to Chicago, and when you arrive you can put him wise to the ruse and flee his wrath because he will be as helpless as a babe in the jungle and entirely dependent upon you. Once there, use the money I'm going to give you to get the silly duffer into some disgraceful situation involving the superlative degree in acts of moral turpitude, and put me in possession of the facts—facts that will stand the test of a jury trial. I've got to ruin that fool upstairs or be gathered hopelessly into his net. You're the man to help me put it over. I don't want him to go before a jury, you understand, but that's how strong I must have the case against him. . . . It's fifty for you now in cash, and a hundred if you deliver the goods. . . . Is the trade closed?"

"It is!" replied the youth emphatically. "I sign for the part."

"As to your name," explained the major, "we'll have to wait until I can search the sheriff's office and examine his list of rewards. He is an enthusiastic collector. We'll select some sinner wanted up there for a high crime and misdemeanor, a fellow that looks like you as much as possible. Late, the sheriff, will stand to me in this emergency."

The plotters shook hands and went their separate ways, each thoroughly understanding the part he was to play.

The painful peace of Rockton was beginning to pall on Solomon. He grew more and more restive and sighed for new worlds to conquer. At the first dark hint that the stranger loafing about town might be an escaped convict, with a big price on his head, the officer at once assumed the mysterious air of a true detective and laid his wires to bring justice to the guilty man.

Solomon's reputation was still merely local, but here was a case with a sort of national aspect pleasing to his vanity. In his mind's eye he pictured big headlines in the city papers exploiting his deeds. Perhaps, after all, he would some day be able to establish a great detective agency in a big city and write his reminiscences for the magazines.

The descriptions selected from the sheriff's records fitted the suspicious stranger in a striking manner, even to the mole on the left temple—coincidence that strengthened the hopes of the conspirators to the point of certainty.

Delays are dangerous when justice calls, Solomon argued, and he hurried forth to throw the lariat of law over the head of the young scapegoat before the envious sheriff could beat him to it. He found his quarry coming out of the postoffice with just the proper setting for a pompous display of his authority, and there the arrest was made.

"John Sykes, alias Charles Baker, alias Red Snapper, I arrest you in the name of the law."

An expression of injured innocence, soft and seductive, overspread the young man's face. After the first shock was over, he exploded into a wrathful outburst of indignation, and protest. The sympathy of the onlookers was plainly with him.

But Sol was game. He came back good and strong, grinding his prisoner under a merciless cross-fire of questions. The accused began to hesitate, to contradict himself, and finally, finding that the officer had him cornered, broke down and confessed.

It was a dramatic piece of work, well executed by both parties.

It was chapter one in the triumph of the man of the law. He did not deem it of

sufficient importance to wire for instructions about his prisoner who waived his right to requisition, but, having secured a leave of absence, bought tickets for two and took the first train on the thousand-mile journey to fame and incidentally to the coveted reward.

A week passed. No word had come from Solomon. Confidence rose in the bosom of Maj. Culpepper Jones like mercury in a thermometer on the Fourth of July.

Again the game room over Bundy's saloon was in full blast. The major raked in a pile of poker chips and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Here's my philosophy," he spoke in terms of condescension to his vanquished friends. "When a storm approaches, don't run to cover unless you have to. Open the cellar door and trap the cyclone instead."

"Is that what you did to Solomon, Major?"

"The same. I don't know the details yet, but it's done. Sol will need all the wisdom he can scrape together in the next 7000 years to put one over on the heir to the cumulative strategy of the Culpeppers, suh."

After the morning mail had come in, the major monopolized the settle in front of the postoffice, and there prolonged the enjoyment of his cigar under the friendly shade of a hackberry tree. He was immensely satisfied with himself.

His day dreams carried him over the border of slumberland. His massive head began to droop, lower and lower, his chin whiskers painted his white shirt bosom with odd figures in tobacco stain.

Presently the major's mouth relaxed, and the cigar, released from its grip between his yellow teeth, slipped and fell into the outstretched palm of his right hand. With a cry of acute pain he leaped to his feet and looked wildly around, completely dazed.

And there before him glowed the star of Solomon Doan.

"You—you nightmare!" the major hissed.

"What—you—doin' here?"

"Compose yo'self, major," Solomon commanded with elegant pomposity. "A message fo' you, suh."

The major bit his tongue in silent wrath and proceeded to open the envelope. The note was postmarked from a little town almost under the shadow of the big city.

"The compliments of the season to Maj. Culpepper Jones," it read. "And may the shadow of Solomon never grow bigger than it is at present! Otherwise you will have to set him up as a Colossus, and he is so much needed to continue the work of cleaning up Rockton. . . . That day you met me I was staggering under the last straw. Had you not happened along I would have crossed the line of hope and been lost for good, I fear. You saved me—you and Solomon. I wanted to go back; I was dying to go back, but I was afraid. Your offer somehow struck me as providential. . . . The face of my mother haunted me that day."

The major squirmed uneasily. He looked about him, but no one was paying the slightest attention to his reading.

"I just had to go home," the letter continued. "I wanted to go—but I was despondent, and I was ashamed to wire for money. I yielded to your blandishments, frankly because it was the only chance. Can I ever thank you enough? Ah, you should have seen that home-coming. You should see me now, a decent chap and at work. . . . You diabolically planned the ruin of one man. In that you failed miserably, thank goodness, but you proved the unintentional instrument of fate in saving another. A thousand thanks, and blessings on you, my good shepherd! . . . I return, herewith, all the money you gave me. The \$100 balance you promised to give me you might well donate to the civic league for the improvement of that dinky little city park. . . . Oh, my! But you should have seen Solomon in all his glory cavorting around up here in the big city. He had the time of his life, and he got his picture in one of the big papers, too, uniform, brass buttons and all the rest of the paraphernalia. . . . Now, if I may presume to give a gentleman of your superior wisdom a bit of wholesome advice, cut out your old devilment and follow the lead of the star. It will be the crowning act of your life."

The major thoughtfully folded the sheets and tucked the letter into an inside coat pocket. He gripped his walking cane menacingly, but Solomon had discreetly disappeared while he was reading.

At the far end of the street a blue figure strode proudly back and forth. The major

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

winked as his eye caught the glint of a brilliant star flashing in all its faultless glory in the morning sunlight.

An hour later Silger entered the room of the major and found him busily packing his best clothes in an old tin trunk.

"Why, Maj. Culpepper Jones, what is the meanin' of this? Goin' over to Indian Springs for a spell without consultin' your friends?"

Casting discretion to the winds, the major drew himself up haughtily and pulled the folds of his shiny broadcloth tightly across his swelling bosom.

"Your progressive city has progressed too much, suh; entirely too much!" The major's indignation was at blood heat. "I'm going somewhere—anywhere—for an indefinite stay, where civilization still reigns in its pristine glory and puissant liberty, suh, is held in sacred veneration."

Ships Spread Species.

MANY INSECTS TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES BY SEA.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

Masters of trading vessels say that it is not an uncommon occurrence to come upon flies and butterflies a long way out to sea. When a certain vessel had stood out some thirty miles from the Chinese coast a plague of flies overtook it. The cabin was so full of them that the beans were blackened. Common black house-flies they were for the most part, with, however, a plentiful sprinkling of large green flies. Why they should have followed the vessel was a mystery. They were a terrible nuisance until the next port was reached.

Another singular circumstance was that, although no land was in sight, large dragonflies repeatedly flew across the ship; and there was observed one large dark butterfly flitting across in the direction of land without stopping to rest upon the ship. At this time the nearest land was Chusan Islands, fully thirty miles off.

There appear to be various species of insects that migrate from one quarter of the globe to another in vessels plying between distant ports. Indeed it has been contended that the spread of many varieties of insects has been largely dependent on the ships.

Not so many years ago a vessel from the tropics was followed by a swarm of butterflies which persistently hovered about the rigging until the shore was lost in the mists. Then the insects alighted on the masts and decks. A few disappeared in the night, but many hid away in the cabins and the hold of the ship. After a trip of some forty days the vessel reached England, and, from their hiding-places in the ship, quite a number of these butterflies emerged and flew ashore. Thus an entirely new species of butterfly was, it is said, introduced into the British Isles.

Ships engaged in the fruit trade are visited by a miscellaneous collection of queer creatures. Concealed in bunches of bananas there may be poisonous reptiles and insects that have traveled long distances. They may bite or sting the hand of some receiver of fruit or they may be killed before they have inflicted injury. Frequently, however, they escape ashore, and should the new climate prove congenial, they may in a very short time produce a progeny that will eventually spread to no small extent. Venomous snakes of the tropics have thus been introduced into lands where none of the sort were known to exist before. Moths of a destructive nature constantly migrate in fruit ships. Numerous immigrants in the shape of bees are brought in with flowers and plants. Insects from the West Indies have been imported in the beautiful Easter lily blossoms, and from all parts of the world come strange bugs hidden away in the cup-like blooms of orchids.

Not all of the newcomers are obnoxious, some being of distinct value to their adopted country, their introduction in a way frequently working out the problem of the destruction of some pest.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How now?"

"This fellow told me he was going to show me the beauties of the town."

"Well, didn't he?"

"He meant parks and office buildings. I was prepared to see some feminine loveliness."

The Poetic Inspiration of Orpheus Homer.

By Charles Campbell Jones.

GENIUS THAT WON.

THE BUZZER on the side of her desk sounded impatiently; the domestic stenographer—trim, young, brown haired, and evidently capable—rose and reached for her dictation pad and pencils. She spoke in a hurried aside.

"Say, Sadie, do me a favor. If there's a phone call for me you tell him I'll call him up after lunch—right away after. Will you?"

"Sure," agreed Sadie, "anything to ease your mind."

Mamie Santley went briskly down the inside corridor toward Mr. Carson's private office. She walked with a lithe grace yet unspoiled at the typewriter. She was charmingly pretty, both of face and figure; and what was more likely to hold attention once attracted, she had poise. She did not seem to be a person who would do anything without due reflection.

Ten minutes later the office boy answered the phone and looked around grinning. His eye caught the expectant regard of the giddy blonde. "Where's Miss Santley?" he asked.

Sadie Porter stood up with all the languid grace of which she was capable, patted her puffed hair, shrugged her shoulders to make sure of the set of her waist, and made for the telephone. "Never you bother your little head about that," she advised patronizingly, "she told me to take the call."

"Huh," grunted the boy, his freckled face split clear across. "He talks like jelly on hot biscuits tastes."

With the first words of the answer to her slyly "Miss Santley's busy just now, but she told me to take the call," Sadie assumed an unmistakable I-told-you-so air.

"O-ooh, yes, Mister Homer," she purred with a smile at the transmitter, "Mamie said she'd call you right after lunch. How are you, anyway?"

Until the head book-keeper began to cough pointedly she held the phone; then with a glare in the general direction of the tall desk she swept back to her machine. When the domestic stenographer returned Sadie waited until she was seated before her typewriter to lean sidewise and murmur: "Orph Homer phoned, and I told him just what you said. Say, Mamie, how about it?"

Mamie turned. "About what?"

"Oh, about it," explained the giddy blonde impatiently. "The big it. Are you lettin' that talkmaster put one over on you? Don't you do it, girlie; I've got his number."

Mamie Santley plainly did not consider it worth her while to continue the one-sided conversation. She arranged her notebook and began to drum upon the typewriter keys. The ensuing clatter effectively silenced Sadie; she gave her rejected attention to her own tasks. At noon they went to lunch together. The assistant credit man joined them in the clean upstairs lunch room, where they all ate regularly. There was still a vacant place at the little table, and before they finished ordering, a stocky, red-haired young fellow approached smiling. Mamie knew him for a new man at the office—a clerk who had been there but two months. He wore a loud suit of checked goods, he bore himself as a man ready and able to fit in anywhere. He nodded familiarly.

"Hello, Oswald," began the credit assistant, "take the place there. The grub here'll kill you as quick as any other. Goin' to chew here regular with us?"

Theodore Oswald continued smiling. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," he quoted. "That's the poetry of it, and the truth of it is that destiny shaped my feet so they won't point anywhere else at lunch time. Poets are wise guys."

He looked at Miss Santley as he spoke, but it was Sadie Porter who caught first at the chance to answer him. "What do you know about poets, Ted Oswald? You don't keep any of their stuff in the files, do you? If old Carson—"

Oswald was an impatient listener to all but the voice of his desire. Still smiling at Mamie Santley, he broke in: "Poets are a bum lot, I guess. I never met one, and all I know about them is that they don't have enough to eat to keep them from gettin' light headed."

"Well," observed Sadie determinedly,

"you'll have to hand it to me, then. I know a poet—or at least he thinks he's a poet. His name is Orpheus Homer."

Miss Santley managed to hide her confusion beneath the general activity following the arrival of the waiter with the orders. Sadie went on between bites:

"Orph and I went to the old Lincoln School together. He used to make up verses when he should have been hard at his arithmetic and geography. We kids didn't know for a long time what he was at so much, and we wanted to find out, believe me. He'd write and write and write; but he'd always keep the paper folded in an open book, and if any of us got too close he'd bang the book shut on our noses.

"One time the teacher had been givin' it to us about walkin' home all together—the same ones all the time, girls and boys, I mean. Orph always walked with a spindlin', pig-tailed kid that squinted. The teacher talked a lot of pep about puppy love, and she wrote some poetry on the board about 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' But it was spring, so we didn't care a bit.

"She slipped down the aisle that afternoon and found out what all us kids wanted to know. Orph was writing a poem; all about a brawny, big-footed rube, and a slender lass—that's what the poem said, but I'll bet she was lanky as slats and had a sharp freckled nose—who waited at the old gate till he prodded his slow red oxen by after working all day in the fields. Orph had worked in a bunch of stuff about "eve and believe," and "dove and love," and "kiss and bliss," and it was some mushy, take it from yours truly. The teacher read it before the class, and for once Orph had an appreciative audience. The kid with the squint and pig-tails ditched him right then and there. The kids—that is, the ones that weren't too little—called him 'Gee-haw' after that, too."

Miss Porter balanced a forkful of fish and laughed. "It was worth going ten miles to hear about. He used to hate that low comedy, 'Gee-haw,' like poison. I wonder sometimes if he's got over it yet?"

Before Oswald could express his complete appreciation of the tale the domestic stenographer spoke up.

"I think it was a perfectly outrageous thing to do," she declared heatedly, "and I'll bet that teacher was a chisel-faced, sour old maid who would have jumped at the chance to make love to a one-legged deaf and dumb man."

Theodore Oswald swallowed his appreciation with an untasted bite of bread. He frowned belligerently at the giddy blonde as she retorted. "Of course—of course. But let me tell you, love's old song may be sweet, but it's not half as fillin' as sauerkraut. A poet may be all right, but while he's hundin' for his inspiration the rest of the family has to hustle for the ambrosia and nightingales' tongues. I'll bet Orph Homer hasn't earned enough to keep a healthy canary since I went to school with him."

Oswald cut short a flippant remark of the credit assistant's and flew to the defense of Miss Santley. "Poets, some poets," he averred, "make a lot of money." He looked as if he dared them to deny it, and as they rose and passed the cashier's wicket he fell in beside the domestic stenographer. To the remarks of the others he gave short, grudging attention, returning easily to a pursuit that suited him better. Mamie Santley appreciated his evidently sincere attention, but she had business of her own. He was a singularly obtuse person and persistent, and before she managed to shake him he nearly lost what favor he had gained at the table. Just before going back to work she broke away and sought the telephone.

As she got her number the giddy blonde listened with both ears. She had observed the effect Miss Santley unwillingly exerted upon Oswald, and she was hopeful. Sadie believed in the divine right of meddlers, and back of her resolve to do her best was a sincere conviction that she was right. Her own affair with Fred Mosher, a rising young man in the traffic department, had progressed past the need of attention. She heard, but did not yet understand fully, the domestic stenographer's last words. "Oh, that's just too bad. Are you sure the other one is in as good a location? . . . Five

rooms, did you say, and two hundred fifty dollars less? . . . Well, we'll have to see. But I don't see why they couldn't wait before they sold the other."

She laughed as she hung up the receiver, her face still wore a slow, comfortable smile as she sat down. To Sadie she spoke lightly of the first part of the telephoning, quite ignoring the part that fired the giddy blonde's curiosity, and said that Orpheus wanted to know when she was going to bake beans again.

Sadie lost no time. "You talkin' about beans makes me think that Orpheus Homer likes eatin' them better than buyin' them. It's easy to eat, but he don't run much to hustle. And being an expert eater won't get anybody anything."

The domestic stenographer, with the story in the lunchroom still rankling, answered spiritedly. "Even if you did go to school with him you don't know about him. Talk about ambrosia, whatever that is, and nightingales' tongues! Humpf! He doesn't like any but simple dishes. He likes my baked beans better than all the fancy-cake stuff ever served.

"Why, about every time he eats my beans he goes home and writes a beautiful poem. I've read his verses, and they fairly make my mouth water—for my own beans, too. And he thinks my soups are splendid. One Sunday when a crowd of us were discussing the nicest way to die Orpheus paid me an awfully pretty compliment by saying right before them all that if he had to die he'd choose to be drowned in a vat of my tomato soup." She hesitated. "I tell you, Sadie," she went on, "you and Fred come out tomorrow afternoon and I'll have some for supper—soup and beans both."

Miss Porter thought she saw another opportunity. "We'll be glad to," she answered, and as she said it she looked down the long room toward Theodore Oswald's desk. He smiled back at her; an impudent and strangely infectious smile. It seemed to inspire her. "Say, Mamie," she continued, "ask Ted Oswald, too. He'd be tickled to death to come, and he'll be pretty sure to give you something beside rhymes in return. Orph can't—if he gets another plate of soup or more beans every time he makes a verse or two, it's the first time he ever collected anything but threats for his efforts."

She closed her mouth sharply on the last word and snapped out the next. "I'll bet the truth is that Orph eats so many beans when he gets a chance he can't sleep and has to do something to pass the night. Or if it's soup he's had he's sca'—to lie down for fear it will spill. Be smart, Mamie, dearie, and don't take that rhymster seriously. It takes more than his jingles to make married life run like a two-horse sleigh. A pair of hard dollars jingles better than a pair of soft rhymes anytime. Give Oswald a chance. I heard him asking the book-keeper about you yesterday. I know you're strong with him already."

"Do you really think so?" innocently inquired Miss Santley. "He's a nice boy and I do like him. I wonder—"

"Surest thing you know," Sadie exclaimed. "Of course, he's only making about sixty per right now, but he'll do a lot better. He's got a pull in this office. They say his father's got so much money it keeps him skinny takin' in the interest. You'd better remember you can't live on love, or on sleazy mush about beans and soup, either. Be wise, girlie, I'd go for him myself if it wasn't for old Fred."

The curt command of Miss Santley's buzzer cut short Sadie Porter's speech. When the domestic stenographer returned, Sadie was gone for her own dictation. Mamie went to the water cooler down the room, and before she could finish her drink was met by the red-haired opportunist Oswald. She was back at her desk when Sadie returned.

"Tommy Carson's got a fierce grinch on," she grumbled, "he must have been done out of some money at lunch. He's worse than the old man when he gets started."

Miss Santley had had her own troubles. "Old Carson's plenty bad enough. I wish I'd have some sense and hurry up and get through with this place."

Sadie regarded her with half-lowered lids.

"Are you thinking—ahem—of leaving us, Miss Santley?" she mimicked.

"Oh, I don't know," Mamie countered. "Why?"

"Well, that five-room talk to Orph Homer this noon sounds like it," Sadie explained suspiciously. She leaned her sharp elbow on her desk. "Mame, don't make any mistake about what I'm tellin' you? It's all true 's gospel. You remember what I said about a pair of hard dollars Jinglin' better than a pair of soft rhymes. I know how you feel I guess; but much as I think of Fred, I wouldn't stick to him longer than about eight fifteen this evenin' if I wasn't dead sure he could make a good livin' for us both. You can take Oswald like takin' candy from a kid—I know it. If you take Orpheus Homer, like I'm afraid you're fixin' to," (she waved her free hand impressively) "he hasn't a thing, he won't have anything so long as he sticks to writin' bum jingles—and he won't ever do anything else if I know him—you'll be playin' 'I Wish I Hadn't Done It. But I Did' on the rough side of a washboard in less than a year. Ted Oswald will keep you in the common stuff, anyway—he makes enough for that now, and he'll get his raise sure, even if his rich dad don't do anything for you. Come on, have him out tomorrow."

Miss Santley was looking across the room. She smiled with evident friendliness and the giddy blonde followed her glance. Then she looked hard at Mamie. The domestic stenographer had been smiling at Oswald; she saw Sadie's pointed stare, dropped her brown eyes, slipped a clean sheet between the typewriter rolls, and turned squarely to her adviser: "I've already asked him," she said quietly.

On Saturday afternoon Theodore Oswald, in a neat brown suit and with his red hair brushed in a clean sweep back from his forehead, presented himself, hat in hand, at the door of the Santley residence—a comfortable, white old frame house on a side street well out. Miss Santley met him and made him welcome. Fred Mosher and the giddy blonde were already there; Mosher had been talking with Mamie, and Sadie Porter came in from a rear room with the elder Santleys. Oswald liked the old couple instinctively, without a contrary thought he classified them as good folks. Sadie greeted him effusively. "Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here," she called. Then in a hurried aside she whispered: "Hope you stuck to it and passed up your lunch to leave room for real eats."

Oswald was still the opportunist. He meant to do flattering justice to the supper; to keep the iron hot and to strike often. The giddy blonde had impressed the need for action upon him. He was a man used to his own way, and he did not often bother to consider the chance of defeat. He made it his business to begin without delay. When the general conversation switched to office matters he said to Mosher, in Miss Mamie Santley's hearing, that he had been promised his \$10 raise. In his heart he was confident that information would have its effect. He felt that his first impression of the elder Santleys was happily justified when—after skillful maneuvering by Miss Porter the talk had shifted to a discussion of living conditions—the kindly, white-haired Santley declared he would rather see a girl married to a man with a smaller assured income than to one with twice the amount earned in haphazard fashion. Things seemed to be progressing fortunately for Theodore.

It was the giddy blonde who put on a dance record and started the machine. Fred Mosher was a poor dancer, but, to his surprise, she would dance only with him. Mamie was delighted with the easy facility Oswald willingly displayed, and Sadie watched them more than she did her step. After the dancing was done she drew Mosher into a conversation about chickens with Mr. Santley. She knew his weakness, and her own adroit strength.

"I've got some pretty good chickens, I reckon," drawled the older man, with modest pride in his voice.

"Fred's crazy about them," interjected Sadie, briskly. "He'd walk a mile to look at really good ones."

"Why, I—" beamed Mr. Santley; but before he could finish Miss Porter agreed heartily. "Yes, show them to him. He'll

From Azusa to Monrovia via the Ridge Route.

By Evelyn McDowell.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Recent Cartoons.



From Azusa to Monrovia via the Ridge Route.

By Evelyn McDowell.

HITTING THE TRAIL.

We hoped that the thick, cold fog which shrouded all Los Angeles and its environs would continue inland and last until we had secured a good start up the mountainside. But, as is the habit of fogs, except in the winter time, this one had dissipated itself out of existence some time before we reached Azusa, where our walk to Camp Rincon was to begin.

A few of the less strenuous decided to ride up in the stage, saving their strength for the return trip on foot. With them were sent the sweaters of the rest of the party, and with loads thus somewhat lightened we struck off up the white road to the mouth of the big San Gabriel Canyon. At the waterworks the canteens were filled, and luckily, for there was not a drop of water where the river ought to have been. No need now to cross the stream in a basket suspended from a wire cable.

The leader of the party took the trail up a short incline, and most of the others followed. A straggler or two, stopping to catch their breath, caught sight of a sign-board a short distance to one side, and feminine curiosity would not let them continue in peace until they had read its message. This proved to be "To Rincon," pointing in a different direction from the one their leader had taken, and she, when informed of the fact, said, "Well, you can go that way if you want to, but I'm going this way." And would you believe it, one by one all the crowd came over to the new trail, leaving the leader to proceed alone!

The new way was wide and smooth, leading into a delightful canyon where a stream flowed among boulders shaded by alders, sycamores and mountain laurel. Live oaks spread over the pathway, scarlet fuchsias grew by its side, and rosettes of ferns clung to the slope. Vertical-faced rocks near the water were hung with lovely Venus-hair ferns, and tiny fishes frisked about in the clear brown water. Quail called upon us to "Quit! Quit!" and when we failed to comply there was a sudden loud whirring of wings as they left for more secluded quarters.

At times the trail became indistinct, or scrambled up the steep hillside where it was necessary to clutch roots of trees to steady ourselves. Often it crossed the stream on stepping-stones. Leisurely we followed the twists and turns of the narrow canyon, and sat down on some rocks by the water to eat our lunch. It seemed as if we must before long come to the head of the canyon and climb to a higher trail. So we kept on, after our appetites had been satisfied, until finally those in the lead came face to face with a high, steep wall that offered too great difficulty for our further progress. For some time we had had a growing suspicion that all was not exactly as it should be. But two signs had pointed this way to Rincon. However, it was decided that the best thing to do was to go back to the mouth of the canyon and follow the trail which our leader had taken.

So, somewhat disgusted with ourselves, we "bust-faced" and returned pell-mell to the sign which read "11 miles to Camp Rincon." Here a little scrutiny showed a trail going up the hillside which we had easily overlooked on our outward trip. Four hours had been spent in the canyon, it was now 2 o'clock, and we had almost our whole day's work still before us. But we know much more about the geography of that vicinity than we should have known if we hadn't explored lovely Rogers Canyon, and now, nothing daunted, we started out confidently for Camp Rincon.

Quite a different trail was this, leading up the warm hillside, past a grove of eucalyptus, and giving a widening outlook over hazy valley and toward neighboring hills. Always upward, zigzagging back and forth and following the contour of the hills, we climbed and climbed, through chaparral. Buckwheat, chamiso, sumac, buckthorn, scrub oak, holly, mountain mahogany and manzanita do not provide much shade for human vagrants—though some of the manzanita bushes were really small trees.

But our perseverance was occasionally rewarded when the trail took to the shady

side of a hill, almost on a level. Especially pleasing were the few scattered clumps of madrones, showing smooth green stems with ruddy thin outer bark hanging in papery curls and streamers.

There was more breeze when we reached higher places, renewing our vigor and contributing to our comfort. We met a quartette of men coming down, who, in answer to our inquiry as to the distance to Camp Rincon, said, "About seven and a half miles—no more." The optimist in our party had some time since affirmed that she was sure we were at least half-way there!

Soon after this we found a little monument erected in the middle of the trail, and projecting from the heap of stones a sharp stick on which was impaled a piece of paper. Our leader, whom we had so basely deserted and who had waited long for us to overtake her, had left a message of guidance, which ended thus: "Where have you been?"

It wasn't very long until, as we were passing over a level stretch on the north side of a spur, through a V-shaped gap between the hills northeastward we caught our first glimpse of Mt. San Antonio, his bare white shoulders bathed in the rosy light of the low sun. And then when we reached the hog-back connecting the two ridges which formed the V, we reveled in the most exquisite vision which we had enjoyed for many a day. Our view northeast and southwest was entirely unobstructed by near hills, and wandered far in both these directions over mountain slopes and sinuous canyons with dark-green floor-coverings. The ridge forming the westerly wall of the great San Antonio Canyon stretched almost its full length before us. San Antonio peak itself, towering above all others in sight, was visible from summit almost to base, glowing in soft rosy amethyst, while its retinue, sloping gradually down toward the Pomona Valley, wore liveries of dark blue made dull by haze. The amethyst slowly changed to cool light blue, and we turned in the opposite direction, where the sun was disappearing behind Monrovia peak in a gorgeous lake of brilliant orange. Then when we faced eastward again the bright round countenance of the moon was beginning to peer over the cold shoulder of San Antonio.

More climbing, and a sign which read "6 miles to Camp Rincon." A level stretch, a ranger's tool-house, another hog-back, a sharp downward zigzag in the gathering dusk. The way was mostly downward now, and courage was increased in good measure; then—a steep upward zigzag, which was almost our undoing. But after this we descended again in the moonlight, through spruces. Lights appeared far, far below. The sound of running water came up to us, and we hastened through alternate darkness and moonlight, finally reaching camp, where our first demand was for a drink of water, as our one canteen had been sparingly used. The other canteen had made the trip with the leader.

From uncomfortably warm travelers we became shivering lodgers in no time at all, and welcomed most heartily the supper which had been for some time awaiting us. And then there was a rush to the camp fire when the flames began to leap skyward.

An occasional gleam of light shone through the darkness of the hillside where the trail comes down, and before long we around the fires were chanting "How tired I am, how dry I am, nobody knows how tired I am," to welcome our comrades who had started from the city much later than we, but had not explored any canyons en route and now came prancing gaily into camp.

It seemed a pity to bid good-night to such a friendly camp fire, but the time spent in joking and chatting passed rapidly, and the hour was late when we went to our tents.

The squawking of the bluejay was abroad in the land when the triangle tore us from the "arms of Murphy" the next morning, to see the sun gilding the treetops and mountainsides. The fireplace in the dining-room was the popular rendezvous before breakfast, but after that ceremony was

over we transferred our headquarters to the edge of the porch, where the sun had arrived in the meantime. The night before, there had been several interested inquiries about the swimming pool, but somehow in the sharp coolness of the morning no one seemed eager to take a plunge. It seemed sufficient to dart through the spray from the fountain which spouted from a flower-garnished rockery.

There was discussion that morning as to routes to be taken on the return trip. Some declared their intention of following the stage road down through the canyon, wading the stream (there was considerable water in these higher reaches) at the frequent crossings. Some, and among them those who had ridden up in the stage, decided to return by the trail to Azusa as we had come up. But a few of us longed to take the trail to Monrovia, along the ridge. Four or five of the party had already made this trip, and for different reasons said, "Not for us."

When we asked the distance one said eighteen miles, another twenty-two, still another twenty-eight. "You know where you came down last night. You have to go up all that, and then a lot more," said a big husky man, trying to discourage us from the undertaking. Even the lowest estimate was a rather long day's hike for four girls, but we determined to try it, nevertheless, though the forenoon was already half gone.

Heeding the warning that there was no water along the trail, we borrowed two canteens from less ambitious members of the party, and with sweaters and lunch started out. Daylight revealed many things which we had missed the night before, when we were conscious only of passing among shady conifers, with the sound of a stream rising from beneath our path. It was very lovely in this canyon up which we climbed, with glimpses of distant high peaks seen between spruce branches. As we ascended higher we could look down into our canyon and its small tributaries, whose dark depths were brightened by soft tawny sycamores and the lively yellow of autumn maples.

Climbing still higher, we traveled more in the open, where the hill-sides were covered with chaparral. The San Gabriel Canyon showed us a portion of its rocky sides, and more high peaks came into view. We traced the courses of other large canyons between twisting ridges—Big Dalton, San Dimas and San Antonio. And in a shady spot, seated all in a row along the side of the trail, eating lunch, were our friends who were returning to Azusa by the way we had come up.

After our trail branched off from that to Azusa, where a sign told us that it was twelve miles to Monrovia, we found, as we expected, still more climbing. And it was sunny, too, on those zigzags. Occasionally at a turning point a little breeze would fan our damp faces, but for the most part we exuded moisture unrestrained. With the gaining of the high places we gained also the reward of an unrestricted view, across the great chasm through which flows the San Gabriel River, of the lofty ridge forming the watershed between that stream and Big Rock Creek, which finds its way out to the Mojave Desert. Pale in color, scantly timbered on this its southern flank, the peaks of North Baldy, Mt. Hawkins, Isalp and Waterman form the apices of the jagged skyline of this rugged mountain-wall.

In many places the trail was nearly level, following the contour of the hills, in and out; but shady spots were very scarce and very small. A few times we stretched ourselves out at full length along the trail to relax our muscles. "We have lots of time," said one of us. "We'll have mostly downhill work after this, and we can easily make at least three miles an hour." So we stopped occasionally also to nibble an apple or a sandwich. When hiking we prefer to take lunch on the installment plan. The canteens were popular, too, though we were really quite abstemious and drank only a little at a time. And as we walked we sang "I am so glad I came this way," thinking pharisaically of those who had elected to walk down the canyon road to Azusa. We

loathed walking on anything so commonplace as a road.

We had traveled three or four miles, at least, from the sign which read "12 miles to Monrovia" when we came to another bearing the information that we still had eleven miles to go.

Returning to the southern slope of the ridge, we looked down on tree-filled ravines, the longest of them, Fish Canyon, twisting among the hills. A few scattered spruce trees appeared on the hill-sides below us, and then to our delight came whole groves of them and climbed right up over our pathway. How cool they were, with moss as green as a parrot's coat clinging to their big rough boles. Strewn here and there along the trail lay cones, many of them with scales all chipped off by industrious squirrels in their autumn harvesting. Clumps of rock ferns clung to the hill-sides, but few flowers were in evidence.

We had been ascending for some time, and now a steep downward zigzag brought us into a little canyon hidden snugly out of sight. At first we thought our ears deceived us; but no, we found a stream running among rocks under spicy laurel, somber alders and joyous yellow maples and sycamores. Dainty lavender asters and large spikes of goldenrod occupied vantage points along the pathway, and tall, graceful Woodwardias grew in luxurious profusion. We filled our canteens afresh and ambled up or down the canyon, only to leave it soon and return to our former pastime of climbing up mountainsides. The sun was behind the hills now, and before we reached the high places again it had bidden adieu to our part of the world until the next morning. Following a very gradual descent into sharp indentation in the hills, we crossed a small stream bordered with mimulus and snapdragon plants and so deeply hidden from the sky under tall trees that a flashlight was necessary to enable us to see to fill our drinking cups.

Ascending a divide where again our view extended northerly, we came to a parting of the ways, one trail leading downward to Monrovia and passing near Deer Park, the other going by the ridge, the distance each way being eight miles, according to the signboards. As darkness would soon be upon us, we chose the upper way, more open and consequently lighter, and set off briskly. Chaparral was almost the only vegetation here, and it even invaded the trail, reaching out rude fingers and deftly removing the glasses from my nose once or twice in the gathering dusk. Though we had not seen the setting of the sun, the beauty of the after glow was now before us, beyond indistinct valleys and hills.

We descended gradually, winding around from one side of a hill to another side, then repeating the process on another hill. Sometimes the trail climbed up a small peak seemingly in order to get adequate momentum for the descent on the other side. Emerging on the southerly flank after some time spent on the northerly, we found the scene below us entirely transformed from drab twilight indistinctness and insipidity to velvety blackness glittering with settings of sparkling brilliants. It was interesting to note the different shapes presented by the different towns, the most definite being a distinct Roman cross at Azusa. Monrovia lay below our feet, apparently within easy reach. But we had still to climb and descend every hill in sight, first on one side, then on another. However, the moon was flooding everything and we knew we should get somewhere some time if we kept to the trail; so we traveled blithely along, singing as we went, sometimes in chorus, but three of us usually more pleased to be silent and listen to the sweet, full notes of the one among us who could really sing. "We have come to the end of a perfect day," "The moon shines bright," "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," and other themes befitting the occasion floated out into the moonlit world. And no one even thought of suggesting that it was "a long way" to our destination.

Evidences of industry on the part of the forest ranger in charge of this section of the hills were forcibly presented to us, for at intervals of a few feet for a distance

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

The Spirit Wail. By Edmund Mitchell.

AT THE CARAVANSERAI.
 (EIGHT TRAVELERS, HINDUS AND MOSLEMS, FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF INDIA, HAVE MET AT A CARAVANSERAI OUTSIDE THE CITY OF FATHPUR-SIKRI, THE CAPITAL OF THE MOGUL EMPEROR, AKBAR. THE YEAR IS 1580. JUST BEFORE EUROPEANS BEGAN TO ARRIVE IN HINDUSTAN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORIENTAL CUSTOM, THE TRAVELERS BEGUILLE THE NIGHT BY STORY-TELLING. THIS IS THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES OF TALES.)

"**A**LLAH alone can search the hearts of men," said the hakeem, slowly and reflectively repeating the words with which the astrologer had closed his tale. He was a man of venerable appearance, with flowing, white beard that descended to his waist. And yet, although his face was furrowed with the lines of old age, his eyes were wonderfully youthful in their contemplative calm.

"No truer words have been spoken tonight," the man of medicine continued. "Yet must we further reflect that, while a man cannot sit in judgment upon his fellows, he can assuredly judge himself, which goes to show that within the breast of every man there dwells the very spirit of God, the power to search his own heart, whether in condemnation or for approval. Life is a problem, and it requires a full lifetime to solve it. Only as we grow older do we come to know our own souls—our strength and our weakness, the measure of our true nobility of character and likewise the measure of our inherent meanness, the temptations not merely from without but from within that assail us, our power to conquer these or our miserable yielding at times, with no one, perhaps, even guessing at our degradation except the divine spark of conscience that inexorably turns a searching ray on every thought and on every motive for action."

"So you would argue that man is God?" queried the Rajput.

"Not so, but that the soul of a man is of the essence of God, the proof of which is this very power of searching out our own hearts and sitting in judgment on our own failings; for the judgment seat belongs to Allah alone."

"A subtle philosophy which I do not presume fully to understand," interposed the merchant from Bombay.

During the night's entertainment he had shown himself to be a man of few words, yet an attentive listener. He was of middle age, of a mild dignity of mien, and of robust physique, as beffited one accustomed to long journeys through regions infested with robbers or with beasts of prey.

"But in my practical experience of life," he proceeded, "I have come to realize that, while I may know myself, no other man can I know. Therefore, if it be right to be sparing of condemnation for another, it is also wise to be chary of undue commendation. The world too often acclaims a deed as noble when the real motive prompting it is utterly ignoble."

"A true philosopher, despite your bales of merchandise," murmured the hakeem, with a smiling nod of approval for the sentiments expressed.

"Well, I suppose that every one who travels becomes a philosopher; more or less," assented the trader. "Change of scene and of companionship stimulates new ideas. Now will I relate an actual experience which aptly illustrates that, in our dealings with those around us, we never really penetrate their minds. Man knows himself; he knows no one else—friend or intimate, the child of his heart or the very wife of his bosom."

"It is more easy to discover a white crow," muttered the fakir, "than know what a woman has in her heart."

The merchant paid no heed to the interruption. He went on:

"Each of us is an inscrutable mystery to the other. Each soul is veiled to every other soul, and is naked to itself alone."

"O prince of philosophers in peddler's disguise!" murmured the hakeem.

"If our souls sat naked for the common gaze," commented the Rajput, "if we could all read each other's hearts, then indeed would life be an abomination—an utter misery, with the twin devils of shame and disgust seated at our elbows all the time."

"Most true," concurred the trader. "For too much knowledge of another's inmost

thoughts brings only disillusionment and regret, as my tale will show. The story takes us among humble people, but human nature is the same everywhere—the same in the hut of the rayat as in the palace of the rajah.

The Merchant's Story.

"Once in every two years it is my custom to travel from Bombay to Benares, and invariably I break the journey at a certain village some six or seven days from my final destination. Here dwells an old friend and caste brother, formerly, like myself, a merchant in the Bombay bazaar, where silken stuffs are sold, but retired now to his own country with modest savings sufficient for the rest of his days. Baji Lal, as he is named, is all the closer to me because his wife Devaka is a sister of my own wife, and the two are always eager to have news of each other's welfare.

"At the house of this friend I rest for a day or two, enjoying his companionship, the reminiscences of old times, and the gossip of the hour. So, on my long and fatiguing journeys, I have always looked forward to these meetings with pleasurable anticipation and remembered them with tranquil satisfaction.

"But on the occasion of one of my periodical visits judge of my surprise when I was received in silence and with apathy that made no pretense of disguise. Devaka did not rise from her cushions on the floor to bid me welcome, and her husband, similarly irresponsible, returned my customary cordial greeting with nothing better than a look of wearied dejection.

"Disturbed, I made inquiry.

"'Baji Lal, my friend, what is the matter? Are you ailing?'

"But only shook his head and turned away.

"To Devaka I then appealed.

"'What is the meaning of this?' I asked. 'Sadness and silence where everything used to be joy.'

"She drew aside the sari that had concealed her face, and I was shocked at its grief-stricken aspect.

"At last Baji Lal spoke, raising his face but still remaining seated on the divan we were wont in former times to share.

"'Go thy way, Chunda Das,' he said. "The sword of fate has descended upon this house. Come not again to a place accursed.'

"Then did I realize that the trouble was serious.

"But, my friend and brother,' I protested, 'I cannot depart and leave you thus. Let me at least understand what calamity has befallen you, so that I may help toward its repair.'

"Nothing can be done, so nothing need be said,' he answered, in a tone and with a look of dignified resignation to the will of God.

"And he, too, covered his face with his garment, leaving me no choice but to withdraw without further attempt at this manifestly inopportune time to probe the mystery.

"If I was to be of service to my friends, however, knowledge of what had befallen was the first essential. So I took the road that would lead me to the great pipul tree in the village square, close to the tank and to the temple, where all day long there was coming and going, and where, therefore, I would be most likely to glean the information I desired. By a happy chance I found reclining under the pipul tree the village barber, a loquacious fellow, who counted it as part of his business to know the last detail about other people's affairs.

"After greetings and a few remarks about the weather and crops and the season's epidemics, I carefully broached the real purpose of my interview, for a prudent man will never divulge his thoughts to another until he knows that other's thoughts.

"I have just come from the house of Baji Lal," I said, in a seemingly casual way.

"The barber's face instantly lost the smile it had worn.

"How did you find him?" he asked.

"Strangely altered," I replied.

"And so does everyone," he concurred.

"Why so?" I ventured.

"Later I would be at this caravan and the bazaar, and the direction in which they

stranger, Sheikh Ahmed, and also the fact of their de-

fairs as to the personal appearance of the

"I needed awhile, then put a few ques-

ions to the family of such an eccentric

"I am alone to remove from your

"When we were alone, Baji Lal and De-

"When we were alone, I could not find the

"I am alone to remove from your

Good Short Stories

Translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana by Edith Jamison Lowe.

THE DOCTOR'S TALE.

"OH, WELL, we know," exclaimed the law student, who wished to appear a great skeptic. "A good husband makes a good wife, and vice versa. But at the same time, it is not the case that all proverbs have been proven to be truth."

"No," replied Dr. Maggioli, "I do not mean to say that. Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This is what I mean. I believe that men and women know one another so little, that they form false ideals of one another. Our merits and our defects, especially the latter, should not be deemed accidents of our organism; we should accept them as they are—indissoluble one from the other—so as not to create illusions for ourselves, which may afterward result in tragic disillusionments. If the women, however, could themselves create the men, and the men the women, they would not succeed in changing them in any way. Experiment has demonstrated this, and philosophy explains why experiment has failed. The philosophers affirm that ideas are real, that they are in fact the sole reality. The ideas, man and woman, were not shaped by us, but by God, or nature, or we know not who; and if we were endowed with the power to bring them into being, as has God or nature, or we know not who, we would succeed only in so far as these omnipotent masters have succeeded."

After a brief pause, the doctor continued:

"I know a singular man whose riches, genius and strong will permitted him to indulge himself in the caprice of creating a woman."

"Oh, oh," screamed everybody.

"Your incredulity does not surprise me," replied the doctor, calmly, with his habitual amiable smile upon his lips. But I am not expounding a theory for your benefit, I am relating to you a fact, verified by my own testimony. I have seen, I have touched with my hand; and though what I tell you may seem incredible, absolutely unbelievable, it is none the less true. In May, 1881, while in London, I one day encountered an intimate friend whom I had not seen for several years; he had just returned from India.

"What were you doing in India?" I inquired.

"Oh, I was traveling in the interest of science."

"As a naturalist?"

"No, in order that I might become initiated into the great science of Raja-Yogi."

"It was the first time I had ever heard this science spoken of, so I asked for many explanations."

"In a nutshell, my friend, attracted by the occult publications of Mrs. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, had gone to Adyar, in the province of Madras, and after having served a term of seven years as a mystic novice in the solitudes of the Himalayas, there had been communicated to him the wonderful power of the antique, occult East Indian science, possessed by the Mahatmas of Tibet, that is to say by the great magicians, jealous depositaries of a science, in the face

of which the most wonderful discoveries of our physics and chemistry seem to be mere child's play.

"At first I thought my friend wished to amuse himself at my expense, then, little by little as I heard his explanations, I commenced to suspect that he had become insane, deranged by the abstinences, by the fasting, by the mystic exaltations of his novitiate of seven years. In fact, he had taken on the look of an ascetic, he was very thin, his hair and beard were already gray, and he had the vague, bewildered look of one who had seen many extraordinary things of another world, and who was not quite sure yet whether he had really seen, or only dreamed.

"And to what purpose is all this?" I asked him at last. "Would it not have been better for you to continue the life of pleasure and ease which your youth and riches made possible? Then, think of your many love affairs."

"Precisely, it was a terrible disillusion in love."

"Oh, I thought there must be a woman in the case," I interrupted.

"But now," he continued, "I am at the point of reaching supreme happiness; I can create a woman to suit myself."

"My, but that will be great. Have you commenced yet?"

"I shall, as soon as I arrive in Naples. That is the place I have selected for my work."

"I am also going to Naples. May I assist with the experiment?"

"I must have said this with such badly dissimulated incredulity that my friend shook his head with compassion, and replied only:

"You will see."

"While we were crossing from Marseilles to Naples, Enrico Strizzi initiated me, with great patience—I was recalcitrant—into the mysteries of the occult science to a sufficient extent to enable me to comprehend what he intended to do. Above everything he explained what the elements are: the molecules, the atoms, alive and scattered through the air, which are capable of receiving from one who has the power, the virtue of resolving themselves into a determined form. He explained that it would only be necessary for him to seize one of these atoms, to subjugate it, incubate it, evolve from it, in fact, the new creature, that perfect woman whom he wished to create for himself.

"I had heard him repeat these words so

many times and with such seriousness, that I commenced to feel a little shaken and to think:

"Can it really be possible? Shall I see this miracle?"

"And I have seen it. I swear I have seen it. It was not a hallucination. I have seen and touched with my hands."

"Enrico Strizzi remained for a month

closed in his beautiful little house on the Vomero. He had selected this place for the operation of his experiment. I had news of him every now and then by means of a

laconic note which assured me that 'all went well.'

"And I thought, 'Is it really possible? Shall I indeed witness this miracle?'

"I asked myself this question every day, every moment, and not without great fear that in the end I should be obliged to assume the sad task of conducting my friend to an insane asylum. This fear became a certainty for me the morning on which I received a note from Enrico containing the one word, 'Come.' For precaution's sake, I took a closed carriage in case it might be needful to put it to this sad use.

"Before entering the laboratory—I do not know what else to call the room where he was making the experiment—Enrico wished to explain to me the reason why he had selected Naples, and not some other part of the country, for his attempt. It seems that all elementary things are subject to the effects of climatic conditions and surroundings; and he, a native of a southern country, wished to create a woman of his own country, perhaps in homage to the proverb, 'Take your wives and your cattle from your own country.'

"He had become more emaciated, more pallid; and in the sound of his voice and the trembling of his whole person there appeared an extraordinary nervous excitement.

"You suffer," I said to him.

"A little. Part of my vitality has been transfused into my creation. Come, but do not make brusque movements and speak very softly. You will be stupefied."

"The room seemed to me to be perfectly dark. Then I commenced to distinguish the light thrown from the dark red glass of several lanterns, and finally, in a corner, fixing my gaze, I could discern a whitish, vaporous form, which oscillated slowly in the air.

"It would have seemed to be the reflection of a beautiful statue representing a woman who slept, made by means of a magic lantern upon the black drapery which covered the walls and ceiling, had it not been that the body was more transparent than alabaster, and was so light that our breath alone was enough to give it an undulatory movement. It displaced itself little by little, moving around, and when it passed in front of the red glass of the lanterns it became colored by a tender, inexpressible reddish hue.

"There was a moment in which it passed so close to me that I was able to see a kind of subtle envelope which closed it in and protected it from external impressions.

"All of this must solidify," said my friend.

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Seen in a New Light. By C. L. Gates.

LOT ANGEL'S THREE.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

These later years even as they had in those gleriously happy days that had gone, in retrospect he walked with her again as he had on that last day so long ago. The breath of spring was in the air. The wholesome fragrance of growing things was all about them. Birds trilled their love chants from overhanging boughs. A tiny stream, crystal clear, rippled, crooning, over its bed of white pebbles. Stray sunbeams, slipping playfully through the canopy of foliage, cast a wonderful carpet on the ground at their feet or glistened in her hair.

They paused at the brook while she knelt and drank from her cupped hands, and when he ventured to tell her that he, too, was thirsty she offered him a drink from those same dear little hands. Then, as he looked into her eyes, eyes sparkling and bright with the sheer joy of living, he bent suddenly forward and pressed his lips to her rose-tinted cheek. With a low, half-startled cry she turned quickly from him and buried her face in her arms. And, somehow, he knew that she was crying.

Not understanding, he stood helplessly by, hardly daring to take her in his arms and tell her all. Then a wonderful thing happened. As suddenly as she had turned away, she slipped to his side and, before he divined her intention, her sweet, warm lips caressed his cheek. For one delirious moment her kiss enthralled him—and then she was gone. Gone as completely as the mythical wood-nymph, who can appear or vanish at will. He called her name, entreating her, but only the hills answered, flinging back the echoes of his voice in mocking cadence.

That was the last picture of her his memory cherished, for in the cold, gray dawn of the next day a devastating fire laid hold of the city that was. For three days and nights it burned with unabated fury, exacting its toll of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars worth of property. In the mad chaos of those horrible days, when, panic-stricken, the unfortunate ones rushed from the doomed city like rats from the hold of a burning vessel; when man and wife, brother and sister, sweetheart and lover, lost each other in the frenzied struggle, he searched for her through all the city. After days of futile searching, when the city lay a hideous mass of charred and smoking ruins, he turned from it, heart-broken, mourning her as dead.

For a time he traveled, seeking to rid his mind of the horrors he had witnessed, and to ease, if possible, the ache in his heart for the girl who had gone. He wandered into the out-of-the-way places of the world, roaming about restlessly, with no companion save his sorrow. At length he returned, but never did he find heart to revisit the city—his city—and hers. Time had, in a measure, lessened the burden of his grief, but now the scene before him recalled with terrible vividness the heart-reckoning pain of those days he was trying to forget.

A voice, as if out of the past, awoke him from his reverie and he gave his somewhat divided attention to the stage. As his mind grasped the situation on the boards he started forward in his seat and gasped. He did not know that the people near him were regarding him curiously; nor did he realize that his gasp of astonishment had been a quite audible one. He was conscious of nothing save that the people on the stage were enacting the very scenes he had been reliving in memory! There on the stage was the girl kneeling at the brook; the man kissed her; she turned away and her shoulders shook with sobs. Suddenly she went to him; her lips brushed his cheek; she fled. And the curtain descended amid deafening applause.

Nervously Ward scanned his programme for some note that would throw definite light on the identity of this author, whose play seemed an echo of his own past. But he found nothing save merely the name, Gene Harland Sterling; no clew as to who he really was; no biographical sketch of his life, as is generally the case when a new playwright springs suddenly into prominence. "Who is he?" Ward wondered. "Where did he get the material for this play?" And the determination came to him to seek this man and the answer to these questions.

The second scene presented the interior of an emergency hospital, a marvellously realistic reproduction of one of the many which were to be found scattered over the city in the days following the great fire. A corps of white-clad surgeons and nurses worked quietly and swiftly to relieve the

suffering of their maimed patients, while from without, above the muffled noises of the hospital, came the low rumble of the city as it writhed, helpless, in the grip of disaster.

The girl of the first act was there, too, lying white and still on a cot. But presently she sat upright, her arms stretched forth in appeal, her lips calling her lover's name. And when they tried to quiet her she pushed them from her fiercely and fell to sobbing. Then, later, it was learned that the man was missing, but of this they dared not tell her.

So the play progressed, depicting in a touching, masterful way the tireless search of these two for each other. Through a cleverly constructed succession of tense situations their paths crossed and recrossed until at last, their courses guided by some unknown power, they met again beside the stream where the sun glinted playfully in her hair and the birds chirped happily from the trees.

So the play ended.

Certainly it was not a deep drama; merely a simple tale of love and pathos, simply told, superbly acted, leaving the spectator suffused with a glow of delight at the happiness and joy of life and love. To the thousands of theater-goers, who had long been steeped in the risque daring of the modern problem play, this clean, wholesome love story was a welcome innovation.

Slowly, more through the action of those about him who surged toward the exits than because of any conscious effort on his part, Ward found his way out of the theater. He stood in the foyer for a moment and looked about him at the handsomely-gowned women laughing and chatting happily with their escorts. Everywhere was laughter and high spirits, but he felt little in the mood for gaiety. His mind grappled with a problem too deep, too serious, to admit the intrusion of lighter thoughts. Strange, very strange, he thought, that the play should follow so closely the lines of his own shattered romance—a romance unattended by the happy conclusion the author had written into the play. And there, he reflected, was the only variance between the real and the unreal—between life as it is lived and as it is depicted on the stage.

He was now confident that the author, whoever he might be, was familiar with the scenes and circumstances from which he had undoubtedly drawn the play, for it was incredible that mere fancy could so truly parallel actual fact.

He sought the manager of the theater in the hope that he might be able to learn something of this playwright.

The manager professed to know nothing concerning the author beyond a few rumors whose authenticity was doubtful. However, this much he could vouch for: that Sterling was a westerner and that he was in the city at the present time on a business trip in connection with the play. "You will find him at the Crestmore," the theatrical man cordially informed Ward.

At a conventional hour of the following day Ward repaired to the Crestmore and sent up his card to Mr. Sterling. In spite of his apparent calm he was a little nervous, impatiently eager to learn what the interview might disclose. He had little time to meditate, however, for shortly his brass-buttoned emissary returned to usher him into Sterling's apartments.

As his eye noted the quiet elegance of his furnishings there stole to him the consciousness of a subtle, indefinable something pregnant with echoes of the past. The room seemed surcharged with ghosts of memories. Perhaps it was the breath of the violets in a vase near the window. She had always been fond of them. In the tenseness of suspense he trembled and his throat grew parched and dry. He felt, rather than heard, the entrance of a presence. And then he turned and saw her. A woman beautiful with the full blood of womanhood, a half-startled, incredulous look in her wide-open gray eyes, her hand at her breast clutching his card. For a long moment they stood gazing into each other's eyes, as though through a veil of years. Then, silently, he went to her and with a low, glad cry she nestled in his arms.

"Grace!"

"Will! Oh, Will!" Her voice broke, her eyes, sparkling through a mist, sought his and their lips met.

Presently: "You wrote it?" he whispered, half to himself, wonderingly, as though he did not yet understand.

"Yes—I never believed you dead—you could not be—so I wrote it and sent it out."

to find you and to bring you to—me. They called me famous, but they did not understand—"

Gently he drew her closer and her arm crept hesitantly, shyly, about his neck.

A Hymn to Death.

THE SUDDENLY CHANGED BEHAVIOR OF A PET CANARY.

By Thomas Johnson.

To this day I do not know what killed Dick. Was it wounded pride? Was it chagrin at being unable to protect himself against such an indignity? Did I, his best friend, by that one unforgivable offense, forfeit the right to his respect so irretrievably as to rob him of all zest for life? Or did the love he always had seemed to feel for me suddenly change to hate, and fill his blood with a fatal poison? I cannot say. Perhaps he had no pride or dignity. Perhaps he could not love or hate as I think he did. Perhaps my own guilty conscience read into his attitude and actions a meaning that was not there. It may be that the sudden immersion in cold water gave his nervous system a shock from which he could not recover. I do not know. But I do know that whereas he had always been a cheerful, joyful companion, in the twinkling of an eye he had become a morose little beast, and that he pined away in surly silence. And if the look he literally hurled at me the moment before he died was not charged with the venom of bitter hatred, then have I lost all skill in reading faces.

A friend gave Dick to me when he was about 1 year old. He was a canary of rather somber plumage, but he was a merry little soul with a marvelous voice and a wonderful willingness to use it. From the very first he seemed to take a fancy to me, and would burst into melody whenever I approached his cage. He greeted me with a song in the morning, and warbled himself to sleep at night. Whenever he was silent during the day I had but to say, "Sing, Dick, sing!" to call from his throat a stream of joyful eloquence. At times, when he seemed to be unable to express himself adequately in song, he would thrust his head through the wire of his cage, lay his bill in my hand, and give voice to intimate twitterings, which must have been an expression of his inmost feelings. And then his swan song, which came after a silence of three months—how shall I describe that otherwise, than to call it a "Hymn to Death?" I believe that he sang his sweetest songs for me because he loved me, and, as I have said, I certainly loved him in return.

Now, Dick had one serious fault—he would not bathe. Every day I filled the tub with fresh water and tried to wheedle him into taking a real bath. But threats and blandishments alike were futile. He would stick his bill into the tub, shake his head with a great splutter, clap his wings in fine pretense; but he would not put his feet into the water or wet his plumage. He took his bath for all the world like an Englishman I once knew who filled the tub every morning, and having washed his face and hands, deliberately splashed the floor around the tub to give the appearance of having taken a vigorous plunge. And, like the Englishman, Dick never tired of telling about his daily bath.

Now, I was not without sympathy for this shortcoming of my pet. I looked after his cage carefully and did all I could to save him from the ill effects of his bad habit. But, in spite of all my attention, I found that his plumage was becoming very dirty and his feet and legs were cracked and sore. I consulted a bird man, who advised me to fill a bowl with water, place the bird in gently and cover the bowl with my hand. In his efforts to escape, the man said, Dick would give himself a genuine bath.

I followed the plan as suggested. Dick was in the midst of a glorious song when I began preparations, but with perfect trust he permitted me to remove him from the cage and place him in the bowl. For a few seconds he sputtered in angry protest and plunged around in an attempt to free himself. Then, with a peculiar croaking cry, he ceased his struggles and made another move nor sound until I removed my hand from the bowl. There he stood in silence, with wet body, drooping head and hanging wings, until I removed him and placed him back in the cage.

From that moment until a short time before he died, three months later, he never

sang again or uttered a sound of any kind.

For the most part he moped in a corner

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

of his cage or hung listlessly on his swing. At first he ate the food placed before him, but towards the last he scarcely seemed to touch it for days at a time. All efforts to make amends for what he must have considered my betrayal of his confidence met with stony indifference, so I soon learned to let him alone. Indeed, I was both puzzled and alarmed at his conduct, for at times I found him looking at me intently and caught gleams of some hidden, smoldering sentiment, which only awaited a suitable occasion to burst forth into furious expression.

That occasion came just three months from the day I made him take a bath. As I passed through the room, I was startled to hear Dick singing, and hurried over to the cage. He was perched in his swing, not with hanging wings and drooping tail, as had been his custom lately, but with head erect and chest swelling with excitement. And he was singing such a song as he never sung before. I have said that Dick had a marvelous voice, but until that moment I had not known its real quality. For fully five minutes, without a second's intermission, he poured forth a sweet, sad, triumphant chant whose ever-recurring refrain said clearly, "I who am about to die salute you." Then, looking me fairly in the face, and casting into one glance all the suppressed wrath and bitterness of three silent months, he toppled from his swing.

Did he die of a broken heart? Again I say that I do not know. But he lived, and sang, and died, as I have written.

Battleship Underwear.

MEASURES TAKEN TO PROVIDE FOR POSSIBLE EMERGENCIES.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

It is a curious fact that, beneath its coat-of-mail, the modern battleship wears undergarments of a material derived chiefly from the cocoanut. The necessity for the battleship's underwear proceeds from the fact that the fighting machine is really a very delicate thing. In order that certain portions may not become too cold and others become too warm, the vital parts of its anatomy must be clothed with special coverings. The dreadnaughts are enveloped from stem to stern in a suit of underwear to protect them from water and fire. If it were not so, a shot that pierced the side of the vessel would immediately cause the entrance of water and the destruction of the ship.

The actual constitution of this protective underwear is a matter of great secrecy. For the most part, however, it is made of cellulose, which is obtained from the fibrous rind of a cocoanut. Cellulose possesses the peculiar property of swelling when brought in contact with salt water. It follows, therefore, that the moment water pours in at a hole in a ship's side the cellulose expands and closes the aperture. The cellulose must be treated, of course, in order that it may be made fireproof.

It is also necessary to clothe the boilers and steam pipes with "jackets," in order to prevent the waste of fuel. Sometimes these are made of ordinary "blanketing," sometimes of a fibrous clay-like composition, or sometimes of close-grained wood. Still often the material is mineral wool. However a great battleship is more likely to suffer from the effects of heat than cold. There is always danger that the powder magazines may become overheated.

In the latest types of fighting ships a thick coating of mineral wool surrounds the stores. This wool gets its name from a slight resemblance of real wool. It is simply a mass of snowy threads of a sort of glass; it is made by blowing jets of high pressure steam through the streams of liquid slag that flow from the furnaces in iron and steel mills.

Great quantities of this queer wool are used on battleships. The substance protects equally well from heat and from cold. It is such an extraordinary nonconductor of heat that it covers the refrigerators and cold storage chambers as well as the explosive stores. In the dockyards the workmen who pack mineral wool in the proper spaces of the ships have to wear masks, in order that they may not inhale the sharp needle-like particles, which would seriously injure the delicate tissues of the throat and lungs.

[Michigan Gargoyle:] "Willie, didn't I tell you not to play with that Wiggins boy?"

"I ain't playin' wit' him, I'm fightin' wit' him."

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
From Many Sources

Indignity Resented.

JOAQUIN MILLER was once advertised to deliver a lecture at San Diego. A smarty, who thought it safe to insult him, approached him as he was standing at the hotel counter, and throwing down a 50-cent piece, exclaimed: "I will go and hear you talk your rot tonight. Here, give me a ticket."

Joaquin pocketed the coin, produced a ticket, and placing a twenty-five cent piece on it, exclaimed: "Children and fools, half price," and turned his back on his would-be insulter.

Landlord's Way.

JOHN BARRYMORE, the actor, was talking about Germany's submarine policy. "When Germany told us we Americans might cross the seas in safety, provided we used such ships as she offered, I nearly died laughing," he said.

"I was irresistibly reminded of the poet who complained to his landlord:

"Landlord, I really must insist on your repairing my doors and windows. They close so badly that it interrupts my work. It blows my hair all about my face."

"Humph," said the landlord. "The easiest way out of that difficulty is get your hair cut off."—[Washington Star.]

Not for the Consulate.

THE schoolmaster wanted to know whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of a consulate.

"Supposing," he began, framing his question in the likeliest way to arouse the interest of his hearers, "supposing someone took you up in an aeroplane and after a long, exciting flight dropped you down thousands of miles from home in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek out first of all?"

An eager hand was instantly uplifted.

"Well, Willie, what do you say?"

"Please, sir, the hospital."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Lawyer Got His Answer.

AT A recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Kilkis, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."—[The Star.]

Willie's Difficulty.

"I NEVER saw a case like this before," mused the physician who had been called in a hurry on Christmas afternoon.

He thumped the child who was the object of his call. The child, of a prodigious roundness, gave forth a hollow "boom" like unto that of a drum.

"He doesn't seem to be in any pain. Did you let him overeat at dinner?"

"No, doctor," explained the anxious mother. "Willie got a toy balloon among his other presents, and when it deflated he blew it up too much, and the balloon blew back at him and blew him up, and that's why we called you."—[Judge.]

The Ex-minister.

A MEMBER of the corps of the British legation said at a dinner in New York:

"Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army."

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench."

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old

chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I say! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This — war, of course, was the reply."—[Washington Star.]

The Scoundrel.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, the famous "anti," said at a luncheon in New York:

"Some people think because I oppose universal suffrage that I am very severe and harsh on the subject of woman."

"These people like me, in fact, to the man who was asked:

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Sure I do!" the man replied. "Clubs, sandbags, flatirons, any old thing."—[Washington Star.]

Three of a Kind.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, the New York lawyer, said of a certain charge the other day:

"It was a coincidence, a strange coincidence, an almost incredible coincidence like the stammerer's tale, you know."

"A stammerer in a restaurant said to a waiter:

"Bring me a p-p-plate of beef."

"The waiter, who also stammered, answered:

"W-w-e're out of b-b-beef, sir."

"The guest, thinking he was being mocked, rushed at the waiter to knock him down, but another patron interposed hurriedly.

"D-don't hit him," he said. "He's not mocking you. He s-s-stutters the same as I d-d-did before I was c-c-cured."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.]

No Longer Responsible.

THE dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily-clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage," explained the captain.

"Too late!" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, very solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Husband's Sacrifice.

ELIHU ROOT was discussing in New York the recent constitutional convention.

"But there was one group," he said—"happily it saw reason later on—but one group there was which had about as true an idea of self-sacrifice as Smith."

"Smith's wife said to him one evening, anxiously:

"I know, John, dear, this high cost of living is terrible, but do you really think we can get along without a servant?"

"We'll have to," Smith answered, firmly, "unless I get a raise. Why, hang it, if the worse comes to the worse, you can do the cooking for yourself and I can get my meal at a restaurant."—[Washington Star.]

Appreciated Emphasis.

CHARLEY, dear," said young Mrs. Torrkins, "I don't want you to worry about our votes for women campaign."

"I'm not going to."

"But I want you to be prepared to lift

your voice in case it is needed. I realize that there are incidents of political responsibility which woman with her refined sensibilities is unable to meet."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You remember how disappointed I was at the result in New Jersey. When I mentioned it to you you dismissed the matter with a profane expletive."

"I apologize."

"Don't. I've invited our club to be here on Wednesday morning to hear how well you can talk about it in case we're defeated on Tuesday."—Washington Star.

Enough Said.

A RAILROAD lawyer, who has had much to do with human nature, says: "Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod." And he gave an illustration from his own experience:

A section hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"Yes, sir, it blew, sir."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

"Very well. Now what earthly purpose could there be for the engineer to blow his whistle after Mike had been struck?"

"I presume that the whistle was for the next man on the track, sir."

I quit, and the widow got all she asked.

—[Exchange.]

Working Overtime.

"I SEE you claim one hour's overtime, Bill," said the master of the mill. "How's that? I thought no one worked overtime this week."

Bill passed a hoary hand across his mouth.

"Quite right, guv'nor," he replied. "One hour's me due."

The master regarded him suspiciously.

"Come, when was it?" he inquired.

"Last Thursday," replied Bill. "I was sent up to your own 'ouse to 'elp shake the carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly," cut in the boss, "but you got off at 6 sharp."

"Ah, that's true, guv'nor, as far as it goes," assented the man; "but the missus give me a 'alf a meat pie to take home, an' that there hour is for bringin' the dish back."—[Washington Star.]

His Peculiarity.

A MAN who was in the habit of stammering was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-tir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."—[Harper's Magazine.]

Sitting on It.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently returned home from the war front in France, where he had many interesting and exciting experiences.

Some time ago, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, Mr. Birrell found himself in an amusing although very embarrassing position.

He was only just in time to catch the train and sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs.

Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterward, he saw that she appeared very uneasy and was regarding him with no great favor.

Then it was that it dawned upon him that he was sitting upon her newspaper.

"Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling

the paper from under him and handing it to her: "I'm sorry."

The little girl did not look quite satisfied; but she said nothing until a few minutes later when the train drew up at the station.

"Please, sir," she then inquired, meekly, as she rose to get out, "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Circumstances Alter Cases.

PAT CASSIDY purchased a new automobile, and while still inexperienced in the handling of it he drove down one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city. Coming to a crossing where the traffic was held up, he lost control of the car and ran squarely into a handsome limousine. The crowd which gathered found the situation amusing, and to add to Pat's discomfiture, the crossing policeman, a big Irishman, commenced to berate him.

"Since when did you learn to drive a car?" demanded the officer. "What's yer name?"

"Cassidy," answered Pat.

"So?" said the policeman, interestedly.

"And where are you from?"

"County Clare," said Pat.

"Say," said the cop, "how the divil did that fellow back into you?"—[Chicago Journal.]

Suspicious Parent.

CJ. FAULKNER, counsel for Chicago meat packers in their confiscation suit against the British government, said at a recent dinner:

"Traders could get on better if the British were not so suspicious. They doubt everybody. They are like the father—only more so."

"A father, in a deathlike silence, called downstairs to his daughter, solemnly: 'Hannah, what time is it?'"

"'A paish, and Hannah answered:

"'It's just quarter after 10, father.'

"'All right,' the father said. 'And Hannah, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast.'—[Washington Star.]

Poor Vision.

A STUDENTS' rebellion at a university over the dismissal of a professor led John Mitchell to say:

"The trustees dismissed the professor to show that they were against free speech. Well, you see now, I guess, how wrong they were. A university to oppose free speech! Why, that's as wrong as the lady's eyes."

"One man was telling another how very cross-eyed a certain lady was."

"Cross-eyed!" he declared. "Cross-eyed! Why, the lady is so cross-eyed that at a dinner where she sat next to me last week, she actually ate out of my plate."—[Washington Star.]

Could See His Mistake.

LORD KITCHENER'S recent important speech on the military situation has done a great deal to awaken the public to a sense of the task before it. Since he has become War Minister, "K. of K." has also been doing a good deal of "waking up" in purely military quarters.

Some time ago he sent for an officer, who was in the habit of wearing a monocle—a habit that Kitchener detests, as he believes that it savors of affectation.

After talking on various subjects for a few minutes, Kitchener suddenly asked:

"Is it absolutely necessary for you to wear that glass in your right eye?"

"Oh—ah—certainly, yes," drawled the officer. "Couldn't see without it, you know."

"Then I'm sorry," said Kitchener, in his blunt way. "I had intended to give you a staff appointment, but I must have men who can see. Good morning."

After that the monocled one beat a hasty retreat.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]



Shore-line Sentinels Among the Rocks of Monterey.

SUNDAY MORNING

GERMANY M G TO WIT

Kaiser's Govern
Adopt D

Entente Allies Decline
Two Attacks Whose i
Wilson — Serious Br
States Also Causing D

BY DIRECT WIRE

WASHINGTON BUREAU
THE TIMES, Dec. 4.—Berlin
tonian developed today a
the demand that Capo, May-22
tonian be recalled, and in
ight there were indications that
a formal break might come with Ger
many. Germany is likely to insist
that safe conduct for our attach
not be given before she will rec
the men who have become persona
non grata, and also to demand a h
of particulars as to the charge
against them.

Both of these demands are con
trary to all precedent. Under diplo
matic usage the mere word of a gov
ernment that any man accredited
to it is unworthy has always been
enough to insure his recall. If Ger
many, therefore, insists on these
points, officials admit a situation may
arise in diplomacy and charged with a
kind of possible trouble will develop.

The realization of the top German
attack, it is understood, will be com
mended by the State Department in
something entirely apart from the
present and Secretary Lansing is ex
pected to insist that the recall be given
as before on other matter is taken
up. The State Department has the
power to return the accredited man to
both diplomats, thus assuring to
each his right to remain. In this
way, and then to insist that they
do so.

It is hoped that no action will be
taken, as it would be certain to
delay the friction with Germany
with the department taking great
measures to avoid. The State D

THE WORLD'S
IN T

The Voracious Events of
Francisco Exposition. (2) G
Teuton Plotters. (3) Ford I
Peace Talk. (3) Mexico.

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THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Separate and Complete—32 Pages

Fact and Fiction.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Partly cloudy. Wind at
8 P.M., northwesterly; velocity, 10
miles per hour. Thermometer, highest, 50 deg.;
50 deg. Forecast: Fair. For
complete weather report see last page.

THE CITY. An inventor demonst
rated by annihilating invaders with
a machine gun that could be
controlled by a single man.
Chairman of Voters' Meeting was
not able to retain his position and
middle grabbers were rebuked.

Women rose in arms against a pro
posed law that would permit
them to be permitted in cafes.

Great interest was shown in a comic
strip of Santa Monica of an election break
through voting.

NOTE TO READERS. It is a mistake to jump
to the extreme part of the more important
columns and leave the rest. Consult the Index and
the departments that are on all the news of